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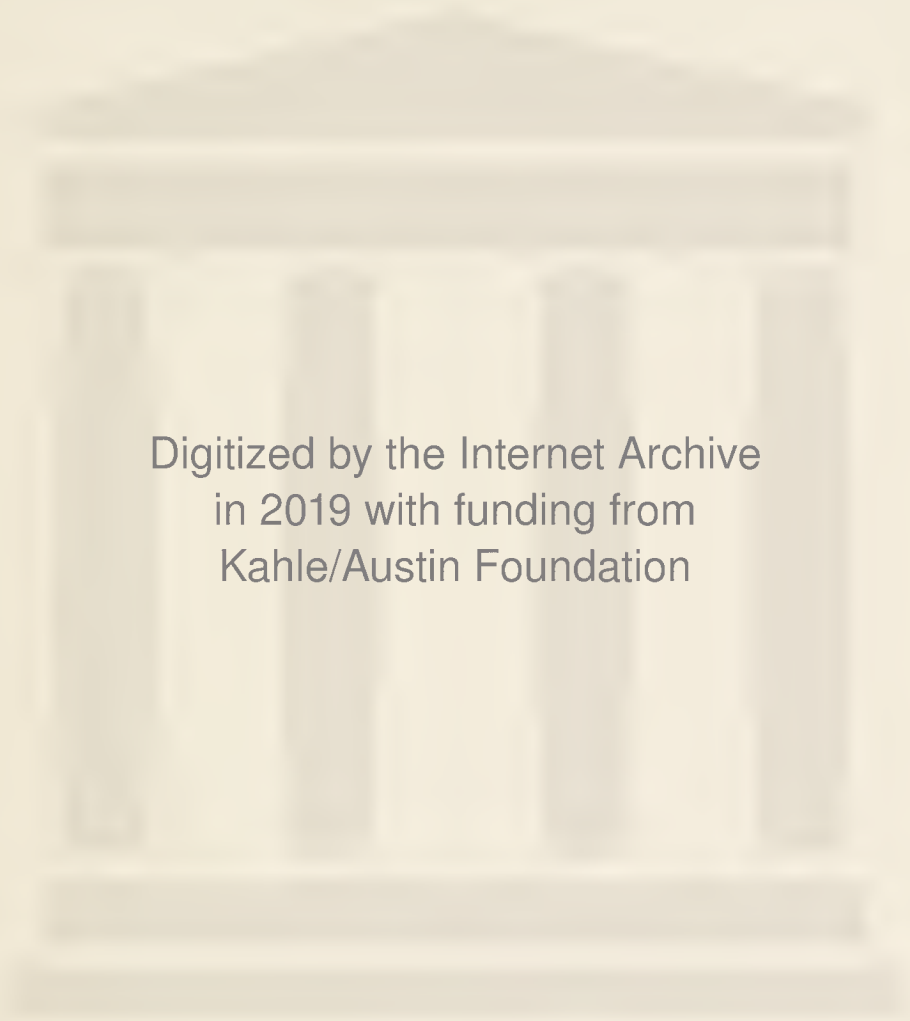

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# THE COURT OF ENGLAND

VOLUME X.

# Memoirs of the Court of England

FROM THE REVOLUTION IN 1688 TO THE DEATH OF GEORGE THE SECOND.

BY JOHN HENEAGE JESSE

IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOLUME IV.

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# THE COURT OF ENGLAND.

## CHAPTER I.

### CAROLINE, QUEEN OF GEORGE II.

Evenness of the Queen's Temper — Her Conduct on the Porteous Riot — Generosity of the Queen — Her Unostentatious Charities — Her Fondness for Ornamental Gardening — Her Scheme of Converting St. James's Park into a Private Garden to the Palace — Letter from the Duke of Newcastle to Walpole, Respecting the Queen's Health — The Queen Conceals the Nature of Her Disorder from the Physicians — Fatal Consequences of Her Concealment — The Queen's Courage and Resignation during Her Last Illness — Her Death — Her Refusal to See Her Son on Her Death-bed — Speaker Onslow's Portrait of the Queen — General Estimate of Her Character.

THE queen's temper seems to have been extremely even, and only in one instance is there any record of its having been violently agitated. The occasion to which we allude was when intelligence was communicated to her of the celebrated popular outbreak at Edinburgh, known as the Porteous riot, which occurred during one of the king's visits to Hanover, and when she was regent of

the kingdom. Singularly enough, she seems to have resented it as reflecting immediately on her own authority, and almost as a personal affront to herself. "Sooner," she said to the Duke of Argyle, "than submit to such another insult I will turn Scotland into a hunting-field." "In that case," was the high-spirited reply, "I will take leave of your Majesty, and set off to my own country to get my hounds ready." It may be mentioned, as evidence of her strength of mind, that instead of being further incensed by this forcible rebuke, the queen immediately recovered her usual calmness of manner, and proceeded quietly to discuss the merits of the affair with the duke.

Penuriousness, and an inordinate love of money, were crimes which her contemporaries have frequently brought as charges against Queen Caroline. There is a passage in Doctor King's amusing "Anecdotes of His Own Times," which proves how readily the scandal was received and credited even in the most respectable circles. "I was invited," he says, "to dine at the late Earl of Marchmont's, where I found the present earl and his brother, my Lord Stair, Sir Luke Schaub, and four or five ladies. The conversation during dinner (occasioned by something which had just then happened at court) turned upon the queen's love of money. Every one, except Sir Luke Schaub, had a story on this subject, and some of them were very unbecoming sacred Majesty. Sir Luke, who was a

pensioned courtier, thought himself obliged to defend the queen's honour, and said to me, who sat next to him: 'Doctor, there is not more than one of these scandalous tales in a hundred that is true.' 'Then, Sir Luke,' I replied, 'you acknowledge that one in a hundred is true.' He immediately perceived his error, and one of the company observed that, if only one in a hundred of such stories were true, there would not be any great injustice in imputing all the rest to her. It might, perhaps, be too severe a censure to charge a woman with unchastity who had only transgressed with one man, but a base and sordid spirit is discovered by one act of avarice."

This is not a solitary instance in which the character of Queen Caroline has been mistaken by her contemporaries. The fact has since been made sufficiently clear, that not only was she far from being of a hoarding disposition, but that liberality and generosity were among her virtues. Her nature prompted her to the performance of munificent actions, to cherish genius, and to foster the arts; but the avaricious disposition and narrow understanding of her husband seem invariably to have obstructed her better intentions. "Her generosity," says Horace Walpole, "would have displayed itself, for she valued money but as the instrument of her good purposes, but he stinted her alike in almost all her passions; and though she wished for nothing more than to be liberal, she

bore the imputation of his avarice as she did of others of his faults." The sums which she expended in public and private charities are said alone to have amounted to a fifth part of her whole income; and yet so little ostentation was there in her benevolence, that of the numerous persons whom her bounty preserved from ruin scarcely one was acquainted with the name of his benefactress.

After the queen's death it was discovered not only that she had died poor, but that she was in debt to the king for as much as £20,000, the amount of sums with which Sir Robert Walpole had at different times furnished her out of the treasury. Her great expense was in the pursuit of her favourite amusement, ornamental gardening, on which she lavished large sums. In addition to her garden at Richmond, which constituted her principal source of pleasure, she improved and extended the grounds at Kensington, and out of a string of unwholesome ponds in Hyde Park formed the present Serpentine River. She even contemplated an improvement which, though it would undoubtedly have added much to both the beauty and comfort of St. James's Palace, would have somewhat interfered with the prerogative of the subject and with the enjoyment of the inhabitants of the metropolis. We allude to a project which she entertained of excluding the public from St. James's Park, and converting it into a private

garden to the palace. When this project was first contemplated by her she inquired of Sir Robert Walpole what he considered would be the cost of the undertaking. "Madam," he replied, "only three crowns!"

We must now hasten to the closing, and not the least memorable, scene of Queen Caroline's exemplary career. For some years she had been suffering from the effects of that disorder, of the secret of which Sir Robert Walpole had contrived to make himself the master. As early as the month of November, 1734, three years before her death, the Duke of Newcastle writes to Sir Robert Walpole: "I am sorry to acquaint you that I found the queen much worse in her health than I expected. I have seen her three times in a little while; she told me she never had been so ill in her life, but that she had been let blood four times; that she was now much better, and indeed she is; but she owns she is so weak that she perspires in going across the room. Her fever is quite gone, but her cough continues, and is still very troublesome, and she seems to have an oppression on her breast. I have not seen her to-day, but she continues to mend. She promises to take great care of herself, and I hear that the king now begins to think it necessary." It may be mentioned, as a singular instance of weakness in an otherwise strong mind, that the queen, from mistaken motives of delicacy, persisted almost to

the last in concealing the nature of her disorder from the physicians, and thus hastened the fatal catastrophe, which the natural vigour of her constitution promised to be far distant.

On the morning of the 9th of November, 1737, the queen, after walking in the garden of St. James's, was attacked by a fatal seizure, which eventually terminated her existence, after a protracted suffering of several days. The physicians, both from the nature of the symptoms and from the queen's own statement, believed her malady to be the gout. The medicines, therefore, which they prescribed were diametrically opposite to what were demanded by the real character of the disorder; her sufferings were consequently greatly aggravated, and when, at length, the truth became apparent, the exertions and skill of her medical attendants were rendered of no avail.

In a letter from Andrew Stone to the elder Horace Walpole, dated Whitehall, 11th of November, 1737, there is an interesting account of the first stages of the queen's illness: "Though my Lord Duke of Newcastle does not doubt but your Excellency will receive from other hands an account of the queen's illness, his Grace has ordered me to send you the following relation of it, which he would have done himself if his attendance at St. James's, which is very constant, would have allowed him time to write. On Wednesday

morning last her Majesty was taken ill after walking, with a goutish disorder in her stomach, accompanied with a vomiting, and continued very much indisposed the whole day. In the evening Doctor Broxholme was sent for, who, being apprehensive of an inflammation in the bowels, advised bleeding; and between Wednesday evening and Thursday night her Majesty, at different times, had thirty ounces of blood taken away. Yesterday at noon the pain was very much abated, and there were great hopes that the violence of the distemper was past; but one bad symptom still continued, viz., that nothing that her Majesty took, either of medicine or nourishment, stayed at all upon her stomach. Last night, Sir Hans Sloane and Doctor Hulse were sent for; and Doctor Hulse watched last night with her Majesty, which she passed with very little rest and has been this whole day in the same condition. This afternoon blisters were laid on her legs, in order to draw down the goutish humour from the stomach; and her Majesty took a medicine, in which Doctor Hulse has great confidence. Doctor Hulse speaks cheerfully; but you will believe, from the account I have given, that all hearts must be filled with the most melancholy apprehensions."

It will be seen by the foregoing passage, and indeed by the following extract of a letter, dated four days afterward, that the queen, notwithstanding her imminent danger and the acuteness of her

sufferings, still persisted in concealing from her medical attendants the true nature of her disorder. On the 15th of November Sir Robert Walpole writes to his brother Horace: "The queen was taken ill last Wednesday. By all her complaints, and the symptoms that were confessed at that time, it was explicitly declared, and universally believed, to be the gout in her stomach; but," adds Walpole, "necessity at last discovered and revealed a secret which had been totally concealed and unknown: the queen had a rupture, which is now known not to have been a new accident; surgeons were sent for, and Mr. Ranby was at first alone called in; he, upon first sight, insisted upon further assistance; upon which Bussieure, and Skipton, a city surgeon very eminent and able, were sent for. Will it ever be believed," concludes Walpole, "that a life of this importance (when there is no room for flattery) should be lost, or run thus near, by concealing human infirmities?

"'Incurata pudor malus ulcera cerat.'

"I must have done; our distraction and grief want no relation. I am oppressed with sorrow and dread." It was stated by one of the surgeons who attended the queen, that had he been made aware of the nature of her disorder only two days sooner, her life would have been spared.

Queen Caroline endured her last illness, extending as it did over twelve days and nights of

unceasing and almost intolerable agony, with a courage, a dignity, and a grateful resignation to the will of God, which alone impresses us with a high opinion of her character. Only on one occasion (when either depression of spirits or extreme torment of body wrung the tears from her eyes) did she show the least impatience. At this particular moment some slight expressions of peevishness were indulged in, for which she afterward reproached herself with unnecessary severity. Subsequently she underwent a most painful surgical operation without repining, and almost without a groan ; and throughout the remainder of her illness not only behaved with an almost affecting mildness and courtesy to those about her, but repeatedly expressed her gratitude for their attentions, and her regret at the fatigue which she was causing them.

The services of those who had claims upon her gratitude were not forgotten. She solemnly and tenderly recommended her servants to the protection of the king, recapitulating the services even of the most humble, and imploring him to extend his kindness to them after she was dead. Her approaching dissolution seems to have been regarded by her without fear. It had been the business of her life, she said, to discharge her religious and social duties to the best of her capacity ; and, in regard to her infirmities of judgment and conduct, she trusted, inasmuch as her intentions had

generally been for the best, that they would be forgiven by a merciful God.

A short time before her dissolution she inquired of one of the physicians, "How long can this last?" and on his answering, "Your Majesty will soon be eased of your pains," "The sooner the better," she replied. She then composed herself to prayer, but finding her speech failing her, she desired to be raised up in bed, and on two occasions requested that some cold water might be sprinkled over her. Some minutes before she expired she expressed a wish that the weeping bystanders should kneel down and pray for her. While they were thus engaged she exclaimed, "Pray aloud, that I may hear you." She faintly joined them in repeating the Lord's Prayer, and, at its conclusion, said, "So," waved her hand, and expired. Her death took place on the 20th of November, 1737, in her fifty-fifth year.

It has been attempted to detract from the merit of this touching scene, by asserting that the queen retained her hatred of her eldest son, Frederick, Prince of Wales, even in her last moments; and that she died sternly refusing him her forgiveness. To this circumstance Lord Chesterfield alludes, in a line which was tolerably notorious at the period:

"And unforgiving, unforgiven dies."

Pope also, in his "Epilogue to the Satires," introduces some ironical verses on the subject:

> "Or teach the melancholy Muse to mourn,
> Hang the sad verse on Carolina's urn;
> And hail her passage to the realms of rest,
> All parts performed, and all her children blest."

The same poet, in a couplet which, if it has some wit, has little decency, touches with increased bitterness on the queen's presumed implacability:

> "Here lies, wrapt up in forty thousand towels,
> The only proof that Caroline had bowels."

Of this couplet, which was very properly omitted in Pope's acknowledged writings, he confessed himself to Lord Mansfield to be the author. The only variation, he said, was in the words "forty thousand," which ought to have been "seven and twenty" towels.

That Queen Caroline refused to see her son on her death-bed there can be no question; but that she refused to send him her forgiveness is certainly not so clear. The charge of utter implacability on her part seems to rest entirely on the poetical sarcasms of Pope and Chesterfield; while, on the other hand, the real truth seems to be comprised in a letter from Mr. Charles Ford to Swift, written two days after the queen's death. "She absolutely," says the

writer, "refused to see the Prince of Wales, nor could the Archbishop of Canterbury, when he gave the sacrament,[1] prevail over her, though she said she heartily forgave the prince." A similar account of the queen's conduct is given by Archdeacon Coxe, on the authority of Lord Orford. "I am happy," he says, "to have it in my power to remove this stigma from the memory of this great princess. She sent her blessing, and a message of forgiveness, to her son; and told Sir Robert Walpole that she would have seen him with pleasure, but prudence forbade the interview, as it might embarrass and irritate the king." This is unquestionably the most rational and most charitable explanation of the affair.

The death of Queen Caroline gave birth to numberless tributes to her strong sense and great goodness, from quarters where she was best known, and from men whose flattery could now be of little avail. "She quitted the stage of life," writes Lord Tyrconnel, "with all the dignity she had ever acted the greatest part on it — a great example to teach us how to die, as well as how to live." Sir Robert Walpole speaks of his "distraction and grief" at her loss; his brother Horace dwells eloquently on "her great and extensive goodness," and "her rare and superior virtues;"

[1] The writer is in error in presuming that the queen received the sacrament, which appears to have been offered to her by the archbishop, but declined.

and her former chancellor, Speaker Onslow, pours forth a tender and almost passionate eulogium on his deceased mistress.

But it was the king who most bitterly felt and bewailed the great loss which he had sustained. "Her death," says Speaker Onslow, "affected the king beyond anything I ever saw, or, I believe, ever happened on the like occasion; it is scarcely to be described. I saw him twice in this mournful condition, once when the House of Commons presented their address of condolence to him, which should have been shorter and of another sort, and the other time, when I delivered her great seal to him in his closet." According to Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, the king's grief was displayed on one occasion in a very characteristic manner. He was playing one evening at cards, when some queens happened accidentally to be dealt to him. "This," says the duchess, "renewed his troubles so much, and put him into so great a disorder, that the Princess Amelia immediately ordered all the queens to be taken out of the pack."

Some time after the queen's death the king, while lying in bed previously to his usual hour of rising, observed to Baron Brinkman, one of his German attendants, "I hear you have a picture of my wife, which she gave you, and which is a better likeness than any in my possession; bring it to me." On its being brought to him, he

appeared extremely affected, and after remarking that it was very like, "Put it," he said, "upon the chair at the foot of my bed, and leave it till I ring the bell." It was not till after a lapse of two hours that he summoned his attendant, and when the baron reëntered the apartment, "Take this picture away," said the king, "I never yet saw the woman worthy to buckle her shoe."

In a very curious little work, "The Opinions of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough," known to have been edited by Lord Hailes, there are some passages connected with the death of Queen Caroline which, though emanating from the prejudiced mind and envenomed pen of a disappointed woman, are too remarkable to be altogether omitted. The following are occasional extracts from her notices on the queen's death:

"The queen's death, ascribed to a mortification, proceeded from a concealed or neglected hernia."

"The queen, in her illness, desired leave to make a will, which she did; gave no legacy to any one, but left all to his Majesty; and it was so worded, as I am told, that it takes in all she had in England, or in any banks in other countries. Her jewels are worth a great sum."

"Our bishops are about to employ hands to write the finest character that ever was heard of Queen Caroline, who, as it is no treason, I freely own that I am glad that she is dead."

"Upon her great understanding and goodness there come out nauseous panegyrics every day, that make one sick, so full of nonsense and lies. There is one very remarkable from a Doctor Clarke, in order to have the first bishopric that falls, and I dare say he will have it, though there is something extremely ridiculous in the panegyric."

"The king was opposed in the council about the mourning for Queen Caroline by everybody but my Lord Wilmington. Some years ago there was an order made that nobody should put coaches or servants into mourning for any of their relations, or court mournings. The nobility obeyed it, though they had fathers and wives as dear to them as the queen could be to the king, and the king said he never meant to have it go to his own family."

"I know one, a considerable man, who has seen the king once since his misfortune, and though it was one the king would have disguised himself to, if he could possibly, he says he never in his life saw any one so dejected, and that he looked as if he had lost his crown."

"His Majesty saw the queen's women servants first, which was a very mournful sight, for they all cried extremely; and his Majesty was so affected when he began to speak that he went out of the room to recover himself."

"The king is in a very ill state of health, that

he may not live long.[1] And though he is certainly extremely dejected by the great loss he has had, I don't think that is all, for a heart is a long time a-breaking, and I have known very few instances of dying from the passion of love. But people of judgment say that there is a vast change in his constitution, and that he is certainly very ill, and so much changed in his manner that he does everything he is desired, and signs what is brought him without inquiring into it."

Speaker Onslow has sketched the portrait of his old mistress, in colours as touching as the likeness appears to be faithful: "She was a very wise woman in what she knew; was an excellent wife and mother; had a high sense of religion, and carried her state and dignity with ease and decency. I had frequent occasions to observe all this, having been her chancellor several years, and to the time of her death. She was very generous, and particularly so in her charities, without the least appearance of ostentation. This I also knew; she was much set upon making the king and his family acceptable to the nation, and to fix their establishment here; with respect to which I have been told she had sometimes very anxious thoughts. In a word," concludes the writer, "her errors were few and pardonable; they hurt nobody, and they were so much over-

[1] The king, it may be remarked, survived the date of this memorandum twenty-three years.

Her Royal Highness the
PRINCESS of WALES

balanced by her great and good conduct, that they ought to be forgotten. This justice I thought due from me to the memory of this excellent queen, because of the many obligations I had to her, none of interest or profit. She indeed offered me, and pressed me to take, an additional salary of £1,000 a year, which I declined, and had no other benefit but the old salary of £53 a year. Upon her death I had as my fee the rich purse and velvet bag belonging to her seal, and the king gave me the seal itself, which I converted into a piece of plate and presented it to the town of Kingston in honour of her memory. I had also from herself the cornelian seal set in gold, which was used as her public seal till the great one could be made."

Such is the portrait drawn of this amiable and excellent princess, by one whose knowledge of human character, and whose long and intimate acquaintance with the original, well qualified him to perform the task. To the account given by Speaker Onslow we have little to add. In regard to the queen's conduct in public life, and the manner in which she exercised her political influence, it will depend chiefly on the private principles of the reader whether he accord her the full justice she deserves. Independent, however, of mere party considerations, Queen Caroline cannot be denied the high praise of having strictly acted up to what she believed to be her duty.

With a liberality which did not belong to the age in which she lived, she extended her protection to the unfortunate of all religions and all political creeds; she won the regard of more than one noble family, whose principles were hostile to the government, by freely admitting Roman Catholic and Jacobite ladies to private audiences. During the several occasions of her administering the regency, the Act of Toleration was enforced with an almost impolitic mildness; and had her life been extended, the kindness and consideration which she exercised toward the adherents of the exiled family would probably have gone farther in quietly establishing the house of Brunswick on the throne than could be effected by a century of intolerable rigour and persecution. Moreover, this mild exercise of power was allowed in no degree to interfere with the true interests of the king or the people; indeed it was mentioned by Queen Caroline herself on her death-bed, as a source of great consolation to her, that she had ever been a hearty well-wisher to the liberties of the subject, and that she had invariably done her best to advance the king's honour and the prosperity of the nation.

Queen Caroline was no less estimable in all the relations of private life. To her dependents she was kind and considerate, and the peculiar charm of manner, for which she was distinguished in the crowded drawing-room, was worn with the same

grace by her in the privacy of her own circle. She was a kind and judicious parent; indulgent, if it was possible, and severe only when it was necessary. She personally superintended the education of her daughters, anxiously watching over the development of their moral faculties, and unwearying in her endeavours to impress them with a due sense of religion, and to fit them to perform the less important duties of their rank and high calling. Gay, who was frequently admitted to her in her social hours, exclaims:

> "From her form all your characters of life,
> The tender mother, and the faithful wife;
> Oft have I seen her little infant train,
> The lovely promise of a future reign:
> Observed with pleasure every dawning grace,
> And all the mother opening in their face."

In regard to her merits as a wife, he who was the best judge of her conjugal worth has left us the most touching and trustworthy account. When George the Second, for the first time after the queen's death, was left alone with the elder Horace Walpole, on an accidental recurrence to his recent calamity, the king burst into tears. He had lost one, he said, whose presence of mind had frequently supported him in the most trying juncture of his affairs; whose prudence and sweetness of temper had so often moderated or checked his own resentments; whose counsels and whose affection

had constantly smoothed the rugged paths of life, and who had hitherto rendered his existence smooth, easy, and palatable. Hereafter, he said, he must lead a helpless, disconsolate, and uncomfortable life; and he added, in a tone of great mournfulness, "I do not know what to do, nor which way to turn myself." It would be cruel to disturb the effect of this moral picture by any further comments; we will, therefore, conclude our memoir of Queen Caroline with the following lines, extracted from an elegy, by Doddington, on her death:

"Ye grateful Britons, to her memory just,
With pious tears embalm her sacred dust:
Confess her graced with all that's good and great,
A public blessing to a favoured state!
Patron of freedom and her country's laws,
Sure friend to virtue's and religion's cause;
Religion's cause, whose charm superior shone,
To every gay temptation of a crown;
Whose awful dictates all her soul possessed,
Her one great aim to make a people blessed."

# CHAPTER II.

## FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES.

His Birth — Created Duke of Gloucester and Duke of Edinburgh — His Love of Drinking and Gaming — Kept by His Father at Hanover, and Reluctantly Recalled to England in His Twenty-second Year — Created Prince of Wales — His Attachment to the Princess Royal of Prussia — Romantic Proposal to Her Mother — Mutual Dislike between George the Second and the Prince — The Latter Heads the Opposition against Walpole and the Court — Insidious Advice of Lord Bolingbroke to the Prince — Duchess of Marlborough Offers Him the Hand of Her Granddaughter — Scheme Defeated by Walpole — Prince Married in 1736 to the Daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Gotha — Proposes to Apply to Parliament for an Increase of Income — King's Message to Him in Consequence — His Reply — Debate in the House of Commons on Pulteney's Motion to Allow the Prince £100,000 per Annum — Walpole Speaks against It — Motion Negatived — Brutal Conduct of the Prince on His Wife's Accouchement — The Queen's Remonstrance — Chief Vices of the Prince — His Respect for Literature and Literary Men — Specimens of His Poetry in French and English — He Is Attacked with Pleurisy, Recovers, and Suffers a Relapse from Imprudently Exposing Himself — Particulars of His Last Moments — The King's Grief for His Son's Death — General Regret for the Prince — Unpopularity of the "Butcher" Cumberland — Ironical Elegy on the Prince.

FREDERICK LOUIS, eldest son of George the Second and Queen Caroline, was born at Hanover,

on the 20th of January, 1707, some years previous to the elevation of the electoral family to the throne of these realms. In 1717, three years after the accession of his grandfather, George the First, he was created Duke of Gloucester; the following year he was installed a Knight of the Garter, and in 1726 the title of Duke of Edinburgh was conferred upon him.

As the short life of Frederick, Prince of Wales, comprises, with scarcely a single redeeming exception, a mere catalogue of folly and vice, it may easily be imagined that the tale of his childhood presents but little worthy of being recorded. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, indeed, who saw him at Hanover when he was in his tenth year, has bequeathed us a pleasing portrait of the royal child. To the Countess of Bristol she writes, on the 25th of November, 1716: "I am extremely pleased that I can tell you, without flattery or partiality, that our young prince has all the accomplishments that it is possible to have at his age, with an air of sprightliness and understanding, and something so very engaging and easy in his behaviour, that he needs not the advantage of his rank to appear charming. I had the honour of a long conversation with him last night before the king came in. His governor retired on purpose (as he told me afterward) that I might make some judgment of his genius by hearing him speak without constraint; and I was surprised at the quickness and

politeness that appeared in everything he said, joined to a person perfectly agreeable, and the fine hair of the princess." This promise of future excellence, however, was not destined to be realised. He grew to indulge in the vices of drinking and the gaming-table while a mere boy; and, as he also maintained an established mistress, the world was startled by the discreditable fact of three generations in the same family, namely, George the First, his son, and his grandson, indulging openly in the same vice at the same time. One characteristic anecdote is related of the prince's boyhood. His governor happening to prefer a complaint against him to his parents, his mother, as was then customary with her, good-naturedly took his part. "*Ah!*" she said, "*je m'imagine que ces sont des tours de page.*" The governor replied: "*Plût à Dieu, madame, que ces fûssent des tours de page! ces sont des tours de laquais et de coquin.*" This story was related by George the Second himself to the first Lord Holland, and was also repeated to Lord Hervey by the queen.

The prince, till he arrived at manhood, resided entirely in Hanover, a country which, if his father had had his will, he would probably never have quitted. A determined opposition between the sovereign and his first-born seems to have been an inherent failing in the house of Hanover; and the repugnance which George the Second had

conceived for his son was exceeded only by the dislike with which he himself had been previously regarded by his own father. His fears, also, as well as his prejudices, prompted him to keep his son at a distance from England. Not only must he have been aware, from his knowledge of his son's disposition, how unlikely it was they could ever agree, but he knew from former experience that publicity given to a royal quarrel must affect the first interests of the throne; and, moreover, he was conscious how formidable was the opposition with which it was in the power of the heir-apparent to array himself against the court. Such seem to have been the motives which induced the king to defer his son's removal from Hanover to the very last moment; indeed, it was not till the voice of the nation clamorously inveighed against the heir-apparent receiving a foreign education, — thus having German predilections instilled into him, which must be highly prejudicial to the interests of his future subjects, — that the king issued a reluctant order to his son to repair to England.

The tardiness of the invitation (for the prince was now in his twenty-second year), as well as the circumstance of the king's refusing to pay his debts previous to his taking leave of the electorate, not unnaturally excited indignation in a weak and ill-regulated mind, and, indeed, forms some slight excuse for the prince's subsequent unduti-

ful conduct. He arrived in England in 1728, shortly after which period he received the titles of Earl of Chester and Prince of Wales, and was admitted a member of the Privy Council.

The earliest incident of any importance in the personal history of the young prince was an attachment which he formed, shortly before his quitting Hanover, for the Princess Royal of Prussia, a lady who afterward became Margravine of Bareith, and made herself conspicuous by her celebrated "Mémoires." During the reign of George the First a union between the two houses of Brunswick and Brandenburgh appears to have been eagerly desired by both parties, and it was in the course of the negotiations which took place on the subject that the prince first conceived that attachment for his intended wife which, he was assured by her mother, was reciprocated by the princess. The Queen of Prussia seems to have warmly entered into the feelings of the royal lovers, and to have personally and anxiously desired the match; indeed, the brutal conduct of her husband, Frederick William, both toward her daughter and herself,[1] rendered it a matter of

[1] Lord Chesterfield writes to the plenipotentiaries from The Hague, on the 16th of September, 1730: "My last letters from Berlin inform me that the King of Prussia had beaten the princess royal, his daughter, most unmercifully, dragged her about the room by the hair, kicking her in the belly and breast, till her cries alarmed the officer of the guard, who came in. She keeps her bed of the bruises she received."

humanity, if possible, to rescue her child from his hands.

In the meantime, however, George the First, who had been the principal promoter of the negotiation, expired suddenly at Hanover, and on the accession of George the Second (some unlooked-for circumstances occurring to exasperate still further the deep-rooted antipathy which existed between that monarch and his brother-in-law, Frederick William) the match was arbitrarily and definitively broken off. Some vain attempts were made by the amiable Queen of Prussia to effect a reconciliation between her husband and her brother; and it was only when she was thoroughly convinced of the fruitlessness of such endeavours that she lent her aid to a different and more romantic method of arranging the affair.

The prince, it seems, inflamed by a spirit of opposition, and instigated by the ardent feelings of youth, despatched one La Motte, a Hanoverian officer, to Berlin, with instructions to acquaint the queen privately that, with her consent, he would immediately quit Hanover in disguise for the Prussian capital, and would secretly make the princess his wife. The queen, overjoyed at the prospect of ensuring her daughter's happiness, listened favourably to the project, and promised to confine it a secret in her own bosom; the very next day, however, she disclosed it, in the fullness of her heart, to the English envoy, Dubourgeay,

who, as a point of duty, sent immediate notice of it to his own government. The project was thus prevented. George the Second instantly despatched Colonel Launay to Hanover, with orders to the prince to set off for England without delay; and it was to the credit of Frederick that his father's injunctions were promptly if not cheerfully obeyed. At the close of a ball, the prince, attended only by Launay and one servant, set out from Hanover, and, after passing through Germany and Holland, arrived, by way of Helvoetsluys, in England.

That the character of the Prince of Wales in his childhood, his stubborn disposition, and utter contempt of truth, were little likely to endear him to his parents there can be no question. Still, as regards the entire and open estrangement between the father and son, and the violent altercations which ensued between them, the king must be admitted to have been principally in fault. Our earliest notices of provocation consist in the king's refusal to pay his son's debts, the fact of his detaining him in Hanover, the destruction of his matrimonial projects, and the coldness of manner with which he received the prince on his arrival at St. James's. The prince, indeed, for some years after his arrival in England, endured his father's manifest aversion, and the restraint imposed upon him, with a deference and submission which are not a little to his credit; nor was it till repeated neglect had effectually aroused his resentment

that he showed his determination to throw off the yoke. The time which he had now passed in England had made him familiar with the language and customs of the country; by degrees he had become conscious of his own importance in the state, and this consciousness rendered him the more impatient under neglect and restraint. To these circumstances may be added his taste for literature and science, which brought him acquaintance with persons of high and dangerous talent, — men whose political opinions were in direct opposition to those of the court, and whose society, perhaps, from that very circumstance, was rendered the more charming. Predisposed by nature to resist and rebel, it was unlikely that he should listen to the refined and eloquent reasoning of Bolingbroke and Sir William Wyndham, or to the subtle wit of Chesterfield and Pulteney, without being gradually convinced that his father was a weak sovereign, and Sir Robert Walpole a bad man. He identified himself, by degrees, with the principles and opinions of the celebrated men who paid their court to him, and, in the end, was nominally at the head of that party who were in open opposition to Walpole and the court.

It was the insidious and parting advice of Lord Bolingbroke to the prince, on his quitting England, that he should at once set his father at defiance, by boldly applying to Parliament for a permanent income of £100,000 a year. It will

easily be perceived that the adoption of this violent measure must inevitably lead to the most fatal consequences; not only by dragging the differences in the royal family before the public, but by compelling the various members of the legislature to declare definitively either for the father or the son. That Bolingbroke's advice was not immediately followed seems to have been owing to the strenuous endeavours of Queen Caroline, who, partly by exerting her remaining influence over her son, and partly by conjuring the king not to drive his son entirely into the arms of opposition, by utterly disregarding his wishes, contrived for a time to allay their mutual animosities.

In the meantime the few persons who mutually wished well both to the king and to the heir-apparent were desirous that the latter should unite himself to an amiable and sensible woman, as affording a solitary chance of unanimity being restored to the royal family. At a period when the prince was known to be in pecuniary distress, the old Duchess of Marlborough is said to have offered him the hand of her favourite granddaughter, Lady Diana Spencer, afterward Duchess of Bedford, with £100,000 for her portion. The prince, partly from his eagerness to obtain possession of so large an amount of ready money, and partly, perhaps, from a desire to thwart the king, was induced to accept the tempting offer, and a day was actually fixed

on which he was to be secretly united to Lady Diana in the duchess's lodge in Windsor Great Park. Fortunately, however, for his future prospects, the project was discovered by Sir Robert Walpole, and the match prevented. Some time after this event a negotiation (with the prince's own consent and the sanction of his father) was entered into for the hand of the Princess Augusta, daughter of Frederick the Second, Duke of Saxe-Gotha. The project was first intimated to Parliament in 1736, and on the 26th of April following the marriage was solemnised at St. James's.

The sanguine expectations which seem to have been formed, of a reconciliation being effected between the king and his son by means of this marriage, were destined to be signally disappointed. If there had formerly existed any rational grounds for the prince's complaints of his income being too limited, it cannot be questioned, now that he had a family to maintain in a manner suitable to his dignity as Prince of Wales, but that he might reasonably expect some addition to his revenue. His friends insisted, and with some reason, that as the present king, when Prince of Wales, had been allowed £100,000 a year out of a civil list of only £700,000, the son had at least a right to expect a larger provision than £50,000 out of a civil list of £800,000. It was at this juncture that the prince seems to have called to mind the parting advice given him by

Bolingbroke; and, moreover, as the opposition, with Pulteney at their head, strongly urged him to bring his claims before Parliament, he yielded, perhaps with little compunction, to his own personal wishes as well as to the arguments of his friends. That he was to blame in thus openly arraying himself against his father, whatever might have been the amount of provocation which he had received, there can be no question; but that which principally aggravated his offence was the fact that the king was at this moment lying on a sick-bed, and was by many supposed to be in imminent danger. This circumstance, though it promised to go far in ensuring him success, yet spoke but little in favour of the prince's heart, since he could thus take advantage of a father's impaired health to advance his own personal interests and selfish views.

As soon as the king was acquainted with his son's intentions (which was only a few days before the appeal was to be made to Parliament), he proceeded to devise with Sir Robert Walpole the best means of warding off the threatened exposure of his private dissensions, and at the same time of maintaining his dignity by yielding to no unworthy concessions. Walpole, who must have been aware that the prince's grievances were not altogether imaginary, and who knew not how soon that prince might be his sovereign, had of course a difficult and dangerous part to play. Considering the state of the king's health, it was unquestionably his inter-

est to support the cause of the heir-apparent; and, indeed, Bolingbroke, in a letter to Sir William Wyndham, expresses astonishment that the minister should have thought of acting otherwise. Walpole, however, though he probably did his best to soften the king's resentment, and to obtain the most favourable terms for the prince, yet acted a very creditable part in remaining steadfast to his old master. In the end the king was persuaded to send a message to his son, which was delivered to him in person by several of the great officers of state. The message in question, after adverting to the probable and dangerous consequences of those "undutiful measures," which, it stated, his Majesty was informed that the prince had been advised to pursue, proceeded to intimate that though the king could not consent to augment his son's income, yet that he was willing to make his present revenue an independent one, and out of his Majesty's control; the message further contained the king's promise to settle a suitable jointure on the princess.

This document, the contents of which must necessarily have afforded little satisfaction to the prince, was read aloud to him by Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, who, it may be remarked, had that very day received the great seal, and who had previously taken Sir Robert Walpole aside and complained bitterly to him of the disagreeable nature of his first act of office. When the chan-

cellor had concluded his task, the prince, after a momentary pause, inquired, "My lords, am I to give you an immediate answer?" Lord Hardwicke replying, "If your Royal Highness pleases," the prince, in a few words, expressed his gratitude for his Majesty's gracious intentions; he desired the lords to represent to the king his dutiful and respectful manner; and concluded with a sentence of which the meaning was very evident: "Indeed, my lords, I am sorry for it, but the affair is now in other hands." The very next day, the 22d of February, 1737, Pulteney, from his seat in the House of Commons, moved an address to the king, praying that his Majesty would be graciously pleased to settle £100,000 a year on the Prince of Wales, and intimating that the House would enable him effectually to fulfil the same. Walpole, in reply, stated that he had never risen from his seat in Parliament with greater pain and reluctance than on the present occasion; he insisted warmly on the extreme indelicacy of the House interfering between the father and son; he argued that £50,000 a year, with the additional £10,000 derived from the Duchy of Cornwall, was an adequate income for the heir-apparent; he communicated to the House the substance of the message which had been delivered to the prince on the preceding day; and ingeniously argued that his Royal Highness had too high a sense of filial duty to consider as a personal favour that

which, if granted by a majority of the House, could be regarded in no other light than as an indignity offered to the king.

The general belief in the precarious state of the king's health had unquestionably far greater effect with the House than either the real merits of the case, or Walpole's sensible and eloquent appeal. When the division took place, the motion in favour of the address was found to be negatived by a majority of only two hundred and thirty-four against two hundred and four ; indeed, the minister would unquestionably have been in a minority had not the Jacobite members, to the number of forty-five, quitted the House in a body. Though favourable to the prince's claims (so much so indeed that their leader, Sir William Wyndham, had spoken in favour of the address), they very properly regarded the interference of Parliament, on such an occasion, as hostile to the principles of the constitution. Two days afterward, a similar address in favour of the prince's claims was moved by Lord Carteret in the House of Lords, but was rejected by a very considerable majority.

Disgusted by his recent mortifications, and exasperated at the victory obtained over him by his father, the prince proceeded to revenge himself by a line of conduct as iniquitous as it was absurd. The princess was, at this period, with child, —a circumstance which afforded him a favourable opportunity of indulging in an un-

worthy and senseless scheme of deliberate insult, which he afterward no less wickedly put in practice. Not only did he neglect to acquaint the king and queen of his wife's condition till within a week of her confinement, — a circumstance rendered the more pointedly insulting from its being her first child, — but on the very eve of her delivery, indeed when she was actually in the pains of childbirth, he hurried her away from his family at Hampton Court, where every preparation had been made for the approaching event, and carried her in the middle of the night to an unaired bed at St. James's. The astonishment and indignation of the king, and more especially of the queen, to whom the insult was more personally offensive, may be easily imagined. The king immediately despatched Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Harrington to be witnesses of the birth, — a precaution, however, in which he had been anticipated by the prince, who had previously sent for the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Wilmington, for the same purpose. Before any one of these persons, however, had arrived at the palace, the princess had been delivered; indeed, such had been the rapidity of this brutal proceeding that, on the arrival of the unfortunate princess at St. James's, the prince and his mistress, Lady Archibald Hamilton, were compelled to air the sheets for her bed.

At an early hour on the following morning the

queen arrived at St. James's Palace, and, immediately accosting Lady Archibald Hamilton, inquired "how she dared to bring away the princess in that manner." Lady Archibald turned to the prince. "I told you, sir," she said, "it would be laid upon me." The wickedness of the prince's conduct, in risking the lives of his wife and child for the mere purpose of gratifying his personal pique, was exceeded only by the mean-spiritedness which marked his subsequent conduct. "The gracious prince," says Horace Walpole, "so far from attempting an apology, spoke not a word to his mother; but on her retreat gave her his hand, and led her into the street to her coach, still dumb; but a crowd being assembled at the gate, he kneeled down in the dirt, and humbly kissed her Majesty's hand. Her indignation must have shrunk into contempt!"

Excited, however, as may have been the queen's feelings, she carefully concealed them from the crowd. "When the prince," says the Duchess of Marlborough, "led the queen to her coach, which she would not have had him have done, there was a great concourse of people, and notwithstanding all that had passed before, she expressed so much kindness that she hugged and kissed him with great passion. How this will end," adds the duchess, "nobody yet knows; at least I am sure I don't. I have not heard yet of any christening being directed; but for that I am in no manner of

pain; for if it be never christened, I think 'tis in a better state than a great many devout people that I know. What I apprehend most is, that the crown will be lost long before this little princess can possibly enjoy it." So hearty was the detestation conceived by the old duchess both for George the Second and Sir Robert Walpole, that she grew to love and eulogise the prince, merely because he opposed his father and thwarted the first minister. In her "Opinions" will be found a lengthy apology for the prince's conduct, but her narrative is too long for insertion, and her arguments too trifling to merit the task of refutation.

The excuses which, in deference to public opinion, the prince found himself called upon to make for his conduct, are scarcely deserving of notice, still less of credit. They amount to mere idle assertions, — that the princess was seized with the pains of labour much sooner than had been expected; that he considered it more advisable to remove her to a spot where medical aid might be certainly obtained than to wait for its arrival; and he added that, in the hurry of his departure, he had forgotten to apprise their Majesties of his design. In addition to these apologies, which were made verbally to Lord Hardwicke and others, he addressed a number of written appeals both to the king and queen, in which he earnestly and submissively entreated their forgiveness. All his entreaties, however, proved of no avail. In regard

to the letters addressed personally to the king, it was objected by him that they contained expressions calculated to offend and provoke the queen; and, moreover, that however humble might be the prince's language, his letters contained not the slightest promise of an amendment of conduct, and no assurance of future subordination to his will. As regarded the prince's letters to the queen, the king insisted that they displayed evident marks of intentional disrespect, and especially pointed out the fact that the words "your Majesty" were never used, but only the expressions "Madame" and "*vous*."

The person who most zealously exerted his good offices at this period, with the view of effecting a reconciliation between the prince and his father, was Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, and from the interesting account which he has bequeathed us of his individual share in the negotiations, he was certainly of opinion that the prince was not entirely irreclaimable. That the chancellor, in his endeavours to restore unanimity to the royal family, was influenced by principles of duty and not of interest, is evident from a striking passage with which he concludes the narrative of one of his interviews with the heir-apparent. "Having intimated to the prince that he should do the utmost in his power to effect the desired reconciliation, 'My lord,' said the other, 'I don't doubt you in the least, for I believe you to be a very honest

man.' And as I was rising up," adds the chancellor, "he embraced me, offering to kiss me. I instantly kneeled down, and kissed his hand, whereupon he raised me up and kissed my cheek. The scene had something in it moving; and my heart was full of the melancholy prospect that I thought lay before me, which made me almost burst into tears. The prince observed this, and appeared moved himself, and said, 'Let us sit down, my lord, a little; and recollect ourselves, that we may not go out thus.' Soon after which I took my leave, and went directly to the House of Lords."

The circumstances which principally tended to prevent the renewal of kindly intercourse between the father and son, were the highly exasperated state of the king's feelings, and the unkindly intervention of Sir Robert Walpole. The conduct of the minister, at this stage of the proceedings, was little to his credit. He most unjustifiably permitted political interests and feelings to bear on the private dissensions of the royal family, and, as appears by the unprejudiced statement of Lord Hardwicke, endeavoured to foment rather than to allay their animosities. His motives were sufficiently evident. He was aware how heartily he was detested by the prince and his confederates, and apprehended, not without reason, that his own dismissal from office would be made the price of a reconciliation between the father and son.

Supported by Walpole in his violent resentments,

the king eventually came to the stern determination of peremptorily ordering the prince to quit the royal roof. With this purpose, on the 10th of September, 1737, a written message, signed with the king's name above, and with his initials below, was presented to the heir-apparent by the Dukes of Grafton and Richmond and the Earl of Pembroke. In this document his "extravagant and undutiful behaviour" was commented upon in the harshest terms, and he was ordered to quit St. James's with all his family, as soon as such removal could be effected without inconvenience to the princess. The prince immediately obeyed the command; repairing in the first instance to Kew, and subsequently to Norfolk House in St. James's Square, which henceforward become the rendezvous of the principal persons in opposition, and the focus of political intrigue.

In addition to the public act of driving his son from St. James's, the king issued an order, prohibiting such persons as visited the Prince or Princess of Wales from attending his own court. Copies, moreover, of the royal message, and of the whole of the correspondence which had passed during this unhappy business, were forwarded to each of the foreign ministers in England, and to the British ambassadors abroad.[1] These docu-

[1] The foreign ambassadors in England were requested not to visit the prince's family, as "a thing that would be disagreeable to his Majesty."

ments proved the prince's recent conduct to have been equally unjustifiable and unwise, as was fully admitted by even his own friends. Lord Bolingbroke writes to Sir William Wyndham from France: "I am at a loss to find the plausibility or the popularity of the present occasion of rupture. He hurries his wife from court when she is upon the point of being delivered of her first child. His father swells, struts, and storms. He confesses his rashness, and asks pardon in the terms of one who owns himself in the wrong. Besides that all this seems to me boyish, it is purely domestic, and there is nothing, as far as I can discern, to interest the public in the cause of his Royal Highness." Brutal, indeed, and senseless as had been the prince's conduct, there could be no good reason for making his domestic offences a topic of public scandal. Moreover, if the king fully succeeded in proving his son's unworthiness, he was no less successful in evincing his own utter want of good feeling and good sense; in the first case, by displaying how stubbornly he had rejected all overtures for a reconciliation, and, secondly, by publishing his family differences to the world.

Such are the leading particulars, as far as we have any record of them, of the memorable quarrel between George the Second and his son, though probably there may have existed other and more delicate causes of estrangement. "Sir Robert Walpole informed me," says Lord Hard-

wicke, "of certain passages between the king and himself, and between the queen and the prince, of too high and secret a nature even to be trusted to this narrative; but from thence I found great reason to think that this unhappy difference between the king and queen and his Royal Highness turned upon some points of a more interesting and important nature than have hitherto appeared." Whatever may have been these points of a "more interesting nature," it is almost impossible to reflect on the annoyance and misery occasioned to George the Second by his son's undutifulness, without regarding it as a judgment on that monarch for his former unnatural conduct toward his own father. The features, indeed, of the present estrangement bore a striking resemblance, in some points, to the dissensions which, twenty years before, had excited the animosity of George the First toward his son. "A christening," observes Lord Mahon, "was the occasion of the first; a childbirth of the other. In both cases was the heir-apparent commanded to quit the royal palace; in both was the scandal trumpeted to all Europe through the foreign ministers."

Unfortunately, it has ever been the fate of the House of Brunswick to exhibit a series of quarrels between the sovereign and his eldest son. Frederick himself is said to have shown a preference for his second son, Prince Edward; and that these family prejudices have not been weakened appears

by a more remarkable example nearer our own times.

From the period of the prince's expulsion from St. James's, no remarkable, or at least no violent, altercation seems to have occurred between the father and son, though the latter still continued to give cause of offence. His house became the resort of men personally displeasing to the king; as the head of the opposition, he could not fail to be possessed of great influence in the state, and that influence was perseveringly exerted in opposing the measures of Walpole and of the government. The popularity, moreover, which he had acquired by the affability of his manners, his protection of the arts, and his affected regard for the liberties of the subject, could not but give great umbrage to the king. The world contrasted the courtesy of his deportment with the cold and sullen reserve of his father, and naturally drew a comparison highly unfavourable to the latter. Other circumstances occurred which increased the prince's popularity and at the same time added to the disgust and irritation of the king. The vulgar gave him the credit of charities which were intended probably only for effect, and of generous sentiments which, perhaps, he never uttered, and which he certainly never felt. The world is naturally amused with anecdotes relating to the great; they seldom take the trouble of inquiring into their authenticity; they are unwilling that their

sources of information should be called in question, and consequently the most idle tales have often the effect of leaving an undue impression, whether favourable or unfavourable, on the mind. In the case of Frederick, Prince of Wales, pithy sentences were related to have been uttered by him, which were usually expressive of a regard for liberty and toleration, or the most refined sentiments of honour. When Bubb Doddington recommended him to appeal a second time to Parliament for an increase to his revenue, "The people," he is said to have exclaimed, "have done enough for my family already, and sooner than be a further charge to them I would consent to beg my bread from door to door." He was in the habit of courting popularity by walking about the streets attended by only two servants, and of displaying his paternal sensibility by taking one of his children alone with him in his carriage. At other times he was seen distributing prizes at a rowing-match with his own hand; and in the country was frequently in the habit of conversing with the humblest labourer or mechanic, making himself at home in their cottages, and occasionally becoming a partaker of their humble fare. That the prince's condescension in these trifling matters is to be entirely attributed to wrong motives would, perhaps, be an uncharitable construction of his conduct. He was constitutionally a good-natured man; his disposition was communicative and his

manners conciliating; still, from the knowledge which we possess of his character, we are inclined to trace these apparently pleasing evidences of his goodness of heart and freedom from pride rather to a yearning after popular applause and to a taste for dramatic effect than to any more creditable cause. The prince, moreover, though he to all appearances encouraged familiarity, is said never to have pardoned it.

Frederick, notwithstanding that he declared himself the champion of the liberties of Parliament and of the subject, yet, like many other patriots, did not on all occasions act up to his professions. In public, indeed, he avowed it to be directly opposed to his principles to interfere with the votes of his friends or servants, and yet, on an occasion when Doneraile displeased him by his conduct in Parliament, "Does he think," said the prince, "that I will support him unless he acts as I wish? Does not he consider that, whoever may be my ministers, I must be the king?" On another occasion, an upholsterer whom he employed having voted at an election in favour of the ministerial candidate, the offender received a communication, through the medium of one of the prince's servants, that his master's custom would hereafter be withdrawn from him. "I am going," added the individual who delivered the message, "to order another person to make his Royal Highness a chair." "With all my heart," answered

the tradesman, "I don't care what they make him, so they don't make him a throne."

A short time previous to the overthrow of Sir Robert Walpole's administration, that minister, with the view of strengthening his declining power, made an attempt to detach the Prince of Wales from his party, and even persuaded the king to make the first overture toward a reconciliation. Accordingly, in January, 1742, Secker, Bishop of Oxford, and afterward Archbishop of Canterbury, waited on the prince, and intimated to him that if he would express his concern for what had passed, and address such a letter to the king as it would be consistent with his Majesty's honour to receive, he should again be received into favour, and that an increase of £50,000 a year should be made to his revenue; moreover a further hope was held out to the prince that his debts, which amounted to £200,000, should be defrayed by the king. To this communication the prince returned such an answer as Sir Robert Walpole, with his knowledge of the world, ought to have expected. After dwelling for some time on his duty and affection for the king, he observed that, had this message come directly from his Majesty, his mode of behaviour would have been different; but he added that the proposition evidently emanated from the minister; he had been greatly injured, he said, by Sir Robert Walpole, and as long as that minister continued at the head of the administra-

tion he should listen to no proposal of a similar tendency. Exactly five weeks after the date of the conference between the prince and the Bishop of Oxford, Sir Robert Walpole resigned; and as "the first happy effect" of a change of ministry, we are told that "the Prince of Wales waited on his father, and was received in the most gracious and affectionate manner." For a time, indeed, they met on terms of cold and distant civility, but, before long, both parties relapsed into their former feelings of antipathy and disgust.

The vices for which the prince was chiefly notorious were an inordinate love of women and a passion for the gaming-table. The former he seems to have inherited from his father, the latter he acquired himself. He was also attached to the pleasures of the table, and was a member of the celebrated Hell-fire Club, which held its orgies at Mednam Abbey, in Buckinghamshire. Walpole hints that the prince was not only a gamester, but that he played unfairly. "Gaming," he says, "was another of his passions, but his style of play did him less honour than the amusement; he carried this dexterity into practice in more essential commerce, and was vain of it." In regard to his pecuniary transactions, the prince seems to have been totally without principle. He once persuaded Bubb Doddington to lend him £5,000, and immediately afterward, observing him pass by the windows of Kensington Palace, he remarked

to a person near him, "That man is reckoned one of the most sensible men in England, and yet, with all his cleverness, I have just nicked him out of £5,000." This anecdote affords a complete justification for what Doddington some time afterward said of the prince, "*Il a une telle tête et un tel cœur, qu'on ne peut rien faire avec lui.*"

The prince's private tastes and pursuits were, generally speaking, undignified, and occasionally puerile. There was, perhaps, no great harm in his figuring in private theatricals at Kew, as recorded by his associate Doddington, but his custom of attending bull-baits in disguise, at Hockley-in-the-Hole, was a gross abandonment of his dignity, and afforded evidence of real depravity of taste. Among other instances of the puerile character of his amusements, we find him, within the last thirteen months which preceded his death, paying as many as three visits to mountebank fortune-tellers. Doddington inserts in his diary, on the 28th of June, 1750: "Lady Middlesex, Lord Bathurst, Mr. Breton, and I waited on their Royal Highnesses to Spitalfields, to see the manufactory of silk, and to Mr. Carr's shop in the morning. In the afternoon, the same company, with Lady Torrington in waiting, went in private coaches to Norwood Forest, to see a settlement of gipsies. We returned and went to Bettesworth, the conjuror, in hackney-coaches. Not finding him, we went in search of the little Dutchman, but were

disappointed, and concluded the particularities of this day by supping with Mrs. Cannon, the princess's midwife." The prince's last visit to a fortune-teller seems to have occurred only nine weeks before he died.

On the prince's character as a man of intrigue, there is no necessity to dwell at length. "His chief passion," says Horace Walpole, "was women, but, like the rest of his race, beauty was not a necessary ingredient. Miss ——, whom he had debauched without loving, and who had been debauched without loving him so well as either Lord Harrington or Lord Hervey, who both pretended to her first favours, had no other charms than of being a maid of honour, who was willing to cease to be so upon the first opportunity, Of his favourites, Lady Archibald Hamilton[1] had been neither young nor handsome within his memory. Lady Middlesex[2] was very short, very plain, and very yellow; a vain girl, full of Greek and Latin, and music and painting, but neither mischievous

[1] Jane, daughter of James Hamilton, Earl of Abercorn, and wife of Lord Archibald Hamilton, seventh and youngest son of William, Duke of Hamilton. She held the appointment of mistress of the robes to the Princess of Wales. She lived in Pall Mall, close to Carlton House; with the gardens of which palace her residence conveniently communicated, and her drawing-room windows overlooked.

[2] Grace, daughter of Richard Boyle, Viscount Shannon, and wife of Charles Sackville, Earl of Middlesex, and afterward second Duke of Dorset. She succeeded Lady Archibald Hamilton as mistress of the robes to the princess.

nor political. Lady Archibald was very agreeable and artful, but had lost his heart by giving him William Pitt for his rival." It is related of Lady Archibald that, previous to the arrival of the Princess of Wales in England, she contrived to have her impressed with an idea that some other lady was the object of the prince's attachment, and thus diverted suspicion from herself. She was subsequently appointed mistress of the robes to the princess, and by this means contrived to find places for so many of her relations, at the prince's court, that one day at Carlton House Sir William Stanhope affected to speak of every person whom he did not know as Mr. or Mrs. Hamilton.

Even after his marriage, and when there was every reason to believe that he was really devoted to his wife, the prince still continued to offend against decency by maintaining his declared mistress. Like his father, however, he seems to have outraged morality rather with the view of being regarded as a man of gallantry and intrigue than from any other cause. In every respect but this, even his enemies allow that he was a most exemplary husband, and, as a father, his conduct appears to have been altogether unexceptionable.

Another redeeming trait in the character of the Prince of Wales was his reverence for literature, and his connection with literary men. Vanity, and a desire to be in opposition to his father (by whom literature was held in thorough contempt),

may, probably, have had considerable share in creating and nursing the prince's literary tastes; but still he must not be entirely robbed of the credit which is his due. Among his private companions were numbered Charles, Duke of Queensberry, the patron of Gay; Pulteney, Cobham, Pitt, and the Grenvilles; and among his more intimate friends were Chesterfield, Lyttelton, and Doddington. The capacity of many of these persons was certainly not of the highest order, neither is it pretended were the prince's own genius or tastes; but still the fact is proved that he was possessed of some slight feeling for the refinements of life, and was not altogether the despicable creature that he has been generally represented. When Glover, the author of "Leonidas," was in embarrassed circumstances, he sent him a present of £500; to Tindal he presented a gold medal valued at forty guineas; to the genius of Pope he paid due homage, and was, on one occasion, the guest of the poet; and when the *Rambler* appeared, he expressed his strong desire to be acquainted with the author, and even commissioned Cave, the bookseller, to trace his identity.

The prince was himself an author. "The History of Prince Titi," printed in 1736, has occasionally been attributed to him, but some trifling poetical effusions are all that are known with certainty to be his productions. As royal personages seldom favour us with their literary compositions,

the specimens of the prince's muse, which we shall presently introduce, may not be unacceptable to the reader.

The verses which follow require some slight explanation. The prince was to have represented Paris, and Count Lobkowitz Mercury, in Congreve's "Judgment of Paris." The parts of the three goddesses were to have been acted by Lady Catharine Hanmer, Lady Falconberg, and Lady Middlesex, to which ladies the royal versifier addresses his effusion. This song, it may be mentioned, was written immediately after the loss of the battle of Fontenoy.

I.

"Venez, mes chères Déesses,
Venez, calmer mon chagrin;
Aidez, mes belles Princesses,
A le noyer dans le vin.
Poussons cette douce ivresse
Jusq'au milieu de la nuit,
Et n'écoutons que la tendresse
D'un charmant vis-à-vis.

II.

"Quand le chagrin me dévore
Vite à table je me mets,
Loin des objets que j'abhorre,
Avec joie j'y trouve la paix.
Peu d'amis, restes d'un naufrage
Je rassemble autour de moi,
Et je me ris de l'étalage
Qu'a chez lui toujours un Roi.

III.

" Que m'importe, que l'Europe
Ait un, ou plusieurs tyrans?
Prions seulement Calliope,
Qu'elle inspire nos vers, nos chants.
Laissons Mars et toute la gloire,
Livrons nous tous à l'amour;
Que Bacchus nous donne à boire;
A ces deux faisons la cour.

IV.

" Passons ainsi notre vie,
Sans rêver à ce qui suit;
Avec ma chère Silvie [1]
Le tems trop vite me fuit.
Mais si, par un malheur extrême,
Je perdois cet objet charmant;
Oui, cette compagnie même
Ne me tiendroit un moment.

V.

" Me livrant à ma tristesse,
Toujours plein de mon chagrin,
Je n'aurois plus d'allégresse
Pour mettre Bathurst [2] en train.
Ainsi pour vous tenir en joie,
Invoquez toujours les Dieux,
Qu'elle vive et qu'elle soit
Avec nous toujours heureuse!"

The following verses were addressed by the prince to his consort:

[1] The Princess of Wales. [2] Allen, Lord Bathurst.

## SONG.

### THE CHARMS OF SYLVIA.

"'Tis not the liquid brightness of those eyes
That swim with pleasure and delight;
Nor those heavenly arches, which arise
O'er each of them to shade their light.

"'Tis not that hair, which plays with every wind,
And loves to wanton round thy face;
Now straying round the forehead, now behind
Retiring with insidious grace.

"'Tis not that lovely range of teeth, so white,
As new-shorn sheep equal and fair;
Nor e'en that gentle smile, the heart's delight,
With which no smile could e'er compare.

"'Tis not that chin so round, that neck so fine,
Those breasts that swell to meet my love;
That easy sloping waist, that form divine,
Nor aught below nor aught above.

"'Tis not the living colours over each
By nature's finest pencil wrought,
To shame the full-blown rose, and blooming peach,
And mock the happy painter's thought.

"No — 'tis that gentleness of mind, that love
So kindly answering my desire;
That grace with which you look, and speak, and move,
That thus has set my soul on fire."

The chief merit of the prince's metrical productions consists in both having been composed in languages neither of which was his mother tongue.

It appears, by the well-known diary of Bubb Doddington, as well as from other authentic accounts, that the prince, for some time previous to his death, calculating on the advanced age of his father, had presumptuously selected his first ministry, had settled his financial dispositions, arranged the measures he was to adopt as soon as he should become king, and, in a moment of exultation, had even required his two principal coadjutors, the Earl of Egmont and Doddington, to join hands as a pledge of their unanimity and good faith. The result of these arrogant speculations affords a striking exemplification of the vanity of human resolutions and of the uncertainty of life. Doddington, almost in the same sentence in which he records the prince's intentions, also announces his death. "Father of mercy!" he exclaims, "thy hand that wounds can alone save!"

The prince had been unwell for some time with a pleurisy, but a few days before his death was sufficiently recovered to be able to attend the king to the House of Lords. On his return, though much heated, he was imprudent enough to change his clothes for a light and unaired dress, in which, on a very bitter day, he proceeded to Kew. In

the evening he returned to Carlton House, and, being extremely fatigued, lay down for three hours in a very cold room that opened on the ground floor into the garden. Lord Egmont in vain remonstrated with him that it was a very dangerous indulgence. A contempt of such ordinary precautions seems to have been a characteristic of his family. Sir Robert Walpole once remarked to George the Second, on an occasion of his displaying similar obstinacy, "Sir, do you know what your father died of? Of thinking he could not die."

The result of the prince's imprudence was a fresh cold, and the same night he had a relapse. From this period he suffered much from a difficulty of respiration, and two days before his death a thrush appeared; after which, however, he was considered somewhat better, so much so that his family amused themselves with cards in the outer room. Between nine and ten o'clock in the evening on which he died he was seized with a fit of coughing, on which one of his physicians, Doctor Wilmot, said, "Sir, you have brought up all the phlegm; I hope this will be over in a quarter of an hour, and that your Royal Highness will have a good night." Hawkins, the prince's surgeon, seems to have been of a different opinion. On quitting the apartment he said, "Here is something I don't like." The cough continued, and shortly afterward the prince laid his hand upon

his stomach, and said, "*Je sens le mort.*" His favourite German page, who was supporting him, suddenly felt him shiver, and exclaimed, "The prince is going!" The princess, who was at the foot of the bed, immediately caught up a candle and ran toward him, but before she could reach him he was dead. According to Wraxall, the person in whose arms the prince expired was Desnoyèrs, a celebrated dancing-master of the period, who, at the moment of the fatal seizure, was engaged in playing the violin for the amusement of the dying man.

On the prince's body being opened, it was discovered that his death had been caused by the breaking of an imposthume, which his physician considered to have been occasioned by a blow which he had received, either at tennis or cricket, three years before. Among the "Hanbury Papers" are preserved some interesting documents relating to the prince's death. Mr. Fox writes to Sir Charles Hanbury Williams on the 22d of March, 1751: "At the lower end of the council-table, Legge and I are beginning to write to you. Curiosity has brought me hither, to hear the physicians and surgeons give an account of the illness, death, and appearances, on opening the body of the Prince of Wales, and I propose to close this letter with a short account of what they saw. I have heard nothing but what I knew before. The prince died of an imposthume in his breast, which, after

ten days' illness, and when he was thought out of danger, broke and suffocated him instantly. There was another large bag of matter when he was opened, on the right side, which is supposed to have been of long standing, and imputed to a blow or fall. He died at a quarter after nine on Wednesday night. His Majesty was surprised, and is infinitely affectionate toward the princess and the children, and has sent and wrote to her every day."

In a letter from Harris to Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, bearing the same date as the foregoing one, we find some further particulars respecting the prince's death. "I told you," says the writer, "that the Prince of Wales was just mending from a very dangerous pleuritic fever, as it was then styled. The folks of physic, and everybody, thought him to be in the fair way. Wednesday, the 20th, in the afternoon, Lord Bathurst was sent for, with his agreeable chat; the people of the family all dispersed in the several diversions of the town; in short, no doubt was made of his recovery. A pain came on suddenly, and while the page assisted to turn him in bed the prince said '*Je meurs!*' and expired instantly, before the princess, upon the cry of the page, could get from the feet to the head of the bed. This happened about half an hour after nine in the evening. He was opened yesterday, and the true cause of his death was a gathering imposthume in the breast, which is now

carried back to a hurt done him by a fall at trap-ball, full two years ago, at Clifden. The king sent, in writing, a very affectionate message, in the tenderest terms, to the princess." "I learned," says Doddington, "from Mr. Breton, who was at Leicester House when the prince died, that for half an hour before he was very cheerful; asked to see some of his friends; eat some bread and butter, and drank coffee; he had spit for some days, and was at once seized with a fit of coughing and spitting, which last was so violent that it suffocated him." The prince died at Leicester House, Leicester Square, on the 20th of March, 1751, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

We have already mentioned, in our memoir of George the Second, that the king was extremely shocked at his son's death. He was amusing himself at a card-table when the event was communicated to him by Lord North. He turned pale, and immediately descended to the apartments of Lady Yarmouth, to whom he said, in an agitated manner, "*Il est mort!*" When his attendants called him next morning at his usual hour, they found him pacing the apartment, already dressed. Distressing, however, as may have been the king's feelings, we find that the spirit of party was still alive, and that it was allowed to interfere even with the melancholy ceremonial of the prince's interment. "The whole bedchamber," says Doddington, "were ordered to attend from ten in the morning

till the interment; but there was not the attention to order the Board of Green Cloth to provide them a bit of bread; and these gentlemen of the first rank and distinction, in discharge of their last sad duty to a loved and loving master, were forced to bespeak a great cold dinner from a common tavern in the neighbourhood; at three o'clock, indeed, they vouchsafed to think of a dinner, and order one, but the disgrace was complete, the tavern dinner was paid for and given to the poor." On the 13th of April the prince's remains were interred, with little ceremony, and "without either anthem or organ," in Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster.

The almost universal grief which prevailed at the prince's death may be attributed partly to the erroneous impressions which had been conceived of his character and partly to the consternation with which the world contemplated the probability of his brother, the Duke of Cumberland, being vested with a long regency in the event of the king's demise. The Duke of Cumberland, it is almost needless to say, was the well-known "Hero of Culloden," or, as he is more appropriately termed by his contemporaries, "the butcher." As soon as the prince's death was known, elegies, we are told, were cried about the streets, to which the people responded, "Oh, that it was but his brother!" and in the city, and especially on Change, "Oh, that it was but the butcher!" These expressions

probably originated the following ballad, which was much in vogue at the period:

"Here lies Fred,
Who was alive and is dead:
Had it been his father,
I had much rather;
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another;
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her;
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation;
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive and is dead,
There's no more to be said."

The manner in which the duke received the tidings of his brother's loss was characteristic of that unfeeling personage. "It is a great blow to this country," he said, with a sneer, "but I hope it will recover it in time." Prince George, afterward King George the Third, then only in his thirteenth year, was, perhaps, the person most affected by his father's death. On the fact being communicated to him he wept much, turned pale, and laid his hand upon his breast. Ayscough, his tutor, said to him, "I am afraid, sir, you are not well?" "I felt," he said, "something here, just as I did when I saw the two workmen fall from the scaffold at Kew."

As regards the character of Frederick, Prince

of Wales, sufficient perhaps has already been said. He is reported to have selected Edward the Black Prince as his model; but, as Horace Walpole sarcastically observes, "he resembled him in no other point than in dying before his father." It seems to have been the warlike reputation of his illustrious predecessor that the prince was most eager to emulate, since, like his father, he delighted in military parade, and would willingly have taken an active part in the field. In 1734 he petitioned the king to be allowed to serve a campaign in the Imperial army on the Rhine, and when the rebellion broke out in 1745 he warmly solicited the command of the royal army. What remains to be said of the prince's character may be summed up in a few words. "His best quality," says Walpole, "was generosity; his worst, insincerity, and indifference to truth." He was obstinate, yet weak; fond of power, yet easily led; and from his love of flattery was always open to imposition. In a sermon, preached at Mayfair Chapel, on the occasion of the prince's death, the clergyman is said to have drawn his character in the following words: "He had no great parts, but he had great virtues; indeed, they degenerated into vices; he was very generous, but I hear his generosity has ruined a great many people. And then his condescension was such that he kept very bad company." Extraordinary as this sentence appears, it certainly contains much that is true. In a word, it can

scarcely be doubted from a review of the prince's character and conduct that, had he lived to succeed his father on the throne, England would have derived but a questionable advantage from his becoming the ruler of her destinies.

## CHAPTER III.

### AUGUSTA, PRINCESS OF WALES.

Daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Gotha — Born in 1709 — Married to the Prince of Wales in Her Twenty-eighth Year — Nuptial Ceremonies — Her Good Conduct as a Wife and Mother — Her Agony on Witnessing the Prince's Sudden Death — George the Second's Kindness to Her and Her Children — His Visit to the Princess — Discreet Behaviour and Popularity of the Princess — Her Subsequent Unpopularity after the Accession of Her Son, George the Third, to the Throne — Her Presumed Liaison with Lord Bute — Horace Walpole's and Wraxall's Remarks on the Subject — The Princess Pays off Her Deceased Husband's Debts — Her Strength of Mind — Her Sudden Death in 1772.

THIS sensible and accomplished woman, whose misfortune it was to be the wife of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and whose only fault was to be blind to his unworthiness, was the daughter of Frederick the Second, Duke of Saxe-Gotha. She was born on the 19th of November, 1709, and at the period when she became Princess of Wales was in her twenty-eighth year. She arrived in England on the 25th of April, 1736, and two days afterward we find her conducted from Greenwich to Lambeth in one of the king's coaches drawn by six horses. From Lambeth (probably with a

view of sparing her the discomfort of being gazed at by a large concourse of people) she was conducted in one of the queen's chairs to St. James's Palace, where George the Second and his consort were in readiness to receive her. The same evening she dined with the royal family, and at eight o'clock the marriage procession moved toward the Chapel Royal, where she was united to the prince by the Bishop of London. At ten o'clock the royal party sat down to supper in the presence of a large crowd of spectators, and at twelve o'clock the prince and princess were put to bed. Company were then formally admitted to the nuptial chamber, and the indelicate ceremonials, which were permitted on such occasions during the last century, were duly performed. It may be mentioned that the last instance of this kind of license having been practised at a royal marriage in England was as late as 1797, at the marriage of the Queen of Wirtemburg, eldest daughter of George the Third.

During the lifetime of her husband we discover but few particulars respecting the princess. "The Princess of Wales," says Lord Waldegrave, "distinguished herself, during the life of the prince, her husband, by a most decent and prudent behaviour; and the king, notwithstanding his aversion to his son, behaved to her not only with great politeness, but with the appearance of cordiality and affection." "The princess," observes the

Duchess of Marlborough, "speaks English much better than any of the family that have been here so long; appears good-natured, and civil to everybody; never saying anything to offend, as the late queen did perpetually, notwithstanding her great understanding and goodness."

She seems to have contented herself with discharging her domestic duties; with attending to the cares of her young and numerous offspring, and with maintaining the character of an affectionate and forbearing wife. Following the example set her by her mother-in-law, Queen Caroline, she quietly endured the presence of her husband's mistresses, rather than, by fruitless remonstrances, give occasion to perpetual bickerings. The merit of such forbearance may also in this instance with great propriety be called in question. But, on the other hand, the princess must have been the best judge in such matters, and was probably aware, of what has often been suspected, that there was more of vanity than of real crime in her husband's predilections.

At the period of her husband's death the princess was the mother of eight children, and in a few months was expected to give birth to another. These circumstances could not fail to render more painful a blow which, of itself, appears to have been almost overwhelming. So sudden, indeed, and so unexpected was her misfortune that, for as many as four hours after its occurrence (during

which period she insisted on remaining with his dead body), no arguments could convince her that life was really extinct. It was not till six o'clock in the morning that she could be prevailed upon to retire to bed; and even then, such was her determination and strength of mind, that she rose again at eight, and burnt such of her husband's papers as she thought it impolitic to preserve.

The kindness which George the Second displayed toward the princess and her young children, at the time of their bereavement, was highly creditable to his feelings, and was not the less gratifying because little expected. He immediately sent a message of condolence to his daughter-in-law, by Lord Lincoln, the lord in waiting, to whom the princess expressed her strong sense of the king's kindness, adding that she would write to him as soon as she was able, and in the meantime recommended herself and her children to his Majesty's care. At the end of the month the king himself paid her a visit. A chair of state had been prepared for him, but he refused to make use of it, and seating himself on a sofa by the princess, kissed her, and mingled his tears with hers. When his eldest grandchild, the Princess Augusta, offered to kiss his hand, he prevented this common act of respect, and, after embracing her, placed her hand in those of her young brothers, telling the latter "they must be brave boys, obedient to their

mother, and deserve the fortune to which they were born." The king, moreover, selected the princess to be the guardian of her eldest son (whom he created, the following month, Prince of Wales); and on her reappearance in public, after the first year of her widowhood had expired, awarded her the same honours that had been paid to the late queen.

The important position now occupied by the princess, as the guardian and only surviving parent of the immediate heir to the throne, compelled her, whether willingly or not, to take a part in the political drama of the day. Her conduct, however, continued to be characterised by the same prudence and circumspection for which it had ever been remarkable. She demeaned herself with great respect to the king; her prejudices and her predilections were carefully confined to her own bosom; she excited no jealousies by exhibiting a particular partiality to any minister or any faction, and whatever intrigues were fostered in her little court at Leicester House, they were decently kept a secret from the world. Thus, by her prudent and sensible conduct, the princess (difficult as was the position in which she was placed) contrived for some years to avert from herself all political animosities, and to render herself generally popular with the world. It was not till a later period (when the presumed tenderness of her connection with Lord Bute obtained almost universal cre-

dence) that a clue was afforded to much that had hitherto appeared mysterious, and that it became evident that the princess had long exercised a powerful, though secret influence, over the politics of the time. From this moment obloquy, of course, began to attach itself to her name. At a still later period, on the accession of her son to the throne, the influence which she was supposed to exercise over his mind entailed on her much of the unpopularity which attached to the early part of the reign of George the Third. By the vulgar, every unpalatable act of the government was imputed to her intrigues and advice; and such was the popular outcry raised against her, that on one occasion her residence was attacked by a furious mob, and her life placed in imminent danger. Their acts of violence, however, seem to have excited her commiseration rather than her fears. In the midst of their unmeaning yells she was heard to exclaim with the greatest calmness, "How I pity these poor deluded people! I hope they will know better by and by."

To what extent the princess may have merited the abuse which was heaped upon her, or how far she may have promoted the unpopular acts of her son's government, cannot now with any exactness be ascertained. She was certainly possessed of many admirable qualities, and from the general tenor of her conduct we are inclined to believe that she acted on all occasions for the best. That

she was liable to err in her political conduct, may be presumed from the fact of her being a foreigner by birth and education; from her slight acquaintance with the laws and character of the English people; and from her being by nature deficient in that genius which is requisite to guide the destinies of a great nation. Under all circumstances, we cannot but regret that a lady whose sagacity and strong sense were so eminently displayed in every other relation of life, as well as in more than one crisis of difficulty and danger, should have risked a well-earned reputation for prudence and goodness by attempting to regulate the dangerous machinery of a state.

The connection between the princess and Lord Bute,[1] supposing the fact be admitted that there

[1] John Stuart, Marquis of Bute, was born in 1713. Originally of little note, he rose to be a person of considerable importance and distinction, in consequence, it is said, of his fortuitous introduction to Frederick, Prince of Wales, during a shower of rain at a cricket-match. The prince, it seems, expressed a wish to play a rubber of whist till the weather should be fine again, and Lord Bute was fortunately at hand to oblige the prince by making a fourth at the game. The prince invited him to Carlton House, and in 1749 appointed him one of the lords of his bedchamber. On the death of the prince he was made groom of the stole to the new heir-apparent, afterward George the Third, of whom he became the avowed favourite. In 1761 he was appointed secretary of state on the resignation of Lord Holderness, and some time afterward became prime minister, a post, however, which he resigned in 1763. He wished to be thought the Mæcenas of his time, and affected a character for wisdom and learning for which nobody seems to have given him the

existed an improper tenderness in their intimacy, constitutes a single drawback on the general propriety of her conduct. The presumption that their intercourse exceeded the common bounds of friendship rests principally on the scandal of the period, and the confident assertions of Horace Walpole. "It had already been whispered," he says, "that the assiduity of Lord Bute at Leicester House, and his still more frequent attendance in the gardens at Kew and Carlton House, were less addressed to the Prince of Wales than his mother. The eagerness of the pages of the back stairs to let her know whenever Lord Bute arrived, and some other symptoms, contributed to dispel the ideas that had been conceived of the rigour of her widowhood. On the other hand, the favoured personage, naturally ostentatious of his person, and of haughty carriage, seemed by no means desirous of concealing his conquest. His bows

credit. According to his contemporary, Lord Waldegrave, he was distinguished by a rather handsome person, a theatrical air, a pair of well-turned legs, as well as a sententious manner of expressing himself, and a solemn pomposity of manner, even in the discussion of trifles, which in any other station of life would have rendered him an object of ridicule. Frederick, Prince of Wales, used to say of him, that he would make an excellent ambassador in a court where there was no business. According, however, to Lord Waldegrave, "the princess dowager discovered other accomplishments, of which the prince, her husband, was, perhaps, not so competent a judge." Lord Bute married the only daughter of the celebrated Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and died on the 10th of March, 1792.

grew more theatric, his graces contracted some meaning, and the beauty of his leg was constantly displayed in the eyes of the poor captivated princess." According to the same writer, the Prince of Wales, during his lifetime, actually encouraged the kindly feeling between Lord Bute and his wife. "Her simple husband," he says, "when he took up the character of the regent's gallantry,[1] had forced an air of intrigue even upon his wife. When he affected to retire into gloomy *allées* with Lady Middlesex he used to bid the princess walk with Lord Bute. As soon as the prince was dead they walked more and more, in honour of his memory." "It cannot be denied," says Wraxall, "that Lord Bute enjoyed a higher place in the favour of the princess, if not in her affection, than seemed compatible with strict propriety. His visits to Carlton House (which were always performed in the evening), and the precautions taken to conceal his arrival, though they might perhaps have been dictated more by an apprehension of insult from the populace, to whom he was obnoxious, than from any improper reasons, yet awakened suspicion. He commonly made use on these occasions of the chair and the chair-men of Miss Vansittart, a lady who held a distinguished place in

[1] Frederick, Prince of Wales, by the ambition which he showed to be considered a man of gallantry and a love-poet, was thought to have imitated the character of the celebrated regent, Duke of Orleans.

her Royal Highness's family; in order more effectually to elude notice, the curtains of the chair were close drawn." Walpole also observes: "I am as much convinced of an amorous connection between Lord Bute and the princess as if I had seen them together."

If we except the conduct of the princess in this particular matter (and, to say the least, her criminality admits of a doubt), the history of her private life is altogether unexceptionable. She was charitable, generous, and mild in her manners; and it was much to her credit that, out of her own income, she paid off the large sums for which her husband was in debt at the time of his decease. Her behaviour as a wife was no less blameless, and in regard to her conduct as a mother she has been awarded high praise. It is objected, indeed, that though she doubtless acted for the best, the manner in which she conducted the education of the Prince of Wales was, unfortunately, not judicious. She certainly taught him the great lesson to be devout, but she altogether left him in ignorance how to rule.

The princess was a person of a strong mind; and in evidence of the fact it has been mentioned that during her last illness she was in the habit of ordering her carriage, and driving about the streets, to show the world that she was alive. George the Third, accompanied by his queen, was accustomed to attend his mother every evening

at eight o'clock, and when she grew worse used to anticipate his visit by an hour, pretending he had mistaken the time. On the evening which preceded her death he remained with her from seven to nine. She kept up the conversation with her usual spirit, retired to rest, and observed that she thought she should pass a good night. The next morning she was found dead in her bed. "The calmness and composure of her death," says Bishop Newton, "were further proofs and attestations of the goodness of her life; and she died as she had lived, beloved and lamented most by those who knew her best." Her disease was the evil, from the effects of which she was almost entirely wasted away. The princess expired on the 8th of February, 1772, in the sixty-third year of her age, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

# CHAPTER IV.

## WILLIAM, DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

Born in 1721 — Created Duke of Cumberland in His Sixth Year — Anecdotes of His Early Precocity — His Dislike of the Marriage State — His Respect for the Kingly Office — His Contempt for His Brother, Prince Frederick, and Partiality for the Military Profession — He Exacts Strict Submission from His Inferiors — Fights Side by Side with His Father at the Battle of Dettingen — Appointed Commander-in-chief of the British Forces in Flanders — His Defeat, with the Loss of Ten Thousand Men, at Fontenoy — Marshal Saxe's Contempt for the Duke's Military Capacity — The Duke's Gallantry at Fontenoy — The Duke Sent to Oppose the Pretender — Panic in the Metropolis on the Advance of the Rebels to Derby — Defeated by the Duke at Culloden — Ridiculous Praises Heaped on the Duke for His Victory — Parliament Raises His Allowance from £15,000 to £40,000 per Annum — His Barbarous Treatment of the Rebels — Gains the Nickname of the "Butcher" — Singular Ferocity Exhibited in His Revised Mutiny Bill — Anecdotes of His Cruel and Tyrannical Nature — His Personal Courage — Popular Apprehensions of His Cruelty — His Interview with Prince George, Afterward George the Third — His Rage and Vexation at Not Being Nominated Regent on the Death of the Prince of Wales — Is Struck with Palsy in 1760 — Attends His Father's Interment in Westminster Abbey — His Death in 1765 — Sketch of His Character.

WILLIAM, second surviving son of George the Second, was born on the 15th of April, 1721. During the first years of his life he was the

especial favourite of his father, a circumstance which seems to have been partly owing to his not being the heir to the throne, thus preventing all grounds for jealousy on the side of the king, and partly to his inheriting many of his father's tastes, and especially his strong predilection for the military profession. When in his sixth year, the young prince was created Baron of Alderney, Viscount Trematon in Cornwall, Earl of Kennington in Surrey, Marquis of Berkhamsted, and Duke of Cumberland.

Some characteristic anecdotes are related of the duke's early precocity. When a mere child, being carried on his birthday to see his grandfather, George the First, the old king inquired of him at what hour he rose. The duke replied, "When the chimney-sweepers went about." The king, who was almost entirely ignorant of the English language, asked him who the "chimney-sweepers" were. "Have you been so long in England," said the young prince, "and do not know what a chimney-sweeper is? Why, they are like that man there;" at the same time pointing his finger toward Lord Finch, afterward Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, a nobleman who, like the rest of his family, —

"The black, funereal Finches,"[1]

[1] Sir Charles Hanbury Williams's "Ode to a Number of Great Men."

"See Harry Vane in pomp appear,
And since he's made Lord Treasurer,

was remarkable for his dark and swarthy complexion.

About the same period the young duke displayed an instance of ready wit, for which he was certainly not celebrated in more advanced years. Having been guilty of some childish offence, his mother ordered him to his own apartment. When released from his confinement, he appeared extremely sullen. "William," inquired the queen, "what have you been doing?" "Reading," he replied. "Reading what?" "The Bible." "And what did you read there?" "About Jesus and Mary." "And what about them?" asked the queen. "Why," replied the boy, "that Jesus said to Mary, 'Woman! what hast thou to do with me?'"

The duke, even in his boyhood, is said to have affected a gravity of demeanour, and to have been distinguished by a solemn assumption of philosophical superiority, such as not unfrequently covers a really weak mind, and which was borne out by no particular acts of wisdom in his subsequent career. As a youth, he affected to conceive

Grown taller by some inches:
See Tweedale follow Carteret's call;
See Hanoverian Gower, and all
The black, funereal Finches."

Owing to the duke's unlucky remark, Lord Winchelsea was always afterward known by the nickname of the "chimney-sweeper," to which the slovenliness of his attire gave greater force. The complexions of his brothers, William and Edward, were equally dark.

the same paramount interest in the affairs of Parliament, or the council-chamber, that he took in the evolutions of an army, or the trappings of a regiment of horse. Like his brother Frederick, he was fond of women, and also delighted in the pleasures of the gaming-table and the race-course. Unlike his brother, however, he possessed a strength of mind which enabled him to resist the temptation of play, as soon as prudence warned him against further indulgence. It was much to his credit that, having on one occasion lost his pocketbook on the race-course at Newmarket, he declined making any bets, alleging that his losses were already sufficient for one day. When the races were over, the pocketbook was brought to him by a half-pay officer, by whom it had accidentally been picked up. The duke generously insisted on the officer keeping it. "I am only glad," he said, "that it has fallen into such good hands, for if I had not lost it as I did, its contents would by this time have been scattered among the blacklegs of Newmarket."

The duke's admiration of women was exceeded only by the aversion which he showed for the marriage state. Men who, like himself (either from the possession of great worldly advantages, or from being gifted in a high degree with the power of pleasing), have made easy conquests among the fair sex, are naturally apt to form an indifferent opinion of women in general, and

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS,
late Duke of Cumberland.

to imagine that their own wives may prove no more exemplary in their conduct than the wives of those whom they have been accustomed to dishonour. Probably such may have been the secret of the duke's strong aversion to the marriage state. On one occasion he is said to have found great difficulty in evading the importunities of his father, who was desirous that he should unite himself to a Princess of Denmark. The king had actually caused a negotiation to be entered into with the Danish court, and in this dilemma the duke sent to ask the advice of Sir Robert Walpole, scarcely forty-eight hours, it may be remarked, before the death of that minister. Sir Robert recommended that the duke should demand a large marriage settlement. The advice was followed, and his Royal Highness heard nothing more of the match.

Had Walpole's advice been wanting, or had the king refused to compound with his son on this occasion, we cannot doubt, from our knowledge of the duke's character, that his high sense of duty would eventually have induced him to sacrifice his own happiness to the will of his father. Such, indeed, was his reverential respect for the kingly office that we find him on all occasions paying implicit obedience to the commands of his sovereign, even under circumstances where compliance must have been unpalatable in the extreme. He notoriously disliked and despised

his brother Frederick; and yet, had the latter succeeded to the throne, it was said of the duke, and apparently with great justice, that he would have forgotten the errors of the man in his respect for the sovereign, and would have been the first to set an example of obedience to the royal authority. Probably his acquaintance with, and partiality for, the military profession tended in a great degree to impress on him this implicit reverence for superior authority. From his inferiors he exacted the most indiscriminate submission, and to question his will, much more to oppose it, was a crime he never was known to forgive.

The duke served his first campaign in 1743, and the same year fought side by side with his father at the battle of Dettingen, where he received a wound in the calf of his leg. Two years afterward, when he had only just completed his twenty-fourth year, he was appointed commander-in-chief of the British forces in Flanders. As the personal courage which he had displayed at the battle of Dettingen formed the single excuse for the English ministry in their selection of so young and inexperienced an officer to fill this high post, the consequences may be easily imagined. On the 11th of May, 1745, was fought the disastrous battle of Fontenoy, in which the allied forces were commanded by the Duke of Cumberland, and the French army by Marshal Saxe; in the lat-

ter, Louis the Fifteenth and his son the Dauphin were present in person. On the details of the action there is no necessity to dwell at length. It is sufficient to say that, owing to the rashness and incapacity displayed by the duke and his military advisers, the lives of ten thousand brave soldiers were uselessly sacrificed, and that England, for the first time, was defeated in a battle of importance.

The duke's military capacity appears to have been held in the utmost contempt by his opponent, Marshal Saxe. "The Duke of Cumberland," he said, sarcastically, "is the greatest general of his age, for he has maintained several thousand men on a spot of ground where I should never have thought of billeting so many rabbits." It was after the battle of Fontenoy that an Englishman (who had been taken prisoner), happening to inform some French officers that they had narrowly missed making a captive of the duke, was answered: "We took good care not to do so, for he does us much more service at the head of your army."

Fortunately for the duke, the tidings of the defeat at Fontenoy excited a very different sensation in England to what might reasonably have been expected. On his return, after his disastrous campaign, instead of his conduct being attacked by an angry Parliament, and his person by an enraged mob, he was received by his countrymen with

affection, and even with gratitude. This agreeable and unlooked-for result may be traced, in part, to the personal gallantry displayed by the duke during the action; to the brave and determined resistance offered by the English troops; to the fact that the French lost an equal, if not a greater number of men in the engagement; but more especially to the universal unwillingness on the part of the English populace to acknowledge that victory had decided in favour of the French. The personal conduct of the duke is described as above all praise. Horace Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann on the 24th of May, 1745: "All the letters are full of the duke's humanity and bravery. He will be as popular with the lower class of men as he has been for three or four years with the low women; he will be the soldier's 'Great Sir' as well as theirs. I am really glad; it will be of great service to the family if any one of them come to make a figure." In a further letter, from the Hon. Philip Yorke to the elder Horace Walpole, the duke's behaviour is stated by all accounts to have been the "most heroic and gallant imaginable." In this letter he is said to have fought the whole day in the thickest of the action, and on one occasion to have presented his pistol at an officer whom he saw running away. That the duke, as merely the colonel of a regiment, would have highly distinguished himself by his dashing gallantry and military skill, there can be no ques-

tion, but that he was qualified to fill the high post of commander-in-chief admits more decidedly of a doubt.

It was only a few months after the battle of Fontenoy that the landing of Prince Charles Edward, commonly called the Pretender, in Scotland, and the rebellion which subsequently blazed in that country, offered a favourable opportunity to the duke of retrieving his military reputation. Under ordinary circumstances, a campaign against a chivalrous and unfortunate prince, who had landed with only a few followers, and who even now was at the head of but some raw and undisciplined forces, would have been a service rather avoided than sought by a brave soldier, and have been regarded as entailing the duties of an executioner rather than those of a commander-in-chief. In the present instance, however, the recent defeat of the king's forces under General Cope at Preston Pans, the descent of the Jacobite army in England, and the extraordinary success which had hitherto marked its progress, tended considerably to exaggerate the importance attached to the service, and to fix the attention of the nation on the duke.

At the period when the duke was hourly expected in England, to assume the command of the royal forces, the rebels were in full march toward the south of England, and consequently the apprehensions of such persons as were well

affected toward the government could not fail to be painfully aroused. These apprehensions, however, were in a great degree allayed by the arrival of the duke. A general confidence seems to have been placed in his military abilities; the army, at this period at least, was devoted to his person; he was known to be followed by the flower of those forces who had so nobly defended themselves at Fontenoy; and, moreover, a few hours would not only place his army between London and the rebels, but General Wade was also at the head of another army in their rear.

While the world was thus flattering itself into security, we may easily conceive how great was the panic when it became known that, from some strange want of intelligence or proper generalship on the part of the duke, the rebels, by an almost incredible march, had placed themselves between the royal army and the metropolis, and were now within a few miles of Derby, a town scarcely one hundred and thirty miles distant from London. Such was the consternation which prevailed, that business was for the most part suspended; shops were shut up; the immediate restoration of the Stuarts was considered as no improbable event; and the demand on the resources of the Bank of England was such that it is said only to have escaped bankruptcy by paying in sixpences for the purpose of saving time.

The voluntary retreat of the rebels from Derby,

contrary to the wishes and earnest remonstrances of Prince Charles, at length restored confidence to the metropolis. Of the immediate events subsequent to that retreat no particular notice can be required. The Highlanders, followed by the royal army (whom on one occasion they repulsed in a skirmish near Penrith), made good their retreat into Scotland, where they signally defeated General Hawley at Falkirk. The Duke of Cumberland had, at this period, returned to England, whither, upon a threatened invasion from France, he had been summoned to assume the command of the army. He set off for Scotland on the 30th of January, 1746, and proceeded to make head against the rebels, who now, from frequent desertions and repeated contentions among their chiefs, had rendered themselves an easy conquest. At length, on the 16th of April, a decisive battle was fought in the neighbourhood of Culloden, on which occasion, it is needless to say, the royal forces were victorious. As regards the duke personally (in consequence of his winning an insignificant battle which it was almost impossible for him to have lost), he suddenly found himself elevated by the grateful voice of his countrymen to be the first hero of modern times.

When we consider, indeed, the superiority of the highly disciplined forces under his command; the fact that they were opposed to a raw and inexperienced body of men, ill-officered, and scantily

supplied with arms and ammunition; and, moreover, when we reflect that the Highlanders fought on level ground, where the most daring courage could avail them nothing against the heavy cavalry and well-served artillery of their enemies, we cannot but be astonished that a victory, which appears so insignificant when regarded as a mere military achievement, should have been hailed with as many rejoicings, and rewarded with as many honours, as had crowned the successes of Oudenarde or Blenheim. The world, however, confounded the end with the means. They looked on at a contest in which not only a crown but their own liberties and happiness were believed to be at stake; and accordingly, when victory decided in consonance with their own wishes, they naturally estimated the services of their hero rather according to the important political advantages which had been effected by his means, than as the result of his individual merit.

As a specimen of the inflated puerilities, in the shape of eulogium, which poured in from all quarters on the Duke of Cumberland, we may instance the following verses, addressed by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams to Stephen Poyntz, Esq., the duke's former governor. The poet, speaking of the unfortunate Prince Charles, observes:

"We saw a wretch, with trait'rous aid,
Our king's and church's right invade;
And thine, fair Liberty!

We saw our hero fly to war,
Beat down Rebellion, break her spear,
And set the nations free.

"Culloden's field, my glorious theme,
My rapture, vision, and my dream,
Gilds the young hero's days:
Yet can there be one English heart
That does not give thee, Poyntz, thy part,
And own thy share of praise?

"Nor is thy fame to thee decreed
For life's short date. When William's head,
For victories to come,
The frequent laurel shall receive;
Chaplets for thee our sons shall weave,
And hang them on thy tomb."

Notwithstanding his ardent love of the military profession, the duke, whether truly or not, is affirmed to have been singularly unambitious, or, at least, to have thoroughly despised that kind of glory which depends upon the fickle breath of popular applause. He used himself to say that, at the time when he was the greatest favourite with the vulgar, he had only to think that the same shouts were raised for Admiral Vernon,[1] and his satisfaction was certain to be allayed.

[1] A blustering and wrong-headed naval officer, whose rash, though successful, attack on Porto Bello rendered him for a time the idol of the mob, and caused his head to decorate half the sign-posts in the kingdom. He subsequently failed in an attempt on Carthagena, and in another on Cuba, besides behaving with questionable credit in one or two private quarrels. His

Had the duke been less indifferent to fame, the enthusiastic admiration with which his countrymen greeted him after the battle of Culloden must have satisfied his most ardent desire for popular applause. On his return to Kensington Palace from Scotland, the populace received him with the loudest acclamations; the guns were fired for several hours; bonfires blazed in the streets; every house was illuminated, and the churches throughout London and Westminster rung their most joyous peals. Shortly afterward, Parliament raised his allowance from £15,000 to £40,000 a year; the king appointed him ranger of Windsor Great Park, and the University of St. Andrews elected him their chancellor.

The frightful and almost unparalleled barbarities which were permitted by the Duke of Cumberland after the battle of Culloden (barbarities which he speaks of with brutal jocularity, in one of his letters to the Duke of Newcastle, as "a little blood-letting") ought rather to have stamped him

popularity, however, outlived his defeats; and this noisy braggadocio was several times chosen for Parliament. In 1748, owing to some squabble which he had with the Admiralty, he was rash and wicked enough to publish the letters and instructions which he had received from that board during the recent rebellion, by which means much important intelligence fell into the hands of our enemies. In consequence of this indecent conduct, he was removed with ignominy from the list of flag-officers. His death took place at his seat at Nacton in Suffolk, in October, 1757.

as a monster of iniquity than exalted him into a popular idol. The ferocity and vindictiveness which he displayed toward those unfortunate men who, mistaken though we may admit them to have been, had committed no crime but that of bravely defending their principles and chivalrously supporting the cause of a prince whom they conscientiously believed to be their rightful sovereign, will ever deservedly continue a blot on his name. It is impossible, indeed, to reflect on the promiscuous slaughter of the flying and defenceless Highlanders after the battle of Culloden, and the numerous murders which were subsequently perpetrated in cold blood, without execrating the authors of these detestable barbarities.

There were unquestionably persons in the ranks of the Pretender — men of family and influence — who adopted the cause of their unfortunate master as much from motives of self-interest as from any principles of duty, and who, as the instigators of others, and as the more active disturbers of peace and good order, might with propriety have been made severe examples of by the government. But there could be neither justice nor policy in hanging up, in almost countless numbers, those brave and devoted clansmen, who were not competent, either by education or any other means, to form a proper estimate of what might be the consequences of their rashness, or of the merits of the cause in which they had unhappily embarked. They knew

little more than what they heard from their fathers, that the Stuarts were their rightful and hereditary sovereigns; while both duty and inclination told them to follow the orders of their chief, whose principles almost invariably regulated their own.

The strange and almost ridiculous stories, which at this period were related of the wild habits and ferocious character of the Highland clansmen, had unquestionably the effect of turning aside much of that indignant commiseration which would otherwise have been created by the legal massacres of the Duke of Cumberland and his executioner-in-chief, General Hawley. When the world came to reflect more calmly on past events, they naturally viewed the conduct, as well as the military services, of the duke in its proper light, and grew to execrate that man under the name of "The Butcher," whom, only a few months before, they had nearly exalted into an idol. A short time after the battle of Culloden, a proposal having been made in the city to present the duke with the freedom of some company, an alderman who was present said, "Then, let it be of the Butchers!" Probably this may have originated an appellation, which the duke never afterward lost: "Billy the Butcher," was henceforward his ordinary by-name with the mob.

Other circumstances occurred at a later period, which sufficiently evinced how prominent a feature was severity in the duke's character. Without

dwelling on his unfeeling speech on the occasion of his brother's death, or on his merciless conduct during the prosecution of Admiral Byng, whose execution he is said to have urged with great vindictiveness, we need only mention the singular ferocity displayed in his amended code of military laws. As Horace Walpole observes, the penalty of death was as often enjoined in the duke's revised Mutiny Bill "as the curses in the commination on Ash Wednesday." Like Draco, he seems to have thought that deprivation of life should be the punishment for all offences, and when on active service, he was quite as angry at the least breach or neglect of military discipline as at the gravest offence of which a soldier could be guilty.

During the recent rebellion many recruits had been enlisted in the royal army, under a solemn promise of being discharged at the end of three years. At the expiration of this period several of these men, believing that their country had no further claim on their services, returned to their homes. The duke ordered them to be tried as deserters, and as they could produce no regular discharges from their regiments, they were condemned. No argument which was adduced in their favour could satisfy the duke, and two of them were actually executed.

Another instance of the duke's ferocity is related in a letter from Horace Walpole to George Montagu, dated 20th July, 1749: "His savage

temper," writes Walpole, "increases every day. George Boscawen is in a scrape with him by a court martial, of which he is one; it was appointed on a poor young soldier who, to see his friends, had counterfeited a furlough only for a day. They ordered him two hundred lashes; but Nolkejumskoi,[1] who loves blood like a leech, insisted it was not enough, has made them sit three times (though every one adheres to the first sentence), and swears they shall sit these six months till they increase the punishment." It was at this period that Miss Pitt was mobbed in the park, merely because the duke was known to be in love with her, and was with difficulty rescued by some gentlemen who were fortunately at hand.

If the Duke of Cumberland, however, wantonly inflicted pain upon others, he has, at least, the credit of having been indifferent to its effects on himself. About a year previous to his death he was subjected to a very painful disorder, which rendered it necessary to make an incision of several inches into his knee. He not only declined being bound, but some of his generals, who were present, shrinking to hold the candle during the operation, from a natural repugnance to be witnesses of human suffering, he insisted on holding it himself. Ranby, the celebrated surgeon, was the person who attended upon him, and who, in

[1] A nickname by which Walpole frequently speaks of the Duke of Cumberland in his letters.

addition to the unpleasant task of operating on a hero and a prince of the blood, had to contend against the hazardous consequences of his patient refusing to be bound. His feelings may be easily imagined when the duke, at a very critical moment, desired him to "Hold!" Ranby, imagining that the interruption was the effect of intolerable agony, in vain implored the duke to allow him to proceed. "Hold, I say," exclaimed the duke, and then, quietly, to his attendants, "Give Doctor Ranby," he said, "a clean cap and waistcoat, for the poor man has perspired through these." Such was the effect produced on the mind of the medical attendant, while the duke sustained the agony of the operation without a single groan!

Of the various stories which were current in the duke's lifetime, in regard to his severe and tyrannical disposition, many were doubtless exaggerated by the Scotch and the Jacobites, by whom he was deservedly regarded with the utmost abhorrence. Of these highly coloured pictures of cruelty and oppression the duke was more than once heard to complain. However, they produced their full effect with the vulgar; indeed, such was the consternation which prevailed on the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales, owing to the general apprehension that the duke would hold the reins of government during his nephew's minority, that the London populace seem almost to have imag-

ined that the same cruelties would be put in effect among themselves, which had recently been practised on the victims of Culloden.

It was another idle imagination of the vulgar that the children of the late Prince of Wales would be put aside on account of their youth, and that the duke would be elevated to the throne. Probably the world attributed to him, not only the ambition, but the barbarous cruelty of Richard the Third, and imagined that he would with as little compunction wade to sovereignty even through his nephew's blood.[1] That such stories were not only current among the vulgar, but were most improperly allowed to reach the ears of the children of the late prince, there is every reason to believe. When Prince George, afterward King George the Third, was a mere child, he paid a visit to his uncle in his private apartment, in which there were no ornaments but arms. In order to amuse the boy, the duke took down a sword and drew it, when the young prince, who imagined his uncle was about to murder him, turned pale and trembled. The duke is said to have been extremely shocked at the occurrence, and to have complained to the princess of the odious impressions which had been instilled into the child.

[1] Lord Waldegrave hastens to relieve the duke from so odious a charge. "That he had even the most distant design of a criminal nature; that he meant anything hurtful to his nephew, or dangerous to the public, the insinuation was base and villainous."

Though a rigid disciplinarian and a severe judge, it would appear by the following anecdote that the duke could fully appreciate valour and good conduct in his followers, and could be the friend of the soldier when such friendship was deserved. When on active service in Germany, a sergeant of good character having performed some gallant exploit, the duke presented him with a commission. The man, as often happens in such cases, found but little reason to congratulate himself on his improved circumstances. He was excluded from associating with his former comrades, while his brother officers affected to treat him with contempt. At length his situation became so unbearable that, having obtained an interview with the duke, he earnestly requested his permission to return to the ranks. To this the duke replied that the matter should be duly considered, and that the result should be communicated to him in a day or two. The following morning, however, on full parade, the duke good-naturedly took him by the arm, and, leading him aside, affected to enter into familiar conversation with him. Later in the day, Lord Ligonier inviting the duke to dine with the mess of his regiment, "I shall have great pleasure in coming," he said, "but I must bring my friend here with me." This was equally a kind act to the injured person, and a delicate reproof to those who had slighted him. From henceforth the ex-sergeant is said to have had no reason

to complain of his being either contemned or avoided by his brother officers.

In the height of his unpopularity, the duke was destined to undergo a mortification which could not fail to be bitterly felt by him. On the death of his brother Frederick (in consequence of the heir to the crown being a mere child), it became necessary to nominate some person to act as regent in the event of the king's demise. The duke had every reason to believe that the choice would fall upon himself (indeed, the king had always spoken as if he had intended to appoint him sole regent), and consequently the annoyance which he felt may be easily imagined, when the king, by the advice of his minister, Mr. Pelham, selected the Princess of Wales to fill this high office. The duke scarcely attempted to conceal the extreme indignation which he felt at this unexpected slight. To his friends he expressed a wish that "the name of William could be blotted out of the English annals;" and he added, "I now feel my own insignificance, since even Mr. Pelham can dare to use me thus."

He was even weak enough to allow his mortified feelings to interfere with the common courtesies of life. Doddington, in recording a conversation which he held at this period with the Princess of of Wales, observes: "In expressing her dislike of the Princess Amelia and the Duke of Cumberland, the princess said that, though she did not value those things, nor seem to see them, yet she

could not but wonder at the very little regard which the duke was pleased to show her. That she had been at Kew the whole summer, and he had never vouchsafed to favour her with one visit. That she had been ill for three weeks; not much, indeed, but so that the town reports were that she was dying; but his Royal Highness never thought her worth sending after, even once, to know how she did. She continued that she was very indifferent to these matters, but she could not help wondering what views were at the bottom of it."

In November, 1751, a few months after being disappointed of the regency, the duke met with an accident, while hunting in Windsor Park, which very nearly cost him his life. He was thrown from his horse, and when his attendants came to his assistance they found him speechless. Unfortunately, he refused to be blooded, and in consequence grew so seriously ill that his physicians gave up all hope of his recovery. The danger to which he was exposed excited all the king's sensibility. He sat by his son's bed and wept. To those about him he expressed his conviction that the nation would be ruined; they would be governed, he said, by women and children; and at the same time he observed of the duke, "He has a head to guide, to rule, and to direct." This speech was afterward repeated to the duke, and he was strongly recommended to take advantage of the king's present tenderness, and his alarm for the

state of the country, by getting him to repeal the Regency Bill in favour of his son. The duke, however, positively refused to follow this advice. "It is now too late," he said, "to be remedied; the bill cannot be repealed, and even if it could, I had rather bear the ignominy that has been laid upon me than give the king the uneasiness of reflecting, even if it were but for two hours, on the injury which he has done me."

When, in 1757, the French threatened to overrun Hanover with an overwhelming force, the king, who trembled for his darling electorate, persuaded the Duke of Cumberland, though with considerable difficulty, to take on himself the command of the allied forces. In the month of April the duke quitted England for Germany, where, on his arrival, he found himself at the head of fifty thousand men. Almost his very first movement seems to evince how utterly incapable he was of performing the duties imposed upon him. Instead of disputing the passage of the Rhine against the French, the necessity of which step had been vainly urged upon him, he retired with his army beyond the Weser. He was speedily followed by the French general, Marshal d'Estrées, who, to his satisfaction, found that no opposition was offered to his passing the river. At length, on the 25th of July, D'Estrées attacked the duke in his camp at Hastenbeck. A general engagement ensued, and almost at the very moment

when the French general, despairing of victory, was about to withdraw his troops from the field, the duke, for some unaccountable reason, gave the order to retreat. Thus a second time, by means of the Duke of Cumberland, had England the mortification of being defeated by the French in an important battle; at the very moment, too, when victory was within her grasp, and when her soldiers had distinguished themselves by more than their usual valour. The motives which influenced the duke's conduct have never been clearly ascertained. By the Hanoverians, who trembled for the safety of the electorate and their own interests, he was openly and loudly accused of cowardice; but, on the other hand, our knowledge of his character, and the indisputable fact that he loved fighting for its own sake, compel us to reject so improbable a charge.

The events which followed the battle of Hastenbeck proved more disastrous than could have been contemplated by even the most despondent persons. The duke, closely pursued by the French forces, retired in the first instance to Nieuberg, and subsequently to Strade. D'Estrées was strongly advised to attack him with his victorious forces; but he argued wisely that his opponent would speedily be defeated by his own bad generalship. The result proved that the Frenchman was in the right. The duke, finding that the German Ocean precluded the further

retreat of his troops, that the Elbe was on one side of him and the Weser on the other, and that every pass was in the possession of the enemy, was compelled to come to terms of submission. Eventually a treaty was signed, known as the Convention of Closter-Seven, by the disgraceful terms of which Hanover was left in the power of the French, and the allied army was to be disarmed and disbanded.

The tidings of this unhappy convention no sooner reached England than the indignation of the public was expressed in the loudest terms. By many persons the account given of the capitulation was regarded as an idle tale; the English ministry declared their total ignorance of the whole affair; and so general was the clamour raised against the authors of the treaty that the king, though almost the only person in the secret, expressed no less astonishment than the worst informed of his subjects. The whole odium of the transaction was thus most unfairly, it seems, thrown upon the duke. Several of the most influential persons among the ministry reflected on his conduct in the harshest terms; and the Hanoverian minister, Baron Munchausen, is said so far to have departed from his usual politic conduct and calm deportment as to express himself in language of almost indecent warmth on the occasion.

The truth seems to be, that the king, fearing

the territories of Bremen and Verden would fall into the hands of the French, of which the probable consequence would have been the restoration of those duchies to Sweden, had caused the duke to be secretly instructed in regard to the conditions for which he was to stipulate. Under these circumstances, it was the king's bounden duty to shelter and exonerate the innocent party, even at the hazard of incurring obloquy himself. So far, however, from performing this act of common generosity, he not only indirectly threw the odium on his son by publicly despatching more than one messenger to insist on his instant recall, but afterward directly turned the current of public indignation against the duke by openly treating him, on his return, as a criminal. On the evening he arrived at Kensington Palace, the duke paid a visit to the apartments of his sister, the Princess Amelia, where the king was present. The extreme coldness of his reception must at once have explained to him the kind of treatment he was to anticipate. The king uttered not a word to him; and some moments afterward exclaimed, almost in the duke's hearing, "Here is my son, who has ruined me and disgraced himself!" This occurred on the 12th of October, and on the 15th the duke, thoroughly disgusted by his recent disaster, and by the unworthy treatment he had experienced at his father's hands, resigned all his appointments, and retired into private life. He

should always, he said, show the utmost respect for the king his father, but never would he serve him any more.

Considering how devotedly the duke was attached to his favourite profession, the army, the treatment which he experienced must indeed have been felt by him with great bitterness, when it could thus induce him to tear himself from his darling occupation. Altogether, the duke's conduct at this period was such as to do honour to his better feelings, and prompts us to regard with some kindness his otherwise unamiable character. We have seen him labouring under the imputation of having sacrificed the national honour; disgraced for an act of rashness and folly which he never committed; enduring popular scorn and unmerited opprobrium; taking upon himself the faults of his father, and, nevertheless, treated with coldness and contempt by that ungenerous parent. Notwithstanding, however, this complicated series of indignities and ill usage, we find him acting under the noblest principles of honour and self-denial; refusing to vindicate himself at the expense of his sovereign and his father; and, though a singularly proud man, and morbidly jealous of his military reputation, enduring dishonour and disgrace without giving vent to a murmur, or to a single unguarded expression. To Fox alone he observed, privately, on his return from Germany, "I have written orders in my

pocket for everything I did." Conscious of his own innocence, he waited with a patient and dignified composure till time and circumstances should clear his character to the world.

Having resigned his military employments, and having always despised, or professed to despise, politics, the duke, though still a young man, was compelled to retire into a private station. The change appears to have been cheerfully endured by him; nor is there reason to believe that there existed any vulgar assumption of the character of a stoic or a philosopher, in the indifference which he henceforward professed to entertain in regard to passing political events. Probably his good sense may have taught him that a taste for the military profession does not always constitute a great general; or he may have suspected, from his past defeats, that fortune was little likely to crown his efforts in future.

The last occasion on which we find his name connected with the public events of the period was at the marriage of his nephew, King George the Third, with the Princess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, when the duke gave away the bride. In 1759, indeed, when rumours were afloat of a projected invasion of England by the French, it was expected that he would be called upon to take the command of the army. When the Duchess of Bedford mentioned to him a report to this effect, "I do not believe," he said, "that the command

will be offered to me but when no wise man would accept it, and no honest man would refuse it." After his retreat from public life the duke principally resided in the lodge in Windsor Great Park, where his time was chiefly passed in hunting, and in the prosecution of his not very creditable amours.[1]

In 1760 the duke had an attack of palsy, and though he recovered at the time, it was believed, from his large bulk and the consequent grossness of his constitution, that he could not long survive. "His case is melancholy," writes Walpole; "the humours that have fallen upon the wound in his leg have kept him lately from all exercise; as he used much, and is so corpulent, this must have bad consequences. Can one but pity him? A hero, reduced by injustice to crowd all his fame into the supporting bodily ills, and to looking on the approach of a lingering death with fortitude, is a real object of compassion."

The duke, who ever felt, or affected to feel, a stoical indifference to bodily pain, treated this

[1] In a letter from Horace Walpole to George Montagu, the former, after alluding to Miss Pitt being mobbed in the park, in consequence of the duke's presumed attachment to her, observes: "You heard, I suppose, of his other amour with the Savoyard girl. He sent her to Windsor, and offered her a hundred pounds, which she refused because he was a heretic; he sent her back on foot. Enclosed is a new print on this subject, which I think has more humour than I almost ever saw in one of that sort."

serious attack with his usual unconcern, and, only five weeks afterward, we find the royal invalid attending, on a November night, the melancholy ceremony of his father's interment in Westminster Abbey. "The real serious part," writes Walpole, "was the figure of the Duke of Cumberland, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances. He had a dark brown adonis, and a cloak of brown cloth, with a train of five yards. Attending the funeral of a father could not be pleasant; his leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it near two hours; his face bloated and distorted with his late paralytic stroke, which has affected, too, one of his eyes; and placed over the mouth of the vault, into which, in all probability, he must himself so soon descend; think how unpleasant a situation! He bore it all with a firm and unaffected countenance."

Notwithstanding the prognostication of Walpole and others, that the duke would speedily follow his father to the grave, his death did not take place till nearly five years from the date of his recent attack, and then at a period when renewed health and vigour seemed to promise a longer existence. On the morning of the day on which he died he had been to court, apparently totally free from indisposition; he afterward dined in Arlington Street, and spent the evening with the Duchess of Brunswick. Almost immediately, however, after he had reached his own house, he was

seized with a shivering fit, and, just as the physician who had been summoned made his appearance, the duke staggered on to a sofa and expired. His death took place in his house at Upper Grosvenor Street on the 31st of October, 1765, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

As the character of the Duke of Cumberland is relieved by no soft, and by few redeeming, traits, we can take but a slight interest in its development. His nature was stern; he was cold in his feelings, unbending in his disposition, and totally devoid of all those softer qualities which throw a charm over social life. His judgment is said to have been clear, and his understanding vigorous, but we can hardly accord him the merit of a capacious mind, when we find him taking the same interest in the pattern of a military cockade as in the sacking of a town or the disposition of an army. His best qualities were generosity, a nice sense of honour, personal courage, a contempt of money, and a proper estimate of fame. He was also a dutiful son and a good subject, qualities which prove that, however blind and indiscriminate was the obedience which he exacted from others, he at least practised the same submission himself when it was required. The principal blot on his character was cruelty, — an offence so rarely the distinguishing feature of a brave man, that we trust the want of mercy shown by him after the battle of Culloden, as well as on

other occasions, resulted rather from his conscientiously prosecuting a line of rigid policy than from his conceiving any satisfaction in entailing misery on his fellow creatures. When we call to mind, indeed, his conduct after the affair of Closter-Seven, affording, as it does, one of the noblest examples on record of a victory achieved over human passions, we would willingly believe that the same stern sense of duty also influenced him in other, though less creditable, transactions of his life.

## CHAPTER V.

### ANNE, PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

Eldest Daughter of George the Second and Queen Caroline — Born in 1709 — Extract from Suffolk Correspondence — Accomplishments of the Princess — Her Vanity and Ambition — Anecdote — Married in 1734 to the Prince of Orange — His Personal Ugliness — His Death — Lord Holderness Sent by George the Second to Condole with the Princess — Her Insulting Treatment of Him — Her Dislike of Her Father, and the Cause — Her Death in 1759.

ANNE, eldest daughter of George the Second and Queen Caroline, was born on the 22d of October, 1709. Doctor Arbuthnot writes to Mrs. Howard, from Tunbridge Wells, on the 4th of July, 1728, when the princess was in her twentieth year, "Her Royal Highness goes on prosperously with the water. I think she is the strongest person in this place, if walking every day (modestly speaking, as far as would carry her to Seven Oaks) be a sign of bodily strength. Her Highness charms everybody by her affable and courteous behaviour, of which I am not only a witness, but have the honour to be a partaker. I tell her Highness she does more good than the waters; for she keeps some ladies in exercise and breath that

want it. I have a very great respect for her, and I am only sorry that there is no prince in Christendom at present that deserves her." The princess possessed the several accomplishments of being a painter, a linguist, and an excellent musician, and, in her youth, her parents are said to have entertained a high opinion of her judgment and understanding. Her future conduct, however, told a different tale, and, as far as we can glean from contemporary accounts, folly, vanity, and ill-nature appear to have been her most striking characteristics.

It was the misfortune of this princess to be vain without cause, to be imperious without being dignified, and to be ambitious without the means of gratifying the passion. When ambition and vainglory take root in a weak mind, the one is sure to entail disappointment, and the other contempt.

The first seeds of ambition appear to have been planted in the mind of the princess in very early youth. When a mere child, she told her mother how much she wished that she had no brothers, in order that she might succeed to the throne. On her mother reproving her, "I would die to-morrow," she said, "to be queen to-day."

It seems to have been solely owing to her ambitious character, and her desire to display the talents which she imagined herself to possess, that the princess, in 1734, was induced to accept

the hand of the Prince of Orange, a man the hideousness of whose person could only have been exceeded, according to all accounts, by that of some repulsive monster of romance. Such was his personal deformity that the king, in acquainting his daughter of the proposals made by the prince for her hand, thought it fair to apprise her how very ungainly a husband she was to expect, and gave her full permission to reject him if she thought proper. The princess replied that she would marry him even if he were a baboon. "Well, then," said the king, "there is baboon enough for you."

In November, 1733, the prince arrived in England for the purpose of solemnising the marriage, but, in consequence of his being seized with a severe illness, the ceremony was delayed till March following, on the 14th of which month he was united to the princess in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The prince, on this interesting occasion, is described as being habited in a suit of cloth of gold; the princess, in a robe of silver tissue; her train, which was six yards long, being supported by ten young ladies, the daughters of dukes and earls, with dresses of similar materials to her own. At twelve o'clock the lovers supped in public with the royal family, and shortly after two the bride and bridegroom received company, as was formerly the custom, in bed.

Notwithstanding his revolting ugliness, the prin-

cess is said to have been extremely fond of her husband, and to have been immoderately jealous of his attentions to other women. The prince figures as a vain man, wedded to his own opinions, foolishly fond of parade and display, and, though agreeable in his manners, and not deficient in natural understanding, yet inexperienced in state affairs, and totally unfit to guide the helm of government in the very difficult times during which he held the office of stadtholder.[1]

Whatever may have been the feelings of the princess on the death of her husband, the event was probably rendered the less distressing to her from its opening a wider field for indulging her foolish dreams of ambition and self-aggrandisement. Immediately after the loss of her husband, she took the oaths as governess of her young son, an office which gave her considerable influence with the States. Almost her first act, however, was one of bad policy and worse taste. George the Second, it seems, on hearing of the prince's

[1] Such is the portrait of the Prince of Orange as it is usually drawn. Lord Chesterfield, however, who afterward lived on intimate terms with the prince, not only describes his person in much more favourable colours, but augurs, from the impression left by their first interview, that the prince will hereafter "equal the greatest of his ancestors in great and good qualities." In a letter, also, to Lord Townshend, dated the 18th of February, 1729, Lord Chesterfield writes from The Hague: "The Prince of Orange arrived here last night. I went to wait upon him, and as far as I am able to judge from half an hour's conversation only, I think he has extreme good parts."

death, had despatched Lord Holderness to The Hague, for the purpose of condoling with his daughter on her loss, and advising with her in the difficult position in which she was placed. The reception of the ambassador, though he brought three letters in the king's own handwriting, was as insulting to Lord Holderness as to the monarch who employed him. The princess had for some time been on indifferent terms with her father, and partly to gratify her feelings of personal pique, and partly to show the world that she was not inclined to be governed by him, she received his ambassador in so haughty and slighting a manner that the king, very naturally enraged at the affront, recalled Lord Holderness immediately from The Hague. All this time the foolish princess was under the influence of an insignificant secretary, one Dubacq, by whose advice she was induced to throw herself, some time afterward, into the arms of France.

The ill-feeling which existed in the mind of the princess toward her father may be traced to the following circumstance: The influence which Queen Caroline had maintained over the mind of her husband, and the fact, which must have been well known to the princess, that her father was invariably governed by the person who had the most favourable opportunity of humouring his wishes and of flattering his vanity, had induced her, on the death of her mother, to pay a visit to

England, ostensibly on the plea of ill health, but in reality with the view of succeeding to the credit of her deceased parent. She was weak enough to allow her project to transpire, and, on the story reaching the king's ears, he was so exasperated at her foolish presumption that he immediately hurried her off to Bath (the waters of which place, she pretended, had been prescribed for her by her physicians), and afterward as speedily ordered her back to Holland. It has even been said that he refused her permission to remain more than two days in London.

Such is the brief history of a silly, imperious, and disappointed woman. Her ruling passion, ambition, was displayed in a characteristic manner on her death-bed, on which occasion, and almost in the agonies of dissolution, she eagerly signed the contract for her daughter's marriage with the Prince of Nassau-Walberg, and also a letter to the States General, requesting their consent to the match. Her death took place on the 12th of January, 1759, in the fiftieth year of her age. The princess, it may be remarked, was the grandmother of the ex-king, and great-grandmother of the present King of Holland.

# CHAPTER VI.

## AMELIA SOPHIA, DAUGHTER OF GEORGE THE SECOND.

Second Daughter of George the Second — Born in 1711 — Her Beauty and Accomplishments — Her Favourable Inclinations toward the Duke of Grafton — Leading Features of Her Character — Extract from a Letter of Horace Walpole — And from "Opinions of the Duchess of Marlborough." — The Princess's Love of Hunting and of Card-playing — Anecdote of Her Love of Snuff — And of Gaming — She Tries to Exclude the Public from Richmond Park — Anecdote Related by Horace Walpole — His Verses on the Princess — Her Answer — Her Death in 1786.

Amelia Sophia Eleonora, second daughter of George the Second and his queen, was born at the palace of Herenhausen in Hanover, on the 10th of June, 1711. She was handsome and accomplished, and though she showed a determination to lead a life of celibacy, by refusing offers of marriage from several German princes, is said to have been far from indifferent to admiration. The Dukes of Newcastle[1] and Grafton[2]

[1] Thomas Pelham, Duke of Newcastle, the celebrated minister.

[2] Charles Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, grandson of Charles the Second, was born on the 25th of October, 1683, and consequently was twenty-eight years older than the princess. Though gifted with some shrewdness and considerable wit, he contrived,

were rivals for her favour; the former apparently from motives of vanity, and a desire to advance his own interests; the latter, it is believed, with more sincerity, and with better success. The favour with which the princess received the attentions of the Duke of Grafton was the source of great annoyance to Queen Caroline, who personally disliked the duke, not only for his presumption in addressing her daughter as a lover, but on account of other liberties, which he was accustomed to take in conversation with herself. The princess and the duke were in the habit of

according to Walpole, to pass through life as a fool. By this means, if his repartees were not deprived of their sting, they at least protected him from any disagreeable retaliation. Like many persons of an even temper, his feelings were not over-refined. He followed his numerous sons to the grave without any apparent distress; and though exorbitant in his ambitious views, is said to have seen them blighted without a complaint and without a sigh. As Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and also in his seat in the House of Lords, he showed considerable capabilities for business. In the latter situation, if his eloquence failed to procure attention from its brilliancy, it at least obtained it from the hereditary humour with which he lightened the heaviness of a debate. In his heart he seems to have been attached to the cause of the Stuarts. Pelham one day hinting to him, during the progress of the rebellion, that he himself should retire from office at its close, "God!" said the duke, "I hope my friend will see it twinkle a good while in the Highlands yet." The duke had succeeded to the family honours in his nonage, shortly after which he married Henrietta, daughter of the Marquis of Worcester. He died on the 6th of May, 1757, in his seventy-fifth year. His character is ably drawn by his contemporary, Lord Waldegrave.

hunting together two or three times a week; and, on one occasion, having lost their attendants, remained out till a very late hour, and, as afterward appeared, had gone together to a private house in Windsor Forest. The queen was, of course, highly displeased at her daughter's imprudence; and it was only through the interposition of Sir Robert Walpole that she was dissuaded from making a complaint to the king.

In the circle of her own family, and among her immediate friends, the Princess Amelia bore the reputation of possessing many estimable qualities. She was a kind mistress and a steady friend, and was also extremely generous and charitable. In regard to her intercourse, however, with the world in general, a more disagreeable or offensive person can scarcely be conceived. She is said to have been meanly inquisitive into the affairs of others; to have been false without pleasing; to have lowered herself by communicating the commonest tittle-tattle to her dependents and friends; to have been mischievous where there was no motive, and insolent where there was not the slightest provocation. In a letter from Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, there occurs an instance of her displaying this kind of uncalled-for impertinence. The writer, after making a remark on the extreme emptiness of London, observes: "Princess Emily remains, saying civil things; for example, the second time she saw Madame de Mirepoix, she

cried out, '*Ah! Madame, vous n'avez pas tant de rouge aujourd'hui: la première fois que vous êtes venue ici vous aviez une quantité horrible.*' This the Mirepoix herself repeated to me; you may imagine her astonishment." The same writer informs us that, though the princess grew to be extremely deaf and short-sighted, she had so much quickness of perception that she seemed to hear and see better than other persons.

On the death of Queen Caroline, in 1737, it fell to the lot of the Princess Amelia, as the eldest unmarried daughter of George the Second, to perform the honours of his court. "Princess Amelia," says the Duchess of Marlborough, "is to perform the queen's part in the drawing-room, but by all I have either seen or heard of her, I do not believe her behaviour will create many friends to the family." It was thought that the princess would succeed to the influence as well as to the functions of the deceased queen, and consequently that she would become the centre of political intrigue; however, either she wanted ambition, or the king was unwilling to concede powers to a daughter, which he had yielded, somewhat jealously, to a wife.

The princess, in her youth, was passionately fond of the pleasures of the field, and, in the pursuit of her favourite amusement, adopted some rather masculine tastes, together with a costume which more nearly resembled that of the male than the

female sex. In the gallery at Hardwicke there is a curious portrait of her (in a round hunting-cap and laced coat) which those who are unacquainted with her peculiarities would hardly persuade themselves could be intended for a woman. It was the custom of the princess to pay frequent visits to her horses, and, when any of them happened to be ill, she was in the habit of passing a considerable portion of her time in the stables.

Another passion of the Princess Amelia was the card-table, which, at an advanced period of her life, seems to have been almost her nightly amusement. Horace Walpole, who appears to have been a favourite with her, was frequently invited to her private parties, and in more than one graphic passage in his charming letters places the old princess and her associates very amusingly before our eyes. Notwithstanding that the prosecution of her favourite occupation frequently kept her from rest till a very late hour, she continued an early riser through life. It was her custom never to sit down to breakfast, but to pace the apartment while drinking her coffee or chocolate. Another of her habits was to take an inordinate quantity of snuff. On one occasion, when playing at cards in the public rooms at Bath, a general officer, with something of presumption as well as ill-breeding, took a pinch of snuff from her box, which happened to be lying near him. The princess, in a very pointed manner, showed her sense

of the liberty which was taken with her by ordering one of her attendants to throw the contents of the box into the fire.

The Princess Amelia's notorious addiction to play appears to have given some offence to the royal family. The widow of Frederick, Prince of Wales, was once conversing with Doddington respecting the tastes and habits of her eldest son, afterward George the Third. "She began," says Doddington, "by saying that she liked the prince should now and then amuse himself at small play, but that princes should never play deep, both for example, and because it did not become them to win great sums. From thence, she told me that it was highly improper the manner in which the Princess —— behaved at Bath; that she played publicly all the evening very deep. I asked with whom; she said with the Duke and Duchess of Bedford; that it was prodigious what work she made with Lord Chesterfield; that when his lordship was at court she would hardly speak to him, at least as little as was possible to a man of his rank, but that now, at Bath, she sent to inquire of his coming before he arrived; and when he came she sent her compliments to him, of expecting him at all her parties at play, and that he should always sit by her in the public rooms, that he might be sure of a warm place." It is needless to add that, however widely the princess and Lord Chesterfield may have differed in their political

opinions, their tastes assimilated pretty closely over the gaming-table.

Almost the only occasion on which the name of the princess was brought very prominently before the world was in the following affair, which is not altogether to her credit. Her brother, the Duke of Cumberland, had recently rendered himself not a little unpopular by endeavouring to exclude the public from admission to Windsor Great Park. Following this unworthy example, the princess, some time afterward, rendered herself no less an object of odium, by asserting an exclusive right of ingress to Richmond Park (of which the king had conferred on her the rangership), and closing the gates against the public. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood were naturally incensed at this encroachment on their rights; and accordingly, having in the first instance addressed a petition to her, which she refused to accept, they eventually brought an action against her in a court of law. The suit, having been twice tried with various success, was at last definitively decided in favour of the plaintiffs; and, accordingly, in December, 1752, the king issued an order for the park to be opened to the public. The ill-feeling which was created in the neighbourhood of Richmond, in consequence of the selfish and obstinate conduct of the princess, is detailed at length in a letter from Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, written in the sum-

mer of this year. In this letter a rather remarkable anecdote is related in connection with the affair. "One Bird," says Walpole, "a rich gentleman near the park, was applied to by the late queen for a piece of ground, that lay convenient for a walk she was making. He replied, it was not proper for him to pretend to make a queen a present; but if she would do what she pleased with the ground, he would be content with the acknowledgment of a key and two bucks a year. This was religiously observed till the era of her Royal Highness's reign; the bucks were denied, and he himself once shut out, on pretence it was fence-month, the breeding-time, when tickets used to be excluded, keys never. The princess, soon after, was going through his grounds to town. She found a padlock on his gate; she ordered it to be broken open; Mr. Shaw, her deputy, begged a respite till he could go for the key. He found Mr. Bird at home. 'Lord, sir! here is a strange mistake; the princess is at the gate, and it is padlocked!' 'Mistake! no mistake at all; I made the road, the ground is my own property; her Royal Highness has thought fit to break the agreement which her royal mother made with me. Nobody goes through my grounds but those I choose should.'" On being defeated in her lawsuit with the inhabitants of Richmond, the princess indignantly resigned the rangership of the park.

After the death of her father, the princess, on

pretence of increasing deafness, appeared but seldom at St. James's, preferring to maintain a kind of court of her own in her house in Cavendish Square, where she lived in considerable splendour. She is said to have been pointedly neglected by her nephew, King George the Third, a circumstance, however, which may be easily accounted for by her habit of saying disagreeable things, in which she is said to have indulged as freely in the presence of the sovereign as in any other circle.

The friendly intercourse which existed between the princess and Horace Walpole continued not only till the one had attained her seventy-sixth and the other his seventieth year, but even at this advanced period of their lives we find them exchanging gallantries with all the sprightliness of youth. The latter writes to Marshal Conway on the 18th of June, 1786: "I was sent for again to dine at Gunnersbury on Friday, and was forced to send to town for a dress coat and a sword. The princess, Lady Barrymore, and the rest of us, played three pools at commerce till ten. I am afraid I was tired, and gaped. While we were at the dairy the princess insisted on my making some verses on Gunnersbury. I pleaded being superannuated. She would not excuse me. I promised she should have an ode on her next birthday, which diverted the prince;[1] but all would

[1] The Prince of Mecklenburg, one of the guests at Gunnersbury.

not do. So, as I came home, I made the following stanzas, and sent them to her at breakfast the next morning :

"'In deathless odes for ever green
Augustus's laurels blow ;
Nor e'er was grateful duty seen
In warmer strains to flow.

"'Oh ! why is Flaccus not alive,
Your favourite scene to sing ?
To Gunnersbury's charms could give
His lyre immortal spring.

"'As warm as his, my zeal for you,
Great princess ! could I show it :
But though you have a Horace too, —
Ah ! madam, he's no poet.

"If they are but poor verses, consider I am sixty-nine, was half asleep, and made them almost extempore, and — by command ! However, they succeeded, and I received this gracious answer :

"'I wish I had a name that could answer your pretty verses. Your yawning yesterday opened your vein for pleasing me ; and I return you my thanks, my good Mr. Walpole, and remain sincerely your friend, AMELIA.'"

Having attained to a good old age, — the tedium of which, though chiefly relieved by the pleasures of the card-table, was at least rendered respectable by her numerous charities, — the princess expired

at her house in Cavendish Square [1] on the 31st of October, 1786, in the seventy-sixth year of her age; "to the great grief, we are told, of the royal family, and the unspeakable loss of the poor." On the night of the 10th of November her body was privately conveyed to the prince's chamber at Westminster; where, having lain in state during the following day, it was interred in the evening in Henry the Seventh's Chapel.

[1] Her London residence was the corner house of Cavendish Square and Harley Street. It afterward belonged severally to Mr. Hope and Mr. Watson Taylor.

## CHAPTER VII.

### ELIZABETH CAROLINE, THIRD DAUGHTER OF GEORGE THE SECOND.

Amiable Character of This Princess — Her Unfortunate Attachment to Lord Hervey — Her Retired Mode of Life after His Death — Her Unostentatious Charities — Her Death in 1757, in Her Forty-fifth Year.

THE contemporaries of this amiable princess, or at least the few who had opportunities of observing her quiet goodness and unobtrusive piety, have described her as a model of feminine gentleness and purity. Even when a child, her parents had such confidence in her veracity that, when any dispute occurred in the royal nursery, they used to observe, "Stay, send for Caroline, and we shall then know the truth." The princess was the favourite child and companion of her mother, and repaid the partiality of that parent with undeviating reverence and love.

The great misfortune in the life of the Princess Caroline was the circumstance of her conceiving a passion for a man who was unable to make her his wife, and who, moreover, was possessed of no qualities which rendered him worthy of being an

object of affection. This person was the celebrated John, Lord Hervey, with whose vices and vanity Pope has so often amused himself under the names of "Sporus" and "Lord Fanny." Under what circumstances a princess — whose conduct in every other respect is said to have been so exemplary — should have conceived a passion for a married man, and one whose character was so notoriously profligate, we have no means of ascertaining. It is only certain that she formed a hopeless attachment for him in his lifetime, and showed unceasing kindness to his children when he was dead.

After the loss of Lord Hervey, the princess, whose health had always been delicate, became almost a helpless invalid. She had long avoided general society, and now shut herself up in two rooms in one of the inner courts of St. James's Palace, where, excluded from the view of all passing objects, she admitted the visits only of a very few of her nearest relations and most cherished friends. In this seclusion she almost entirely occupied herself with her religious duties and with calmly preparing for her end. "She led," says Walpole, "not only an unblamable life, but a meritorious one. Her whole income was dispensed between generosity and charity; and till her death, by shutting up the current, discovered the source, the jails of London did not suspect that the best support of their wretched inhabitants was issued from the palace." Her constant prayer was for

death. When urged to accede to some proposition to which she was extremely averse, her remarkable expression was, "I would not do it to die."

During her last illness the princess expressed the same earnest desire to quit the world. When the pain occasioned by her disorder had ceased, and the mortification began, "I feared," she said, "I should not have died of this." A few days after her death, Horace Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann, "You are, by this time, I suppose, in weepers for Princess Caroline. Though her state of health has been so dangerous for years, her disorder was in a manner new and sudden, and her death unexpected by herself, though earnestly her wish. Her goodness was constant and uniform, her generosity immense, her charities most extensive; in short, I, no royalist, could be lavish in her praise." The Princess Caroline died at St. James's on the 28th of December, 1757, in the forty-fifth year of her age.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### MARY, PRINCESS OF HESSE.

Fourth Daughter of George the Second and Queen Caroline — Born in 1723 — Married in 1740 to the Hereditary Prince of Hesse-Cassel — His Brutal Treatment of Her — Her Unrepining Gentleness of Character — She Survives Him a Few Years — Her Death in 1771.

THIS gentle and amiable lady, the fourth daughter of George the Second and Queen Caroline, was born on the 22d of February, 1723. We know little of her character but its softness, and little more of her history than that she was unhappy. On the 8th of May, 1740, when only seventeen, she was married in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, to Frederick, hereditary Prince of Hesse-Cassel, an obstinate, illiterate, and ill-tempered German. On the 6th of the following month he carried his charming wife with him to his German dominions, and from henceforth, to the day when his death released her from his presence, is said to have treated her with a degree of inhumanity exceeded only by the unrepining gentleness with which she endured his incessant brutalities. His death enabled her to pass a few years in

peace, but probably the misery to which she had been long habituated tended to hasten her end. She died on the fourteenth of June, 1771, in the forty-ninth year of her age.

## CHAPTER IX.

### LOUISA, QUEEN OF DENMARK.

Fifth and Youngest Daughter of George the Second and His Queen — Born in 1724 — Her High Spirit and Personal Beauty — Married in 1743 to the Prince Royal of Denmark — Her Unhappy Life as Queen — Loved by Her Husband, but Who Nevertheless Keeps a Mistress, to Show that He Is Not Uxorious — Curious Coincidences in the Lives of the Queen of Denmark and Her Mother — Her Death in 1751.

THE Princess Louisa, fifth and youngest daughter of George the Second and his queen, was born on the 7th of December, 1724. She inherited the high spirit and strong sense of her mother, and to these qualities were added good temper and personal beauty, which rendered her almost as much a favourite with the public as with her own family.

From her childhood it is said to have been her ambition to be Queen of Denmark, a wish that she unfortunately lived to see gratified. In the spring of 1743 a treaty of marriage was entered into with the Danish court, and on the 27th of October in that year the princess was united, by proxy at Hanover, to Frederick, prince royal of that country. Within less than three years

she was elevated to the station which she had sighed for as a child, her husband succeeding, on the death of his father, to the throne.

The married life of the Queen of Denmark was far from being a happy one. Her husband, indeed, was devotedly attached to her; but, like many weak persons, he lived in dread that the world might imagine he was governed by his wife, and, in order to give the lie to any rumours of his uxoriousness, supported a mistress as evidence of his independence. The circumstance, though a source of exceeding misery to his queen, is said on no occasion to have been alluded to by her even in her most confidential letters to her own family. On her quitting England she had observed to her brother, the Duke of Cumberland, "If I am unhappy, my relations shall never know of it."

As the character of the Queen of Denmark resembled that of her mother, so also was it a curious coincidence in their respective histories, that the husband of each should have maintained a mistress, in order, as we have seen, to preclude the suspicion of his being under matrimonial restraint. But a still more remarkable coincidence was the similarity of the circumstances under which both mother and daughter quitted the world. Queen Caroline had owed her death to feelings of mistaken delicacy, which induced her to keep a disorder, not otherwise fatal, a secret from her physicians. On her death-bed she ob-

served to her daughter, as if prophesying what would be the fate of the survivor, "Louisa, remember, I die by being giddy and obstinate, and keeping my disorder a secret." It was certainly a striking circumstance that the daughter should not only have died of exactly the same disease, but that her death should also have been caused by keeping that disease a secret. "Her death," says Walpole, "(which was terrible, and after an operation that lasted an hour), resembled her mother's, a slight rupture which she concealed, and had been occasioned by stooping when she was seven months gone with her first child." In her last moments she addressed a moving letter to her relations in England, by whom she seems to have been deeply beloved and deservedly lamented. Her death took place on the 8th of December, 1751, the day after she had completed her twenty-seventh year.

# CHAPTER X.

## THOMAS PELHAM, DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

Born in 1693 — Educated at Westminster School and Clare Hall, Cambridge — Succeeds to the Barony in 1712, and Inherits the Princely Wealth of His Maternal Uncle, the Duke of Newcastle — His Early Zeal in Support of the Electoral Family — Created Duke of Newcastle in 1715 — Appointed Lord Chamberlain in 1717, and Created a Knight of the Garter — Raised to the Secretaryship of State in 1724 — His Vanity and Pompousness — Sketches of His Character by His Contemporaries — Amusing Anecdote of His Ignorance — His Fear of Sleeping in a Room Alone — His Dislike and Apprehension of the Sea — His Nervous Solicitude Respecting His Health — The Duke's Treachery to Sir Robert Walpole — Appointed Prime Minister, on the Death of His Brother, Henry Pelham — His Utter Incompetency — Lord Waldegrave's Character of Him — George the Second's Antipathy to the Duke — The Latter's Mean Subserviency — Quits Office in 1756 — Reinstated the Following Year — The Duke Declines a Pension on His Dismissal from Office in 1762 — Extracts from Ellis's Original Letters — Death of the Duke in 1776.

THE life of this pompous and offensive personage presents a striking instance of a man (without natural abilities or acquired knowledge, and indeed without even personal courage), not only rising to the post of prime minister, but, during a period

of sixteen years, tyrannising over a master by whom he was alike detested and despised. As the events of his inglorious administration have fortunately little to do with the character of this work, we shall content ourselves with relating a few anecdotes respecting this most insignificant of statesmen and ridiculous of men.

Thomas Pelham, eldest son of Thomas, Lord Pelham, by Grace, sister of John Holles, Duke of Newcastle, was born on the 21st of July, 1693. He received his education at Westminster School, and afterward at Clare Hall, in the University of Cambridge. On the death of his father, in February, 1712, he succeeded to the barony of Pelham, having previously inherited the princely estates of his maternal uncle, John Holles Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, who died on the 5th of July, 1711, without leaving male issue. His great wealth; the political influence which he possessed in several counties; and more especially the zeal which he loudly expressed for the interests of the house of Hanover, previous to the accession of that family to the throne, were the means of raising him into notice and power. During the last two years of the reign of Queen Anne, though only in his nonage, he is said to have distinguished himself, in rather a peculiar manner, in support of the cause of the electoral family, by retaining a large mob of people, who, when opportunities offered, shouted vociferously in their behalf.

On the accession of George the First to the throne, the zeal and partisanship of the Duke of Newcastle were amply rewarded. In October, 1714, within a month after the king's arrival, he was created Earl of Clare, and in August, the following year, Duke of Newcastle. On the breaking out of the rebellion in 1715, he raised a troop of horse to act against the Jacobites, and two years afterward was appointed to the post of lord chamberlain, and honoured with the Garter. In April, 1724, his ambition was still further gratified by being appointed secretary of state on the removal of Lord Carteret. His incompetency to discharge the important duties thus confided to him must have been sufficiently notorious. His great colleague, Sir Robert Walpole, however, seems to have regarded the duke's intellectual deficiency as of little consequence, compared with the importance of securing a powerful nobleman, whose insidious and intriguing disposition and great political influence might otherwise have rendered him a formidable adversary.

The Duke of Newcastle was at this period in his thirtieth year. He was inexperienced in state affairs and ignorant in common ones, and as he succeeded a man of great and acknowledged talent in the office of secretary of state, the appointment was naturally looked upon by the public with distrust. With his accession to office he assumed the most pompous airs. He affected a peculiar solem-

nity of manner; was always apparently immersed in business, which, however, he never got through; and, among other evidences of his weakness and vanity, is said to have imagined himself of so much importance in the state that he was always inquiring what was said of him by the world.

In Parliament his speeches were unmeaning and verbose, and in private conversation he was trifling and embarrassed. He loved business, but was ignorant how to conduct its details. He was always making promises which he never intended to keep. Mean-spirited in the presence of a superior, and subservient where he had an object to gain, he was, on the other hand, peevish and capricious to his dependents, and was unreasonable in his exactions of time and labour from his subordinates in office. No adulation was too gross for his self-love. Even his apologist, Coxe, admits that "this weakness became so obvious that a well-turned compliment on his paramount influence over the affairs of Europe was a sure passport to his favour;" and Lord Chesterfield is no less severe on the egregious vanity of his pompous colleague. His only genius, indeed, was for deception and intrigue, while habit seems to have made falsehood more acceptable to him than truth. We find his colleague, the great Lord Chatham, designating him "a very great liar." Sir Robert Walpole said of him, signifi-

cantly, "His name is Perfidy;" and Sir Charles Hanbury Williams describes him as

> "Void of honesty, of sense, of art,
> A foolish head, and a perfidious heart."

His small mind and narrow understanding, as well as his habit of making a hundred promises, which it was neither his intention nor in his power to perform, are said to have rendered him an object of contempt, even to his own levee-hunters. "His professions and promises," says Lord Waldegrave, "are not to be depended upon, though, at the time they are made, he often means to perform them; but is unwilling to displease any man by a plain negative, and frequently does not recollect that he is under the same engagements to at least ten competitors." It has been remarked of the Duke of Newcastle, that he was addicted to every expense but generosity. His houses, his equipage, his entertainments, were all magnificent; and yet of all the persons who feasted at his social board, or who were indebted to him for their employments under the state, he was unable to attach to himself even a single friend. "The Duke of Newcastle," says Doctor King, "hath spent half a million, and made the fortunes of five hundred men, and yet is not allowed to have one real friend." He was unfortunate in every relation of life. He was de-

spised by his sovereign, though he spent enormous sums in elections, and in supporting the influence of the Crown; he was laughed at by the world, though he courted popularity with the most extravagant eagerness; and though he must have obliged thousands during his tenure of office, which extended over nearly half a century, he passed through a long life without apparently exciting one feeling of gratitude or friendship.

The accounts of his ignorance are almost incredible. On one occasion, when Lord Ligonier strongly recommended to him the defence of Annapolis, "Ah!" he said, after some reflection, "to be sure; Annapolis ought to be protected; of course, Annapolis must be defended; by the bye, where is Annapolis?" Much as he loved business, his mode of conducting it is said to have been so entirely without plan or method that he was in the habit of beginning the same thing twenty times over, without ever arriving at a conclusion. Lord Wilmington said of him, with considerable humour: "He loses half an hour every morning, and runs after it during the rest of the day without being able to overtake it."

His fears were excessive, and were displayed on numerous occasions. He never slept in a room alone, and when his duchess was ill a servant always lay in a pallet-bed by his side. Horace Walpole observes, in a letter to George Montagu, "Apropos to not daring: I went t'other night to

look at my poor favourite Chelsea,[1] for the little Newcastle is gone to be dipped in the sea. In one of the rooms is a bed for her duke, and a press-bed for his footman ; for he never dares lie alone, and, till he was married, had always a servant to sit up with him." Another of his weaknesses was a peculiar dread of the sea. On an occasion of one of George the Second's visits to his German dominions, although the duke's interests rendered it of paramount importance to him to accompany his master, it was with the greatest difficulty he could be persuaded to incur the hazard of a sea voyage. When he at length consented to risk his person on the deep, his chief inducement seems to have been that the same yacht was at his service which had formerly carried Lord Cadogan in safety through a tremendous storm.

But the duke's principal torment seems to have been the dread of catching cold. "His extraordinary care of his health," says Lord Waldegrave, "is a jest, even amongst his flatterers." Often, it is said, in the midst of summer, the debates in the House of Lords were interrupted by his ordering the windows to be shut, regardless of the discomfort of his brother peers, who are described as profusely perspiring from the intensity of the heat. On the occasion of his visit to Hanover, an

[1] The residence of his father, Sir Robert, and where Lady Walpole had died.

amusing anecdote is related of the care which he took of his health. One of his companions during the journey was Sir Joseph Yorke, then ambassador to The Hague, who was one night in bed, when his curtains were suddenly drawn by a messenger from the duke. The man discovering considerable hesitation in declaring his business, "For God's sake!" exclaimed Sir Joseph, "what is the matter? Is the king ill?" The man replied in the negative; but still hesitated in explaining the nature of his mission. At last, after several fruitless inquiries, it appeared that the duke intended to pass the night in Sir Joseph's bed, as soon as the other should have sufficiently aired it, and with this object had sent his messenger to see him actually between the sheets.

Notwithstanding the long period of nearly eighteen years during which the Duke of Newcastle lived on terms of intimacy with, and served in the ministry of, Sir Robert Walpole,[1] the power of that celebrated minister no sooner began to decline than the duke, with his usual treachery, proceeded to league himself with the enemies of his former friend. His intrigues, it is needless to say, proved eminently successful. He continued secretary of state during the brief administration of Lord Granville, and on the fall of that minister, who ever treated him with unequivocal contempt,

[1] The duke served as secretary of state under Sir Robert Walpole from 1724 to 1742.

became joint minister with his brother, Henry Pelham. On the death of his brother in March, 1754, he obtained a signal triumph over the prejudices of his sovereign; George the Second, notwithstanding his personal aversion for the pompous and incompetent duke, being compelled, from circumstances, to accept him as his prime minister.

As long as the duke held a subordinate office, the superior judgment and method of Sir Robert Walpole, and, subsequently, of Lord Granville and Henry Pelham, counteracted the duke's own incompetency and bungling method of conducting the affairs of the state. But he himself was no sooner called upon to guide the helm than his utter imbecility became apparent to the world. "Weakness of counsels," says Archdeacon Coxe, "fluctuation of opinion, and deficiency of spirit marked his administration during an inglorious period of sixteen years; from which England did not recover until the mediocrity of his ministerial talents and the indecision of his character were controlled by the ascendency of Pitt." The same writer has sensibly observed that, when we remember the duke's political incompetency, and the deep-rooted aversion of George the Second, it was a singular fact that he should not only have maintained himself at the head of affairs for a considerable period, but that altogether, dating from his appointment to the post of lord chamberlain to his resignation at the commencement of the reign

of George the Third, he should have continued to fill successive situations at court for as many as forty-six years. "If we consider," says Lord Waldegrave, "how many years he has continued in the highest employments; that he has acted a very considerable part amongst the most considerable persons of his own time; that when his friends have been routed he has still maintained his ground; that he has incurred his Majesty's displeasure on various occasions, but has always carried his point, and has soon been restored both to favour and confidence, it cannot be denied that he possesses some qualities of an able minister. Yet, view him in a different light, and our veneration will be somewhat abated. Talk with him concerning public or private business, of a nice or delicate nature, he will be found confused, irresolute, continually rambling from the subject, contradicting himself almost every instant. Hear him speak in Parliament; his manner is ungraceful, his language barbarous, his reasoning inconclusive. At the same time he labours through all the confusion of a debate without the least distrust of his own abilities; fights boldly in the dark; never gives up the cause; nor is he ever at a loss either for words or argument." Fortune had conferred upon the Duke of Newcastle great wealth, and, therefore, great influence. That wealth and that influence raised him to be the leader of the Whig party; and to these circum-

stances, and not to any individual merit, he owed his extraordinary and unmerited rise.

The antipathy which George the Second conceived for his minister he never attempted to conceal. "You see," he said, to one of his confidential friends, "I am compelled to take the Duke of Newcastle to be my minister, though he is not fit to be chamberlain in the smallest court of Germany." The duke was deficient in two qualities, method and personal courage, both of which were regarded as virtues by the king. George the Second is said to have frequently loaded him with abuse, even to his face, and yet (instead of resigning his employments, which should have been his instant act as a gentleman) he continued to expose himself to insult with a mean-spirited subserviency, which was as little to his credit as every other action of his life. Without the spirit to resent an injury, which, after all, it may not have been in his nature to feel, he was satisfied with the triumph he had obtained over his sovereign, and, as long as he himself was in possession of place and power, allowed his master to vent his spleen or his displeasure at will. To his brother, Henry Pelham, he writes, on the 9th of May, 1750, in language of the most puerile querulousness: "I think it a little hard that the Duke of Cumberland and the Princess Amelia should use me so cruelly as they have done; excommunicate me from all society, set a kind of brand

or mark upon me and all who think with me, and set up a new, unknown, factious young party [1] to rival me, and nose me everywhere." So entirely, however, was the king in the power of his whining minister, and so completely had the duke absorbed the patronage of the court, and surrounded the king with his own creatures, that the latter once observed, "I have so many of Newcastle's footmen about me that I shall very soon be unable to make even a page of the back stairs."

Between his fears for his own health, his dread of his enemies, and his jealousy of his own friends, the life of the Duke of Newcastle appears to have been miserable in the extreme. "In the midst of prosperity and apparent happiness," says Lord Waldegrave, "the slightest disappointment, or any imaginary evil, will in a moment make him miserable. His mind can never be composed, his spirits are always agitated; yet this constant ferment, which would wear out and destroy any other man, is perfectly agreeable to his constitution. He is at the very perfection of health when his fever is at the greatest height."

In November, 1756, the king was enabled to rid himself, for a time, of his tormentor. The duke, however, by the parade which he made on retiring from office, and by refusing the large pension to which he was entitled, showed how

[1] The Duke of Bedford and Lord Sandwich.

speedily he expected to be reinstated in his former post. "His Grace," says Walpole, "retired to Claremont; where, for about a fortnight, he played at being a country gentleman. Guns and green frocks were bought, and, at past sixty, he affected to turn sportsman; but getting wet in his feet, he hurried back to London in a fright, and his country was once more blessed with his assistance." On the formation of a new ministry, in June the following year, the duke again found himself at the head of the treasury; Pitt, afterward the celebrated Lord Chatham, being at the same time appointed one of the secretaries of state. The genius of that great man very speedily threw the puny intellect of the duke into the shade. By degrees he grew to be a mere puppet in the hands of his gifted colleague, and at length, shortly after the accession of George the Third, retired from office in thorough disgust.

There is a curious passage in a letter from Horace Walpole to George Montagu, dated the 26th of April, 1759, which exhibits the contempt with which this once powerful subject grew to be regarded by the world, even while the reins of government were still in his hands. Walpole, speaking of a ball at which he had been present at the Duchess of Bedford's, observes: "The delightful part of the night was the appearance of the Duke of Newcastle, who is veering around again, as it is time to betray Mr. Pitt. The

duchess[1] was at the very upper end of the gallery, and though some of the Pelham court were there too, yet they showed so little cordiality to this revival of connection,[2] that Newcastle had nobody to attend him but Sir Edward Montagu, who kept pushing him all up the gallery. From thence he went into the hazard-room, and wriggled, and shuffled, and lisped, and winked, and spied, till he got behind the Duke of Cumberland, the Duke of Bedford, and Rigby,[3] the first of whom did not deign to notice him; but he must come to it. You would have died to see Newcastle's pitiful and distressed figure. Nobody went near him; he tried to flatter people; they were too

[1] Gertrude Leveson Gower, eldest daughter of Earl Gower, and second wife of John, Duke of Bedford.

[2] This alludes to a revival of the connection, in this year, between the Dukes of Newcastle and Bedford. They had formerly served in the same administration as joint secretaries of state; but in 1751 the intrigues of the Pelhams had provoked the Duke of Bedford to resign his employments. The Duke of Newcastle had recently paid a high compliment to a speech made by his former colleague in the House of Lords; his object was evidently to prepare the way for a reconciliation (which was afterward effected principally through the agency of Fox), and thus array himself against the increasing influence of his more formidable colleague, Mr. Pitt.

[3] Richard Rigby, a personal friend of the Duke of Bedford and of the first Lord Holland; a man of considerable talent, remarkable for his wit and other social qualities, but lax in his morals, and addicted to wine and the gaming-table. His name is frequently mixed up both in the political intrigues and private scandal of the period. He died on the 8th of April, 1788.

busy to mind him; in short, he was quite disconcerted; his treachery used to be so sheathed in folly that he was never out of countenance; but it is plain he grows old. To finish his confusion and anxiety, George Selwyn, Brand, and I went and stood near him, and in half-whispers, that he might hear, said, 'Lord, how he is broke! how old he looks!' Then I said, 'This room feels very cold; I believe there never is a fire in it.' Presently afterward, I said, 'Well, I'll not stay here; this room has been washed to-day.' In short, I believe, we made him take a double dose of Gascoign's powder when he went home." Whatever may be our opinion of the duke's contemptible spirit and treacherous disposition, it is impossible not to deprecate these unfeeling attacks of a set of fashionable coxcombs, on the personal infirmities of an old and falling man.

It was certainly to the credit of the Duke of Newcastle that, on his dismissal from office in 1762, he again declined a pension, which was offered him by George the Third. Lord Barrington writes to Sir Andrew Mitchell, on the 1st of June, 1762: "Perhaps you have not been told what passed at the last audience the Duke of Newcastle had of the king, when he resigned last Wednesday. His Majesty said he was sorry to lose him, and should always remember his services; that he feared the duke's private fortune had suffered by his zeal for the house of Han-

over; that his Majesty was desirous to make any amends in his power in any way that should be most agreeable; and added, that it was a debt due to his Grace. The duke answered that, in office, he had never considered the profit of employment; that out of office he could never bear the thought of being a burthen and charge on the Crown; that if his private fortune had suffered by his loyalty, it was his pleasure, his glory, and his pride; and that he desired no reward but his Majesty's approbation."

On the 31st of December the same year, a Mr. Symmer writes to Sir Andrew Mitchell: "At present we have nothing to talk of but changes, which fall heavy on the Newcastle party. All those of his Grace's friends whom he has drawn into opposition with him, some of whom are little able to make such a sacrifice, are, or will be, turned out. It moves one to compassion to think of the poor old duke himself. A man, once possessed of £15,000 per annum of landed estate, with £10,000 in emoluments of government, now reduced to an estate of scarcely £6,000 per annum, and going into retirement (not to say sinking into contempt) with not so much as a feather in his cap, and with such a circle of friends as he has deprived of their places. The three lieutenancies he had, the last things he continued to hold, have this week been taken from him. That of Middlesex has been given to Lord North,

which will greatly increase his lordship's power and interest in this county."

The duke survived his loss of power about six years, expiring 17th November, 1768, at the age of seventy-five. By his duchess, Henrietta, eldest daughter of the Earl of Godolphin, he left no children. During his administration, however, he had credit enough to obtain the reversion of his titles for his nephew, Lord Lincoln, who succeeded him as Duke of Newcastle. This, it may be remarked, was the only dukedom conferred by George the Second; the Earls of Northampton and Ailesbury, indeed, were offered advancement to that rank, but having no children they declined the honour.

# CHAPTER XI.

## CHARLES SEYMOUR, DUKE OF SOMERSET.

Born in 1662 — Succeeded to the Title in 1678, on the Death of His Brother, the Fifth Duke — The Latter's Tragical End — His Successor Created a Knight of the Garter by Charles the Second — Made a Privy Counsellor, and Lord of the Bedchamber, by James the Second—Anecdote of His Patriotism — Joins the Standard of the Prince of Orange — Appointed Master of the Horse by Queen Anne — Remarkable Circumstances under Which He Resigned His Employments in 1715 — Figures in the Pageants and Politics of Six Reigns — Curious Anecdote Related by William the Fourth — The Duke's Unbounded Pride — Opinions of Him by His Contemporaries — Ridiculous Instances of His Arrogance and Assumption — Sir James Delaval and His Wager — Anecdote of Seymour the Artist — The Duke's Marriage to Lady Elizabeth Percy — Remarkable Circumstances in the Latter's Early Life — The Duke's Second Marriage to Lady Charlotte Finch — Anecdotes of His Haughty Behaviour to His Family — His Death in 1748 — Inscription on His Statue in the Senate House at Cambridge.

CHARLES SEYMOUR, commonly called the proud Duke of Somerset, was born on the 12th of August, 1662. He succeeded to the title on the 20th of April, 1678, in consequence of the death of his brother Francis, the fifth duke, who met

with a tragical and untimely end in the Genoese territories. The fate of this young lord merits a brief notice. He had only just entered on his twenty-second year, when, in the course of his travels in Italy, with his uncle, Hildebrand Allington, afterward the fourth baron of that name,[1] he was induced by some French gentlemen, with whom he accidentally fell into company at Lerice, to enter the church of the Augustinians in that town. There happened to be in the church at the time some ladies of the family of Botti, to whom either the duke, or one of his companions, behaved with very unwarrantable freedom. The insult was warmly resented by Horatio Botti, the husband of one of the ladies, who seized an opportunity when the duke was entering his hotel, and shot him dead. It was confidently asserted that his Grace had no share in the transaction, and Allington instantly demanded satisfaction of the Genoese government. The assassin, however, escaped, and the Genoese, who probably connived at his flight, contented themselves with ordering him to be hung in effigy as an atonement to the King of England for the loss of the second subject in his realm.

The young duke dying unmarried, his honours,

[1] Hildebrand, fourth Baron Allington, of Killard in Ireland, died without issue in 1722, when the title became extinct. His property descended to Henry Bromley, afterward Lord Montford, the ancestor of the present lord.

as we have already stated, devolved on his brother Charles, then in his seventeenth year. Of the early history of the future hidalgo we have no record; he was only twenty-three, however, when Charles the Second, in the last year of his life, gratified the duke's vanity by creating him a Knight of the Garter. The following year, on the breaking out of Monmouth's rebellion, he assisted in raising the Somersetshire militia in defence of the government, for which service, apparently, James the Second appointed him a Privy Counsellor, a lord of the bedchamber, and colonel of the third regiment of dragoons.

When the purpose of James the Second, to subvert the laws and religion of his country, became too evident to be any longer mistaken, the Duke of Somerset was one of the first among the English nobility who boldly opposed the wishes of his sovereign. His behaviour and speech to King James, when that monarch endeavoured to make him a party to his unconstitutional designs, were in the highest degree creditable to his patriotism. James having determined on the foolish and dangerous measure of admitting Signior D'Ada,[1] the Pope's nuncio, to a public audience at Windsor, it became the duty of the Duke of Somerset, as lord in waiting, to

[1] Ferdinand D'Ada, Archbishop of Amasia, nuncio from Pope Innocent the Eleventh, received his audience at Windsor on the 3d of July, 1687.

assist at the reception of the foreigner. This act, however, he respectfully but positively declined to perform, affirming as his reason that he had been credibly informed it was contrary to the laws of the land. "But are you not aware," said the king, "that I am above the law?" "Your Majesty may be above the law," replied the duke, "but I am not." The duke pertinaciously resisted the importunities of his sovereign, and, as the natural consequence of his perversity, was dismissed from all his employments. It may be mentioned that at this period he was only in his twenty-fifth year.

Some time after the landing of the Prince of Orange, the duke joined the standard of the invader, by whom he was subsequently rewarded with the post of president of the council. Under the reign of Queen Anne he was master of the horse, a Privy Counsellor, and one of the commissioners for treating of the union between England and Scotland. During the last hours of the queen, — when that memorable council was held at Kensington Palace by Bolingbroke and his friends, in which, it has been pretended, the practicability of putting aside the succession of the House of Hanover was boldly discussed, — the Duke of Somerset, attended by the Duke of Argyle, suddenly made his appearance among the conspirators, if such they really were, and effectually disconcerted their plans. A scene so

remarkable would make an admirable subject for the pencil of the artist.

On the accession of George the First, the Duke of Somerset was again nominated a member of the Privy Council, and restored to his old post of master of the horse; the latter appointment, however, he threw up the following year, under somewhat remarkable circumstances. Sir William Wyndham, a man who, with the powers of a statesman and the graces of an orator and a courtier, united Roman virtue and Attic wit, had married, in 1708, the duke's second daughter, Lady Elizabeth Seymour. On the breaking out of the rebellion of 1715, Wyndham was accused of being concerned in a plot in favour of the Pretender, and it was proposed that a proclamation should be issued for his apprehension. The affair was discussed before the Privy Council, at which the king was present in person. Fortunately, the duke was at hand to advocate the cause of his son-in-law, and he immediately offered to be bail for his appearance and good behaviour. The ministers hesitated how to act. On the one hand, they were unwilling to disgust a person of the duke's high rank and powerful influence. It was a crisis, however, when it might have been fatal to betray either fear or indecision; and, moreover, it was of the first importance to intimidate the adherents of the house of Stuart, by openly arresting one of

the most influential of its partisans. At the moment when the ministry were on the point of yielding to the wishes of the duke, Lord Townshend strongly and unexpectedly urged the guilt of Sir William Wyndham. "Let the rank and connections of the offender be what they might," he said, "it was the duty of the government to act with promptitude and vigour, and he moved, accordingly, that Wyndham should be taken into custody." For some minutes no person ventured to agree with him; but at last two or three members of the council rose at the same time, and seconded the motion that the offender should be put under arrest. The measure was carried and the duke subsequently resigned his appointments in disgust. When the council had broken up, the king, as he was retiring to his closet, took Lord Townshend kindly by the hand. "My lord," he said, "you have done me a great service to-day." This anecdote Archdeacon Coxe heard related by Lord Sydney, the grandson of Lord Townshend.

From this period the duke appears to have shunned the service of a court; and though we again find him a Privy Counsellor in the reign of George the Second, he was probably either too old or too proud to accept any public employment. It is a singular feature in the history of this nobleman that he should have figured in either the pageants or the politics of as many

as six reigns. At the funeral of Charles the Second he was one of the supporters of the chief mourner, Prince George of Denmark. He carried the orb at the coronation of James the Second; at the coronation of William and Mary he bore the queen's crown. At the funeral of King William he was again one of the supporters of the chief mourner, Prince George; and at the coronations of Queen Anne, George the First, and George the Second he carried the orb. The share which he had in such pageants equally suited his character and gratified his vanity. It may be incidentally mentioned, as a curious circumstance, that had the Duke of Somerset been born four years earlier, the same individual would have been a subject under the administration of Oliver Cromwell and might have been personally acquainted with George the Third. When we consider the extended age of certain individuals, and the information they have the means of imparting to others who may afterward themselves attain to longevity, we shall find that the links which unite one generation to another, and which connect a past age with the present one, are not so far apart as we might at first be inclined to suppose. For instance, the late King William the Fourth used to relate that he had spoken to a butcher at Windsor who had conversed with Charles the Second. This circumstance, on a first consideration, ap-

pears somewhat startling; but when we remember that the Duke of Somerset must have frequently conversed with Charles, by whom, indeed, he was invested with the Garter; that the duke died as late as 1748, and consequently that not impossibly there may be aged individuals still living who were personally acquainted with him, we shall find it possible that there may exist but one intermediate link between the reigns of King Charles and Queen Victoria, extending over a period of nearly one hundred and sixty years.

The principal characteristics of the Duke of Somerset were a Quixotic sense of honour and an unbounded and ridiculous pride. Macky says of him, when he was in his forty-third year: "He is of a middle stature, well-shaped, a very black complexion, a lover of music and poetry; of good judgment, but, by reason of a great hesitation in his speech, wants expression." Swift, on the contrary, describes the duke as a man without even a grain of judgment, and wanting in common sense; and Lord Hardwicke says of him, "He was so humoursome, proud, and capricious, that he was rather a ministry spoiler than a ministry maker." He was magnificent in his mode of living, and, what was more to his credit, never swerved from his principles, and was always true to his friends.

Fortunately, the private history of the Duke of Somerset affords us more amusing traits than any

we have met with in his public career. Owing to his childish and inordinate pride, and his haughty and bombastic assumption of superiority over his fellow creatures, the most powerful nobleman in the realm rendered himself the most ridiculous of human beings, and descended to be little better than an ermined buffoon. He exacted a deference from his servants, and established a system of cold etiquette in his family and a servile submission to his own pompous person, which bore all the character of Oriental despotism. His domestics obeyed him by signs, and when he travelled the country roads were scoured by his outriders, whose duty it was to save him as well from obstruction as from the gaze of the vulgar.

These extraordinary assumptions of more than the royal prerogative, as they were not unfrequently disputed or ridiculed by others, must occasionally have caused him real unhappiness. His domestics were once clearing the road before their master, when, meeting a pig driver, they desired him to get out of the way. "My lord duke," they said, "is coming, and he does not choose to be looked at." The man, indignant, perhaps, that his prerogative as an independent Englishman should be called in question even by a ducal Whig, immediately seized his pig by the ears, and holding him up to the windows of the carriage, exclaimed, "Not see him! why, I'll see him myself, and my pig shall see him, too!"

In consequence of the first peer of the realm, the Duke of Norfolk, being of the Roman Catholic persuasion, the Duke of Somerset was allowed to take precedency on all occasions of state; a circumstance which seems to have afforded him no slight gratification. His weaknesses were so much a matter of notoriety that Sir James Delaval, a man of wit and pleasure, laid a wager of £1,000 that he would contrive to make the foolish duke give him precedency. The bet was accepted, and the world of fashion was alive as to the result. Delaval, ascertaining that the duke would probably travel a certain road on a particular day, set off to meet him in a carriage emblazoned with the arms of the premier peer, the Duke of Norfolk, and attended by several outriders in the livery of that nobleman. He overtook the Duke of Somerset in a very narrow part of the road, on which one of the attendants, who had been tutored for the occasion, shouted "The Duke of Norfolk!" The former, eager to pay a proper deference to superior rank, eagerly hurried his postilions under a hedge, where he waited till Delaval had passed. The wit leant gracefully out of the carriage window, and familiarly wished his Grace "Good morning!" "Is it you, Sir James?" said the duke, indignantly; "I thought it was the Duke of Norfolk." The wager was considered fairly won, and the joke, of course, was highly applauded.

The following anecdote affords a tolerable

exemplification of the duke's overweening pride. He was desirous of decorating one of his apartments at Petworth with the portraits of celebrated race-horses, and with this object retained Seymour, a well-known artist of the period, in his house, for the purpose of completing the series. One day at dinner, "Cousin Seymour," he said, with condescending jocularity, "your health!" "My lord," replied the flattered artist, "I really believe I have the honour to belong to your Grace's family." The supposition that so magnificent a person as the Duke of Somerset could, by any possibility, be related to a professional painter, so utterly disconcerted the pompous peer that he instantly rose from table, and the next day gave orders that the artist should be paid for his labours and dismissed. Some time afterward, finding it difficult to complete his gallery of equestrian portraits without the assistance of Seymour, he again invited him to Petworth; but the artist, who possessed the feelings of a gentleman, had the satisfaction of triumphing over his former patron. "My lord duke," he replied, "I will now prove I am of your Grace's family, for I decline to come." Among other buffooneries related of this inflated grandee, he is said, during the reign of Queen Anne, to have adopted the royal livery; but on an occasion of his receiving some fancied offence from his sovereign, to have ordered his footmen to strip themselves of their respective

liveries, and throw them into the courtyard of the palace.

The first wife of the Duke of Somerset was Lady Elizabeth Percy, a lady eminent as the last great heiress of the Percies, Earls of Northumberland. It was a remarkable circumstance in her history that she should have been twice a "virgin widow" before she became the wife of the Duke of Somerset. Agreeably with the practice which existed at the period, of contracting children, and indeed infants, in marriage, she had been united by her parents to Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle, son and heir of Henry, Duke of Newcastle. Her husband left her a widow while she was still a child, when her grandmother, the old Countess of Northumberland, contracted her to the well-known Thomas Thynne, the wealthy possessor of Longleat, and the "Issachar" of Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel;" with the understanding, however, that, on account of her daughter's youth, the marriage should not be consummated till a year had elapsed.

In the meantime, the celebrated Count Coningsmark conceived the project of obtaining the great heiress for himself, by putting Thynne out of the way, and with this object caused him to be assassinated by some foreign ruffians in Pall Mall. The crime, however, was committed to no purpose; and in scarcely more than three months after the murder of Thynne, the heiress of the Percies, though

only sixteen, became a third time a wife by her marriage with the Duke of Somerset. Of the numerous issue of this marriage, one surviving son only, Algernon Seymour, lived to inherit and unite the honours of the two great families of Percy and Seymour. On the death of his mother, in 1722, he succeeded to the numerous baronial titles of the Percies; and on the decease of his remaining parent, in 1748, became Duke of Somerset. This remarkable accumulation of family honours branched off at the death of this nobleman into different channels. The titles which he inherited as a Percy descended to his daughter, Lady Elizabeth Seymour, the wife of Sir Hugh Smithson, a Yorkshire baronet, and the ancestor of the present Duke of Northumberland. On the other hand, the title of Duke of Somerset devolved, after a lapse of two centuries, on the representative of the eldest son of the first Duke of Somerset; the Protector having forfeited it by being convicted of felony, and Charles the Second having afterward most unfairly conferred the family honours on a younger branch.

After the death of his first wife, the Duke of Somerset, then in his sixty-fifth year, united himself to Lady Charlotte Finch, daughter of Daniel, Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham. With his usual pompous vulgarity, the duke made a great and manifest distinction between the heiress of the Percies and a daughter of the house of Finch.

His second duchess happened once familiarly to tap him on the shoulder with her fan. The duke turned upon her with all the haughtiness of offended dignity. "My first duchess," he said, "was a Percy, and she never took such a liberty."

By his second wife, the Duke of Somerset was the father of two daughters: Frances, married to John Manners, the celebrated Marquis of Granby, and Charlotte, who became the wife of Heneage Finch, Lord Guernsey, afterward third Earl of Aylesford. From these young ladies, previous to their marriage, he is said to have exacted the most profound reverence. It was his custom to sleep of an afternoon, on which occasions his daughters used alternately to watch, standing by his side. Lady Charlotte happened one evening to be unusually tired, and sat down. The duke suddenly awoke, and, regarding it as an act of unwarrantable disrespect, told her he would not fail to remember her want of decorum. He kept his word, and in his last will left her £20,000 less than her sister, Lady Granby.

The last years of the Duke of Somerset's long life were spent in a sumptuous retirement at Petworth, where he expired on the 2d of December, 1748, in the eighty-seventh year of his age. On the 26th of the same month his remains were interred in Salisbury Cathedral. A fine statue, the work of Rysback, was erected at the expense of his daughters, Lady Granby and Lady Ayles-

ford, in the Senate House of Cambridge, of which university the duke had been chancellor for more than sixty years. The following are the inscriptions on the pedestal, in which, in indifferent Latin, the ladies inform us that their father was a munificent patron of the university, at the same time that they vaunt their own accomplishments and their pious devotion to his memory.

"Carolo
Duci Somersetensi
Strenuo juris academici defensori
Acerrimo libertatis publicæ vindici
Statuam
Lectissimarum matronarum munus
L. M. ponendam decrevit
Academia Cantrabrigiensis
Quam præsidio suo munivit
Auxit munificentia
Per annos plus sexaginta
Cancellarius."

On the reverse:

"Hanc statuam
Suæ in parentem pietatis
In academiam studii
Monumentum
Ornatissimæ feminæ
Francissa Marchionis de Granby conjux
Charlotta Baronis de Guernsey
S. P. faciendam curaverunt
M.DCC.LVI."

On the death of the "proud duke" the dukedom of Somerset, as we have already stated, reverted to the elder branch of the house of Seymour, while the titles of Earl of Egremont and Baron of Cockermouth, with the splendid mansion of Petworth, descended to the duke's grandson, Sir Charles Wyndham, by right of his mother, Lady Catherine, the eldest surviving daughter of the deceased duke, by his first wife.

# CHAPTER XII.

## PHILIP, DUKE OF WHARTON.

Pope's Sketch of His Character — His Birth in 1700 — His Father, the Marquis of Wharton, and His Mother, the Daughter of Lord Lismore — Comparison between the Father and Son — Brief Sketch of the Former's Public Career — His Pride in the Precocious Genius of His Son — His Ambition to Make Him an Orator — The Duke's Secret Marriage to the Daughter of General Holmes — His Father's Death, in 1715, from Grief and Disappointment at His Son's Connection — His Mother's Death in the Following Year — The Duke Travels on the Continent — Separates in Disgust from His Tutor — Arrives at Lyons, and Addresses a Complimentary Letter to the Exiled Son of James the Second — Invited by the Latter to Avignon, and Accepts from Him the Title of Duke of Northumberland — Goes to Paris — Drinks the Pretender's Health at the House of the English Ambassador — Anecdote of His Ready Sarcasm — Takes His Seat in the Irish House of Lords, as Earl of Rathfernham — Supports Government, and Is Created Duke of Wharton in 1718 — Takes His Seat in the English House of Lords — His Oratorical Powers — Opposes the Ministry — Fatal Effects of His Invective against Earl Stanhope — Extract from Lady M. W. Montagu's Letters — Anecdote of Swift — The Duke's Masterly Defence of Bishop Atterbury in the House of Lords — Anecdote Related by Horace Walpole — Doctor King's Character of the Duke — The Latter's Gross Profligacy.

WHARTON! the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise;

Born with whate'er could win it from the wise, —
Women and fools must like him, or he dies.
Though wondering senates hung on all he spoke,
The club must hail him master of the joke,
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new? —
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too:
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough, if all around him but admire,
And now the punk applaud, and now the friar.
Thus, with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt,
And most contemptible, to shun contempt;
His passion still, to covet general praise;
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
A constant bounty, which no friend has made;
An angel tongue, which no man can persuade;
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind;
Too rash for thought, for action too refined;
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And, harder still, flagitious, yet not great.
Ask you, why Wharton broke through every rule?
'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.

Such is the admirable sketch bequeathed to us by the first of poetical portrait painters, of the character of the handsome, witty, and dissipated Duke of Wharton. Melancholy, or rather offensive, as is this famous portrait, there is every reason to believe that the likeness is as correct as the verse is inimitable. Endowed with genius, elo-

quence, and wit, exalted in rank, handsome in his person, and fascinating in his manners; such was the brilliant assemblage of advantages and accomplishments which distinguished the Duke of Wharton on his entry into the world. How striking a contrast is afforded by the reverse to the picture! With the ambition to render himself illustrious, he contrived to make himself despised; with talents which might have raised him to the head of any party, he became a traitor to all parties; and foolishly fancying himself an Alcibiades, he descended to be a Catiline. In the history of those gifted profligates, who have wasted their health and prostituted their genius in the vain pursuit of pleasure and the practice of witty buffooneries, there is no example more striking or more lamentable than that of this mercurial and unprincipled man.

Philip, the first and last Duke of Wharton, was born about the year 1700. He was the only son of Thomas, Marquis of Wharton (the celebrated promoter of the revolution of 1688), by Lucy, daughter of Adam Loftus, Lord Lismore, in Ireland.[1] Though the career of no two persons could be more different than that of the father

[1] There is a portrait of this lady by Lely, engraved by Thompson. She brought her husband the estate of Rathfernham, which her son, the Duke of Wharton, afterward sold to William Conolly, Esq., Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, for sixty-two thousand pounds.

and the son, there was a striking resemblance in some of the features of their characters. Both were remarkable for the brilliancy of their parts, their exceeding libertinism in private life, and their daring and unmanageable wit. Of the father it was said that he was an atheist grafted on a Presbyterian; of the son it may be said, with equal justice, that he was a freethinker in the garb of a Roman Catholic. In no other respect was there any resemblance between them. The one acquired power, the other lost it; the one was as cautious as the other was reckless; the father was a miser, the son a spendthrift.

Of the father of the Duke of Wharton, — a man who was himself so conspicuous for his vices and his genius, — it may not be irrelevant to say a few words. Thomas, fifth Baron and first Marquis of Wharton, was the son of that Lord Wharton who distinguished himself in the civil troubles as the friend of Hampden and of liberal principles, and who fought on the side of the Parliament at Edgehill. Inheriting the principles of his family, the son leagued himself with the enemies of the despotic measures of James the Second, and, as has been already mentioned, had a considerable share in effecting the revolution. King William (though he seems to have disliked his character, and would never consent to make him his first minister) was not slow in rewarding his services. He appointed him comptroller of

the household, a Privy Counsellor, and chief justice in Eyre south of the Trent. On the accession of Queen Anne, his talents and intrigues procured him fresh honours. He was named one of the commissioners for effecting the union between England and Scotland; in 1706 he was created Earl of Wharton; and in 1708 was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. George the First appointed him lord privy seal, and advanced him to the rank of Marquis of Wharton. "The Marquis of Wharton," says Macky, "is one of the completest gentlemen in England; of a very clear understanding, and manly expression, with abundance of wit; brave in his person, much of a libertine, of a middle stature, and fair complexion." His accomplishments, indeed, and his abilities were of the first order; but his wit was frequently insolent, and his manner overbearing. He cared not for the means so that he obtained his ends; neither friend nor foe could make any visible impression on either his temper or his heart; he behaved himself with the same easy familiarity to the man whom he had injured and the man who had injured him; he gloried, even at an advanced age, in the character of a finished libertine; and though exceeding the profligacy of the youngest man, is said to have retained the appearance of youth to the last. His acquaintance, Lord Dartmouth, describes him as having the most provoking insolent manner of speaking that

"he had ever observed in any man; without any regard to civility or truth. I asked him once," he says "(after he had run on for a great while in the House of Lords, upon a subject that both he and I knew to be false), how he could bring himself to do so. He answered me: 'Why, are you such a simpleton as not to know that a lie well-believed is as good as if it were true?' He and Lord Halifax," proceeds Lord Dartmouth, "brought up a familiar style with them from the House of Commons, that has been too much practised in the House of Lords ever since, where everything was managed formerly with great decency and good manners." When the celebrated batch of twelve peers, created by Queen Anne, took their seats at the same time in the House of Lords, it was Lord Wharton who made the witty inquiry of one of the number, "Whether they intended to vote by their foreman?"

Such was the father of the celebrated Duke of Wharton; and with so dangerous an example before his eyes, it may easily be imagined that a harebrained and vivacious youth ran every risk of being corrupted by the society of that parent, whose love of pleasure he inherited in as eminent a degree as his wit. Lord Wharton, on his part, seems to have been vain of his son's extraordinary abilities; he had him educated by a private tutor, under his own eye, and caused him to be carefully instructed in all those branches of knowl-

edge which were likely to qualify him to play a conspicuous part on the theatre of the world. His ambition was to make his son a great orator; and, with this view, he induced him to learn by heart, and recite before private audiences, the most admired passages in the writings of the English dramatists, more especially Shakespeare, and such speeches as had been spoken in Parliament, which he considered to be models of eloquence and taste. He caused him to be instructed in the severer studies of mathematics and metaphysics, and especially in history and the classic authors. At an incredibly early age the future Duke of Wharton is said to have learnt the greater part of Virgil and the whole of Horace, afterward his favourite author, by heart.

With a memory and a taste which fully qualified him to acquire knowledge and to admire genius; with wit, quickness, and intelligence; no wonder that the partial eye of a father anticipated a future prodigy in his gifted son. Whatever hopes, however, were conceived by the fond parent were destined to be signally disappointed. When only sixteen, the heir of the Whartons united himself, without the consent or knowledge of his parents, to Miss Martha Holmes, daughter of a Major-General Holmes, — a lady, apparently, without either family or fortune. This rash and unlooked-for proceeding is said to have broken the heart of the old lord, who had built his hopes of

effecting the aggrandisement of his ancient family as much on the prospect of his son forming a brilliant matrimonial alliance as on his splendid abilities. Thus were the vices of the father punished in the misconduct of the son! Lord Wharton survived his son's marriage only six weeks, dying on the 12th of April, 1715. Within a year he was followed to the grave by his widow, who is said to have been almost as deeply affected as her worldly-minded husband by the folly and disobedience of their son.

A few months after his father's death, the young marquis, having been induced to separate himself for a time from his wife, commenced his travels on the Continent, attended by a private tutor. After visiting Hanover and several of the German courts, he came to Geneva, in which town it was intended by his guardians that he should take up his temporary abode. He soon, however, became weary of the formal manners and rigid morality of the Genevese, and, on the occasion of some quarrel with his tutor (a French Protestant, whose tastes and habits were little in unison with his own), he quitted the latter in disgust. On separating himself from his companion he left behind him a young bear, and a copy of verses, in which he acquainted his tutor that, as he could no longer support his ill-usage, he thought proper to leave him; and, at the same time, bequeathed him an associate more suitable to his tastes.

His next step was to proceed to Lyons, where he arrived on the 13th of October, 1716. From this place he was rash and reckless enough to address a complimentary letter to the exiled son of James the Second, then residing at Avignon, which he accompanied with the present of a very handsome horse. The chevalier, glad of an opportunity of attaching to his interests a young nobleman of such high pretensions, and one especially who had been educated in the strictest principles of Protestantism and the revolution, immediately sent a gentleman of his court to invite him to Avignon. He repaired thither privately, and during his short visit was weak enough to accept the empty title of Duke of Northumberland from his unfortunate host.

From Lyons he repaired to Paris, where his conduct was no less extravagant. He paid his respects at St. Germains to Mary of Modena, the widow of James the Second, and even went so far as, on one occasion, to drink the health of the Pretender at the table of the English ambassador, Lord Stair. His imprudent visits to Avignon and St. Germains could not fail to become known to the English ministry; and, consequently, as we find Lord Stair bearing with his numerous indiscretions, and treating him, during his stay in the French capital, with the greatest kindness and consideration, it may be presumed that the government at home were willing to attribute his

conduct to youth and eccentricity, and prudently instructed their ambassador to use his best endeavours to reclaim a truant subject, who, as the representative of a powerful family, and from his promising talents, might hereafter prove a dangerous adversary. We must remember that the subject of these remarks was at this period only in his seventeenth year.

Though Lord Stair was always at hand with his friendly admonitions, his good sense seems to have been scarcely a match for the ready wit of the young marquis. The ambassador, on one occasion (after dwelling at some length on the services which the late Lord Wharton had performed for his sovereign), concluded by expressing an earnest wish that the son might tread in the steps of the father. Unfortunately, Lord Stair's own father had been an active adherent of the Stuarts, and had subsequently rendered himself odious to their adherents by his political tergiversation.[1] Alluding to these circumstances,

[1] James Stair, Viscount Dalrymple. "Lord Stair, though bred to the bar, took up arms for Charles the First, but he made no figure in the field; nor afterward, when he declared for Charles the Second. Though necessity compelled him to submit to the usurpers, he scorned to take the oaths or acknowledge the legality of their government. At the Restoration he was viewed with great distinction, knighted, created a baronet, and ennobled by the title of Lord Stair. He rose from vice-president to be lord president of the session; but, vehement against the cruelties practised by the court, though he had so long contributed to them, he fell into disgrace. In disgust, he went to

Wharton wittily retorted on the ambassador: "Your Excellency also had a father, a worthy and deserving man, and I sincerely hope that you likewise will copy so bright an original, and tread in all his steps."

In the month of December, 1716, the noble profligate quitted Paris for England. Eager to display his splendid abilities, he contrived, though still under age, to take his seat in the Irish House of Lords, where he sat by right of his titles of Earl of Rathfernham and Marquis of Catherlough. By this time his political principles had undergone a complete change. Either from motives of prudence or from conviction, he suddenly became a zealous and conspicuous supporter of the measures of government; and, before he had exceeded his nineteenth year, had the proud and singular satisfaction of having his services gratefully acknowledged by his sovereign, who even thought them worthy of being rewarded by a dukedom. On the 20th of January, 1718, he was advanced by George the First to be Duke of Wharton. The preamble to his patent, after dwelling on the merits of the father, thus eulogises the services of the son: "When we see the

The Hague, from whence he returned with William, who restored him to his office, and created him Viscount Stair. More learned than loyal, more selfish than superior to party, his abilities, at least after the Restoration, were prostituted to ambition and avarice." Lord Stair died in 1695, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

son of this great man forming himself by so worthy an example, and in every action exhibiting a lively resemblance of his father; when we consider the eloquence which he has exerted with so much applause in the Parliament of Ireland; and his turn and application, even in early youth, to the serious and weighty affairs of the public, we willingly decree him honours, which are neither superior to his merits, nor earlier than the expectation of our good subjects." Such was the position of the Duke of Wharton at the age of eighteen — a position so proud and enviable that Providence seems, afterward, to have selected him to be a particular example of human weakness, by the powerful contrast displayed between his early excellence and the degradation of his subsequent fall.

The duke, on coming of age, took his seat in the English House of Lords, where he speedily acquired fresh laurels, and afforded evidence that fame had in no degree exaggerated his extraordinary abilities. Perhaps, with the single exception of Lord Bolingbroke, a more graceful or brilliant orator had never before been listened to within those walls. To the native gift of eloquence he added powers of reasoning, and a scholastic as well as general learning, in which, in the upper house at least, he had no rival. Unfortunately, however, his political principles had undergone a fresh change, and he had no sooner taken his seat

among his peers than he rendered himself as conspicuous for his opposition to the ministry as for the talent with which he conducted his attacks. He could have sat in the House of Lords only a few months, when a speech which he delivered against the administration on the subject of the South Sea Company produced a melancholy and even fatal effect. The weight of his oratorical invective fell on Earl Stanhope, then secretary of state; and so dreadfully agitated was that amiable statesman at the storm of abuse and irony to which he was exposed that, in attempting to reply, he ruptured a blood-vessel in the head, from the effects of which he expired the next day.

The conduct of the Duke of Wharton was, at this period at least, exemplary in private life. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu writes to her sister, Lady Mar: "The Duke of Wharton has brought his duchess to town, and is fond of her to distraction; to break the hearts of all the other women that have any claim upon his. He has public devotions twice a day, and assists at them in person with exemplary devotion; and there is nothing pleasanter than the remarks of some pious ladies on the conversion of so great a sinner." Probably this assumption of a character for superior piety was either the latest freak of the mercurial duke, or he may have followed for a season the sensible advice given him by Swift. The duke was on one occasion recounting a number of his mad frolics

to the dean, when the other wittily retorted: "Ay, my lord, you have had many frolics; but let me recommend you one more: take a frolic to be virtuous; I assure it will do you more honour than all the rest." Swift, we are assured, while he reprobated the duke's extravagances, entertained the highest opinion of his talents.

The next occasion on which the eloquence of the Duke of Wharton shone eminently conspicuous in the House of Lords was at the celebrated trial of Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester. The memorable speech which he made in defence of the bishop was admitted by his contemporaries, enemies as well as friends, to have been the most powerful and statesmanlike oration that perhaps had ever been delivered in Parliament. "The manner," it is said, "in which he summed up and compared a long and perplexing kind of evidence, together with his inimitable judgment and art, may be seen in this speech, and is a better argument than any we can produce of his great abilities in his legislative capacity, as well as of his general knowledge in public business." It is, in fact, to this extraordinary speech that we are to look for evidence of those shining abilities, the duke's claims to which we must otherwise have taken on credit. As a poet, a wit, and a political writer, his reputation has almost passed into oblivion. His poetry, moreover, is little more than the trifling versification of a fine gentleman; his wit was

almost entirely colloquial, and as a political writer he was inferior even to many of his contemporaries. But, on the other hand, his famous oration in defence of Atterbury remains a lasting monument of his genius and his fame. Dryly and unsatisfactorily as it is reported in the "State Trials," shorn as it is of the playful fancy, the pointed and finished sentences, and the brilliant flashes of wit and irony, which distinguished the original, it is, nevertheless, impossible not to be struck by the lawyer-like reasonings, the clear expositions, and the depth of legal and general knowledge which it displays; and, indeed, our astonishment almost amounts to wonder when we remember that it was delivered, not by an old and experienced senator, but by a young man of pleasure, in his twenty-fourth year.

In relation to this speech a remarkable anecdote is recorded. "His Grace," says Horace Walpole, "then in opposition to the court, went to Chelsea[1] the day before the last debate on Atterbury's affair, where, acting contrition, he professed being determined to work out his pardon at court by speaking against the bishop, in order to which he begged some hints. The minister was deceived, and went through the whole cause with him, pointing out where the strength of the argument lay, and where its weakness. The duke was very

[1] The seat of the prime minister, Sir Robert Walpole.

thankful, returned to town, passed the night in drinking, and, without going to bed, went to the House of Lords, where he spoke for the bishop, recapitulating in the most masterly manner, and answering all that had been urged against him."

"The Duke of Wharton," says his contemporary, Doctor King, "had very bright parts; a great vivacity, a quick apprehension, a ready wit, and a natural eloquence; and all improved by an excellent education. I do not believe that any young nobleman, on his first entrance into the House of Lords, hath appeared with such advantage. His speech in defence of Doctor Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, was heard with universal applause and admiration, and was, indeed, not unworthy of the oldest and most accomplished senator or the most eloquent and able lawyer in either House of Parliament, so that he might have promised himself the first employments in the kingdom; and he had no small share of ambition. But he defeated his own designs. He had no prudence or economy, and he wanted personal courage. The last, however, would probably have been concealed if he had been a sober man. But he drank immoderately, and was very abusive, and sometimes very mischievous in his wine; so that he drew on himself frequent challenges, which he would never answer. On other accounts, likewise, his character was become very prostitute; so that, having lost his honour, he left his country." The duke, in

one of his ballads, makes a bantering allusion to his own want of courage. It occurs in a song which he composed on being seized by the guard in St. James's Park, in consequence of his vociferating the Jacobite air, "The king shall enjoy his own again:"

> "The duke, he drew out half his sword,
> The guard drew out the rest."

The eccentric frolics and wild excesses of the Duke of Wharton, his great talents, as well as the singular spectacle which he presented of a man preaching morality and high principle in the House of Lords, while at the same time he was practising the most degrading debaucheries in private life, naturally rendered him an object of wonder and curiosity to his contemporaries. "Like Buckingham and Rochester," says Horace Walpole, "he comforted all the grave and dull by throwing away the brightest profusion of parts on witty fooleries, debaucheries, and scrapes, which may mix graces with a great character, but never can compose one." Among other evidences of his exceeding libertinism, he is known to have been president of the Hell-fire Club, — a hotbed of profligacy and profaneness, — which, on the 29th of April, 1721, was denounced by a proclamation from the throne. It was on this occasion, when exclaimed against in all circles as the "patron of blasphemy," that he rose in his seat in the House

of Lords, and, drawing forth an old family Bible, commenced, with an air of hypocritical sanctimoniousness, reading several passages from it aloud to the House. Whether the object of this strange farce was to laugh at his hearers and the sacred subject, or to impose on their credulity by affecting a reverence for religion which he did not feel, the exhibition was equally reprehensible and absurd.

The proofs which the Duke of Wharton gave, even in the midst of his early profligacy, of his being superior to the mere man of pleasure, were not entirely confined to his speeches in the House of Lords. Besides the poetical trifles with which he occasionally amused the world, he published, twice a week, a violent opposition paper, entitled *The True Briton*, which was read with much avidity at the time, and which he himself thought so well of as a composition that he afterward collected and published the numbers in a distinct form. They were again printed in two volumes after his death, accompanied by an uninteresting memoir of his life.

The Duke of Wharton had at this period a villa at Twickenham, and it was probably during his occasional retreats from debauchery, to enjoy the solitude of this classical village, that his better nature prevailed, and that he indulged in literary composition and pursuits. It is only within the last few years that the villa of the Duke of Whar-

ton has been demolished. It stood at the farthest end of the village from London, about a quarter of a mile from the residence of Pope. A modern mansion has been erected on its site, the portico of which, together with a beautiful cedar-tree, is the only existing memorial of the suburban residence of the Duke of Wharton. Horace Walpole, in his "Parish Register of Twickenham," has celebrated —

> "Twickenham, where frolic Wharton revelled,
> Where Montagu, with locks dishevelled,
> Conflict of dirt and warmth divine,
> Invoked, — and scandalised the Nine."

Pope, Lord Chesterfield, the celebrated Lady Suffolk, and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu were at this period residents at Twickenham; and it seems not improbable that it was the wit and beauty of the latter lady which originally induced the duke to become their neighbour. At all events, his coming among them appears to have effectually destroyed the happiness of Pope and the harmony of the literary circle over which he presided. An intimacy is known to have existed between the duke and Lady Mary; and, according to the latter, it was partly owing to Pope's jealousy of the duke's attentions to her that the celebrated breach was occasioned between the poet and herself.

Another poet, Young, the author of the "Night

Thoughts," lived on terms of intimacy both with Lady Mary and the duke, whose tastes and habits, however, we should imagine to have been little in unison either with those of the eccentric poetess or of the frolic duke. Lady Mary, however, is known to have been his constant correspondent, and the duke was his frequent associate and the ardent admirer of his verse. It was shortly after Young had published his "Universal Passion," that the duke, charmed with the production, sent him a magnificent present of £2,000. When one of his friends, astonished at the largeness of the sum, exclaimed, "What! £2,000 for a poem!" the duke smiled. "It was the best bargain," he said, "he had ever made in his life, for it was fairly worth £4,000." When Young was afterward engaged in writing one of his tragedies, he received from the Duke of Wharton a present of a very different kind. The duke procured a human skull, and, fixing a candle in it, sent it him as the lamp best suited for the composition of tragedy.

In consequence of the congenial society and seductive amusements of the metropolis, the duke seems to have been much less frequently a resident at his noble estates in Westmoreland than at his gay villa at Twickenham. His frolics and drinking-parties, however (more especially at Edenhall, the neighbouring seat of his relation, Sir Christopher Musgrave), are still remembered in the north of England. At Edenhall occurred the

once famous drinking-match between the Duke of Wharton and some of his friends, which the former celebrated in a lively ballad, now remembered only by the lovers of bygone gossip and of past times. Here, also, is preserved the "Luck of Edenhall," a large and ancient drinking-glass, ornamented with gilding and blue and red enamel, which is curious both as a family and antiquarian relic, as also from having been associated with the revels of the duke and his wild associates. According to the ancient legend of the place, the "Luck," some centuries since, was seized by one of the Musgrave family at a banquet of the fairy elves; on which occasion the unearthly revellers are said to have exclaimed, while vanishing into air:

> "If this glass do break or fall,
> Farewell the luck of Edenhall."

The glass for centuries had been regarded as the palladium of the place, but by the Duke of Wharton seems to have been treated with little reverence. It is still related at Edenhall that in his fits of drunkenness he used to amuse himself with tossing the glass in the air, and catching it while on its way to the ground. On one occasion, it is said, the "Luck" eluded the duke's grasp, and had it not been for the prompt vigilance of a butler, who caught it in a napkin, must inevitably have been dashed to pieces on the floor.

The ballad to which we have alluded, as the production of the duke, is too characteristic of his wild habits and tastes not to be inserted in our pages:

## THE DRINKING MATCH.

### AN IMITATION OF CHEVY CHASE.

I.

"God prosper long our noble King,
And likewise Eden Hall;
A doleful drinking-bout I sing,
There lately did befall.

II.

"To chase the spleen with cup and can,
Duke Philip took his way;
Babes yet unborn shall never see
Such drinking as that day.

III.

"The stout, and ever thirsty Duke,
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure within Cumberland
Three livelong nights to take.

IV.

"Sir Musgrave, too, of Martindale,
A true and worthy knight,
Eftsoons with him a bargain made
In drinking to delight.

V.

"The bumper swiftly passed about,
Six in a hand went round,
And with their calling for more wine
They made the hall resound.

VI.

"Now when these merry tidings reached
The Earl of Harold's ears,
'Am I,' quoth he, with a great oath,
'So slighted by my peers?

VII.

"'Saddle my horse! bring me my boots!
I'll with them be right quick;
And, Master Sheriff, come you, too,
We'll fit them for this trick.'

VIII.

"'Lo! Yonder doth Earl Harold come!'
Did one at table say.
'Tis well,' replied the mettled Duke:
'How will he get away?'

IX.

"When thus the Earl began: 'Great Duke,
I'll know how this did chance,
Without inviting me; sure this
You did not learn in France.

X.

"'One of us two under the board
For this affront shall lie.

I know thee well, a Duke thou art,
So some years hence may I.

XI.

" 'And trust me, Wharton, pity 'twere,
So much good wine to spill,
As these companions all may drink
Ere they have had their fill.

XII.

" 'Let thou and I in bumpers full
This great affair decide;'
'Accurst be he,' Duke Wharton said,
'By whom it is denied.'

XIII.

" To Andrews and to Hotham fair,
Many a pint went round;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay spewing on the ground.

XIV.

" When at the last the Duke espied,
He had the Earl secure,
And plied him with a full pint glass,
Which laid him on the floor, —

XV.

" Who never spoke more words than these,
After he downward sank:
'My worthy friends, revenge my fall,
Duke Wharton sees me drunk!'

XVI.

"Then with a groan, Duke Philip held
The sick man by the joint;
And said, 'Earl Harold, stead of thee,
Would I had drank that pint.

XVII.

"'Oh! Christ, my very heart does bleed,
And does within me sink;
For surely a more sober Earl
Did never swallow drink!'

XVIII.

"With that the Sheriff, in a rage,
To see the Earl so smit,
Vowed to revenge the dead-drunk peer
Upon renowned Sir Kit.

XIX.

"Then stept a gallant squire forth,
Of visage thin and pale,
Lloyd was his name, and of Ganghall,
Fast by the river Swale.[1]

XX.

"Who said, he would not have it told
Where Eden river ran,

[1] Lloyd, and not the Duke of Wharton, has occasionally been supposed to be the author of these verses: however, as they appear in an edition of the duke's works, printed as early as 1740, and as his Grace's name has continued to be attached to them, whenever they have been reprinted, there seems no good reason for depriving him of the merit of having composed them. Lloyd was a neighbour and boon companion of the Duke of Wharton and Sir Christopher Musgrave.

That unconcern'd he should sit by,
'So, Sheriff, I'm your man!'

XXI.

"Full lustily and long they swill'd
Many a tedious hour;
Till, like a vessel overfill'd,
It ran upon the floor.

XXII.

"Then news was brought into the room
Where the Duke lay in bed,
How that his squire suddenly
Upon the floor was laid.

XXIII.

"'Oh! heavy news!' Duke Philip said;
'Cumberland, witness be,
I have not any toper more
Of such account as he.'

XXIV.

"Like tidings to Earl Harold came
Within as short a space,
How that his doughty Sheriff too
Was tumbled from his place.

XXV.

"'Now, God be with him,' said the Earl,
'Since 'twill no better be;
I trust I have within my town
As drunken knights as he.'

XXVI.

"Of all the number that was there,
Sir Baynes, he scorn'd to yield,
But with a bumper in his hand
He stagger'd o'er the field.

XXVII.

"Thus did the dire engagement end,
And each man of the slain
Was quickly carried off to bed,
His senses to regain.

XXVIII.

"God save the King, the Church, and State,
And bless the land with peace;
And grant henceforth that drunkenness
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

XXIX.

"And also bless our royal Prince,
The kingdom's other hope:
And grant us grace for to defy
The devil and the Pope."

The Duke of Wharton had attained his majority, and enjoyed his vast estates scarcely more than five years, when his improvident habits and reckless expenditure brought him to the very verge of ruin. His family estates were seized, by a decree of the Court of Chancery, for the payment of his debts. His property was vested in the hands of trustees, and out of the wreck of his once

princely fortune, a provision of £2,000 a year only was awarded for his future subsistence. His means being now too limited to admit of his living creditably in England, he determined on fixing his abode on the Continent. Accordingly, he proceeded, in the first instance, to Vienna, where his high rank, his easy wit, and winning address rendered him an especial favourite with the Emperor Charles the Sixth and his courtiers, and where he is said to have demeaned himself more reputably than at any other period of his life.

From Vienna the duke proceeded to the Spanish capital. Within the last few months he had made his peace with the Pretender; and when he appeared at Madrid it was as the secret though accredited agent of that unhappy prince, from whom he carried letters of recommendation to the Spanish minister, Ripperda. The volatile duke, however, was but little qualified to play the part of a grave negotiator, and, moreover, the difficulty of treating with the Spanish court was at this period proverbial. To the Pretender he writes, on the 13th of April, 1726, a few days after his arrival at Madrid: "Nobody that has not been something conversant with this court can imagine how impracticable it is to do business." But it was not to the stubborn sluggishness of the Spanish ministry, nor to the solemn stupidity with which they conducted the details of business, that the

duke had any right to attribute the failure of his mission. "James," says Lord Mahon, "had not yet discovered that this wayward and capricious man was always far more dangerous to his friends than to his enemies; and that his talents served only to render his frailties more conspicuous and more despised." The same man, indeed, who was acting the grave diplomatist in the morning was sure to play the part of the drunken braggart and telltale at night. It was his object to prevail upon the Spanish monarch to fit out an expedition in favour of the Pretender; but considering that the mock ambassador was in a state of intoxication during the greater part of the twenty-four hours, and that his wild vagaries and buffooneries must have been particularly offensive to Spanish etiquette, we are induced to wonder, not so much at the failure of his negotiation, as at the folly of those who invested him with the powers of a diplomatist. "The great abilities of the Duke of Wharton," writes Bishop Atterbury, "are past dispute; it is he alone could render them less useful than they might have been."

Sir Benjamin Keene, the British consul at Madrid, in a letter to Mr. Robinson, dated the 5th of April, 1726, gives a curious account of an interview which he had with the duke, as well as of the general behaviour of the latter at Madrid. "The Duke of Wharton," he says, "has not been sober, or scarce had a pipe out of his mouth, since

he came back from his expedition to St. Ildefonso. On Tuesday last I had some company with me that he wanted to speak with, upon which he came directly into the room, made his compliments, and placed himself by me. I did not think myself obliged to turn out his star and garter, because, as he is an everlasting talker and tippler, in all probability he might lavish out something that might be of use to me to know; or at least might discover, by the warmth of his hopes and expectations, whether any scheme was to be put into immediate execution in favour of his dear master, as he calls the Pretender. He declared himself to be the Pretender's prime minister, and Duke of Wharton and Northumberland. 'Hitherto,' added he, 'my master's interest has been managed by the Duke of Perth, and three or four old women, who meet under the portal of St. Germains. He wanted a Whig, and a brisk one too, to put them in a right train, and I am the man. You may now look upon me, Sir Philip Wharton, Knight of the Garter, and Sir Robert Walpole, Knight of the Bath, running a course, — and, by heaven! he shall be pressed hard. He bought my family pictures, but they shall not be long in his possession; that account is still open. Neither he nor King George shall be six months at ease as long as I have the honour to serve in the employment I am now in.' He mentioned great things from Muscovy, and talked so much non-

sense and contradictions, that it was neither worth my while to remember, nor yours to read them. I used him very cavalierly; upon which he was affronted; sword and pistol next day; but, before I slept, a gentleman was sent to desire everything might be forgot. What a pleasure it must have been to have killed a prime minister!"

It will have been seen by the foregoing letter that the duke was weak enough to resume the empty title of Duke of Northumberland, which he had received from the Pretender at Avignon, more than nine years before. Since that period he had accepted the Garter from the hands of the exiled prince, and now openly wore the insignia of the Order in the Spanish capital. These, and other evidences of his treason, were, of course, immediately communicated to the English government; and, accordingly, he received a letter under the privy seal, commanding him, on his allegiance, to return forthwith, and threatening him with outlawry in the event of his refusal. The summons, however, as well as the threat, seem to have been treated by him with equal indifference. He is said to have been in his coach when the despatch was delivered to him, and to have contemptuously thrown it out of the carriage window into the street. To Lord Inverness he writes, on the 8th of June, 1726: I had rather carry a musket in an odd-named Muscovite regiment than wallow in riches by the favour of the usurper. I set out in-

fallibly on Tuesday next, and hope to be with you in three weeks, wind, weather, Moors, and Whigs permitting. I am told, from good hands, that I am to be intercepted by the enemy in my passage. I shall take the best precautions I can to obviate their malice."

# CHAPTER XIII.

## PHILIP, DUKE OF WHARTON.

His Letter to His Sister, Lady Jane Holt — His Conversion to Catholicism — Letter from Atterbury to the Pretender — Death of the Duke's Wife in 1726 — His Second Marriage to Miss O'Byrne, Maid of Honour to the Queen of Spain — He Repairs to the Spanish Camp at Gibraltar — Enlists as a Volunteer against His Own Countrymen — His Gallantry during the Siege — Convicted of High Treason, and Deprived of His Estates — Appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of One of the Irish Regiments in the Spanish Service — Goes to Italy — His Last Interview with the Pretender at Parma — His Curious Letter to the English Ambassador at Paris — The Latter's Communication to the Duke of Newcastle — Official Reply — The Duke's Poverty — Relieved by the Pretender, and the Widow of James the Second — His Extravagance at Rouen — His Return to Paris — Anecdote — Takes up His Residence in a Convent — And Affects the Penitent and Devotee — His Relapse into Dissipation — Quits Paris Clandestinely for Spain — Extract from "Memoirs of the Duke of Wharton" — The Duke's Destitute Condition — Undertakes a Translation of Telemachus — And a Tragedy on the Subject of Mary, Queen of Scots. Attacked by Indisposition at Lisbon, in 1731 — His Wretched Death at a Village in Catalonia in 1731 — His Widow Allowed a Small Pension by the Spanish Court.

NOTWITHSTANDING the extravagances of the Duke of Wharton, his melancholy career of folly

and wickedness was, occasionally, so brightly illumined by gleams, not only of genius, but of reflection and deep feeling, that we are compelled to take an interest in the wayward libertine in spite of ourselves. The following letter, which he addressed to his sister, Lady Jane Holt, shortly after his arrival at Madrid, will probably be read with interest. It proves, not only that his attachment to the cause of the Pretender had its birth in conscientious motives, but that his miserable career of profligacy and buffoonery had not entirely deadened his better feelings, and that he still respected a sister's opinion, and valued a sister's love. The power and beauty of the language require no comment.

"DEAR SISTER: — My name has been so often mentioned in the public prints, and consequently become the subject of private conversation, that my personal friends (you particularly) may, with reason, expect to know from myself what steps I have taken, or intend to take, and the true reasons of my present resolution. As to the reasons of my conduct, I do not think it proper to write them directly to you. I must refer you to some papers you will soon see published through all Europe; I will not trust the good manners or the good nature of my enemies by writing anything to you that might expose you to trouble, for it would sharpen the prosecutions begun against me, if you

should suffer the least inconvenience from tenderness to me. Whatever relates to myself gives me no uneasiness. Every virulent vote, every passionate reproach, and every malicious calumny against me are so many real commendations of my conduct; and while you and my sister Lucy are permitted to live quietly and securely, I shall think our family has met with no misfortune, and has, therefore, no claim to the compassion of its truest friends.

"I know your tender concern and affection for me, and write chiefly to give you comfort, not to receive any from you, for I thank God that I have an easy contented mind, and that I want no comfort. I have some hopes, I have no fears, which is more than some of your Norfolk neighbours can say of themselves.

"I desire your prayers for the success of my wishes and prosperity of our family. I scorn the false pretended compassion of my enemies, and it would grieve me much more to receive the real pity of my friends.

"I shall not wonder if, at first, you should be affected with the warmth of the proceeding against me, and should show some concern at the attempts to strip our family of its title, and to rob it of its estates, but you will soon change your mind, when you consider that my real honour does not depend on Walpole or his master's pleasure; that a faction may attaint a man without corrupting his

blood, and that an estate seized by violence and arbitrary power is not irrevocably lost. The word 'late' is now become the most honourable epithet of the Peerage; it is a higher title than that of Grace, and whenever you hear me spoke of in that manner, I beg you to think as I do, that I have received a new mark of honour, a mark dignified by the Duke of Ormond, Earl Marischal, and others.[1]

"You that have read Clarendon's history, must know that during the reign of Cromwell and the Rump Parliament, the whole Peerage of England was styled 'the late House of Lords;' there was then no want of late dukes, late earls, and late bishops; and why should that be reckoned a reproach to a single peer, which was then the distinguishing title to the whole body? Was that usurper, Cromwell, the fountain of honour? Had he, who murdered one king, any more power to taint the blood of his fellow subjects than his illustrious successor who has fixed a price on the head of another? For, as Lord Harcourt finely

[1] Adherents of the Pretender. George, tenth Earl of Marischal, was born about 1693, and succeeded his father in 1712. In 1714 he joined the cause of the Pretender, and subsequently grew into great favour with Frederick the Third, King of Prussia, who invested him with the Order of the Black Eagle, and, at different times, employed him as his ambassador at the courts of Paris and Madrid. He obtained his pardon in May, 1759, and was introduced to George the Second the following year. He returned to Prussia, at the express solicitation of Frederick, and died at Potsdam on the 28th of May, 1778.

observes in his speech on Doctor Sacheverell, there is little or no difference between a wet martyrdom and a dry one. Can a high commission court at present, or a secret committee, tarnish the honour of a family? Is it a real disgrace to be condemned by Macclesfield, Harcourt, Townshend, or Trevor? Is it a dishonour to be robbed of a private fortune by those who have stripped the widow and the fatherless, who have sold their country, who have plundered the public? No! my dear sister, assure yourself that this unjust prosecution is a lasting monument erected to the honour of our family. It will serve to render it illustrious to after ages; to atone for the unhappy mistakes of any of our misguided ancestors. If it should end with me, it will, however, have outlived the liberties of England. Those honours which we received at first from the Crown can never be more gloriously interred than in the defence of the injured rights of the Crown, than in the cause of the rightful monarch of Britain, the greatest of princes, and the best of masters. But I forget myself by enlarging too far on a subject that may not be so conveniently mentioned in a letter to you. My zeal for my country, my duty to my sovereign, my affection to you, and my respect to my family and its true honour, have carried on my pen farther than I intended. I will only add, that no change in my circumstances ever shall lessen

my tender concern for you, or my sister Lucy, to whom I desire you will present my love, and charge her, as she values my friendship, never to marry without my consent. Be assured that no distance of place, nor length of time, shall abate my affection for you. And my enemies shall find, whenever I return to England, it shall be with honour to myself and with joy to my friends; to all those I mean who wish well to the Church of England and to their native country. Neither shall anything tempt me to abandon that cause which I have so deliberately embraced, or to forsake that religion in which I was educated. Wherever I am, I shall be always, dear sister,

"Your sincere friend and brother,

"WHARTON.

"*Madrid, June the 17th, 1726, N. S.*

"*To Lady Jane Holt.*"

It affords mortifying evidence of the versatility of the Duke of Wharton, that, within only a few weeks after he had so pointedly announced his determination never to forsake "the religion in which he was educated," he should have renounced the Protestant faith, and declared himself a Roman Catholic.

The following distich, composed by Curll, the bookseller, seems to embody the general impressions conceived at the period, in regard to this fresh instance of the Duke of Wharton's versatility:

"A Whig he was bred, but at length is turn'd Papist,
Pray God the next remove be not an Atheist."

His profession of the tenets of the Church of Rome was, to say the least, an injudicious act; for while it was of no advantage to, and reflected no credit on, himself, it proved of eminent disservice to the cause of his master. Bishop Atterbury writes to the Pretender on the 2d of September: "The strange turn taken by the Duke of Wharton gave me such mortifying apprehensions that I have forborne for some posts to mention him at all. You say, sir, he advised with few of his friends in this matter. I am of opinion he advised with none. It is easy to suppose you were both surprised and concerned at the account when it first reached Rome, since it is impossible you should not be so. The ill consequences are so many, so great, and so evident, I am not only afflicted but bewildered when I think of them. The mischief of one thing you mention is, that he will scarce be believed in what he shall say on that occasion (so low will his credit have sunk), nor be able effectually to stop the mouth of malice by any after declarations." The reason of Atterbury's lamentations is evident. From the duke's well-known profligacy, and his notorious freedom from religious prejudices, his change of faith was universally attributed to his desire of gratifying his new master. It was argued, therefore, by the majority of the Protestant adherents of the

Pretender in England, that if there was no other means of acquiring the regard and confidence of that prince but by adopting his religion, they must either sacrifice their principles, or secede altogether from his cause. The result, therefore, it is needless to add, was highly prejudicial to the cause of the Pretender.

At the time when the Duke of Wharton first set his foot in the Spanish capital, his neglected duchess was breathing her last in her own country. The duke reached Madrid at the beginning of April, 1726, and on the 14th of the month she expired. As they had lived apart for some years, and as their tastes and habits had never been in unison, it was improbable that he would be much affected by the event. A marriage, indeed, contracted at the early age of sixteen, is little likely to prove a happy one. The young naturally attach themselves to the first beautiful face with which they come in contact; inclination and not judgment is consulted, and it is only when too late that they discover that passion constitutes but an indifferent earnest of domestic happiness and future esteem. One cause of the distaste which the duke had conceived for his wife originated in the circumstances which attended the death of his only son. The duke, on an occasion of a visit which he paid to London, either from Twickenham or his estates in the North, had expressly ordered the duchess to remain in the country with the

infant, from a fear that the air of a crowded city might disagree with his child. The duchess, however, thought proper to follow him, and the infant had been only a short time in the metropolis when it caught some infectious disorder and died. Wharton laid his misfortune at his wife's door, and it is said to have been long before he could again endure her in his presence.

A short time after his wife's decease the duke fell in love with a Miss O'Byrne, the daughter of an exiled Irish colonel, and maid of honour to the Queen of Spain. As she was possessed of no fortune, and as the duke's own affairs were in a most embarrassed state, his friends strongly advised him against the marriage. As usual, however, the duke refused to listen to any arguments but such as were prompted by his own passions, and, after a short acquaintance, Miss O'Byrne became Duchess of Wharton.

A love of fame, or rather a thirst for notoriety, was the ruling passion of the Duke of Wharton. Having failed in acquiring a reputation as a negotiator, it was now his object to distinguish himself in the field of arms. Accordingly, after passing a few months at Rome, where his frolics and debaucheries are said to have been highly offensive to Italian gravity, he proceeded by sea to Barcelona, and thence repaired to the Spanish camp beneath the walls of Gibraltar. Here he enlisted himself as a volunteer against his own

countrymen, and, by the reckless gallantry which he displayed during the siege, wiped off, to a certain degree, the imputation of cowardice which had hitherto rested on his character.

The fact of his serving as a volunteer in the Spanish camp could not long be kept a secret from the English ministry. Accordingly, his conduct was no sooner known in England, than an indictment was preferred against him of high treason, "for appearing in arms before, and firing off cannon against, his Majesty's town of Gibraltar." The charge was easily proved by the evidence of some deserters, who were brought to England for the purpose of criminating him, and accordingly he was ordered to be deprived of his estates, and made amenable to the usual penalties consequent on a conviction for high treason.

At the conclusion of the siege of Gibraltar the duke proceeded once more to Madrid, where he received the reward of his gallantry by being appointed lieutenant-colonel of one of the Irish regiments in the Spanish service. He seems, however, to have soon wearied of his military employments, and we again find him bending his course toward Italy. But, by this time, his utter want of political prudence, and the injury which a long list of follies had entailed on the cause of the Pretender, had worn out the patience and forfeited for him the regard of that prince. The Pretender, indeed, admitted him to a last inter-

view at Parma, but, at the same time, is said to have positively refused him permission to reside at his court. The duke, accordingly, turned his back on Italy, and, accompanied by his duchess and two or three servants, proceeded in the direction of Paris, where he arrived in the summer of 1728.

It was scarcely more than a month after his interview with the Pretender, and after he had addressed to him a solemn and almost affecting epistle, in which he declared his feelings of loyalty and devotion to be unchanged, that he wrote to the elder Horace Walpole, then ambassador at Paris, renouncing the Pretender and his projects, and invoking the clemency of George the Second. The letter in question is not a little curious. After asserting that since the accession of his present Majesty to the throne he had absolutely refused to be concerned with the Pretender or his affairs, and, moreover, after affirming that during his recent visit to Italy his conduct had been in all respects consistent with his duty to his sovereign, "I am coming," he says, "to Paris, to put myself entirely under your Excellency's protection, and hope that Sir Robert Walpole's good nature will prompt him to save a family which his generosity induced him to spare. If your Excellency would permit me to wait upon you for an hour, I am certain you would be convinced of the sincerity of my repentance for my former mad-

ness; would become an advocate with his Majesty to grant me his most gracious pardon, which it is my comfort I shall never be required to purchase by any step unworthy of a man of honour. I do not intend, in case of the king's allowing me to pass the evening of my days under the shadow of his royal protection, to see England for some years, but shall remain in France or Germany, as my friends shall advise, and enjoy country sports till all former stories are buried in oblivion. I beg of your Excellency to let me receive your orders at Paris, which I will send to your hotel to receive. The Duchess of Wharton, who is with me, desires leave to wait on Mrs. Walpole, if you think proper."

Walpole's reply has apparently not been preserved. It appears, however, that, exactly a week after the date of his letter, the duke himself waited on the ambassador in person. The latter writes to the Duke of Newcastle, on the 6th of July, 1728: "Yesterday, about noon, while I was engaged with some company in my own house, my page brought me word that there was a servant at the door, who desired to know when a gentleman, who had lately arrived from Lyons, and had something in particular to say to me, might see me. I appointed him to come this morning at eight o'olock, at which time the Duke of Wharton made me a visit, and introduced himself by telling me that he could not sufficiently

express his gratitude for the great goodness and clemency of the government of England, in not proceeding against him with that severity which his behaviour had deserved, and which he was persuaded proceeded from a regard to his father's memory; that he could sincerely assure me that he had not been any ways concerned in the interest or service of the Pretender, nor with any person that belonged to him, for some months before the death of his late Majesty, or ever since his present Majesty's succession to the crown; that he had, indeed, lately passed through Parma, where the Pretender and several of his adherents were with him, but that he had industriously avoided to speak with any of them, keeping constantly company with those English that are known to be well affected to his Majesty's government; that he was now determined to fling himself at the king's feet, to implore his mercy, pardon, and protection, having taken a fixed resolution to behave himself as a faithful subject to his Majesty for the remainder of his life, and should retire to such place, and continue there for such time, as his Majesty should think fit, without being at all concerned in any affairs; with much more to the same effect; which he expressed with that eloquence which is so natural to him."

The ambassador, after relating some further details of their interview, proceeds: "He then gave me, by fits, and in a rambling way that was

entertaining enough, an account of several of his late motions and actions, while he was in the Pretender's service, and particularly in Spain, with which it is unnecessary, and of no service, to trouble your Grace at present. And he concluded with telling me that he would go to his lodgings, which were in a garret, where the Duchess of Wharton was likewise with him, and would write me a letter; and immediately, without making the least stay or appearance here, retire to Rouen, in Normandy, and there expect my answer, after I shall have given an account of him in England." The reply, which was in the form of a letter from the Duke of Newcastle to Horace Walpole, proved a death-blow to the hopes of the Duke of Wharton.

"WHITEHALL, July 12, 1728.

"SIR: — Having laid before the king your Excellency's letter, giving an account of a visit you had received from the Duke of Wharton, and enclosing a copy of a letter he wrote to you afterward upon the same occasion, I am commanded to let you know that his Majesty approves of what you said to the duke, and your behaviour toward him; but that the Duke of Wharton has conducted himself in so extraordinary a manner since he left England, and has so openly declared his disaffection to the king and his government, by joining with and serving under his Majesty's

professed enemies, that his Majesty does not think fit to receive any application from him."

The effect which the rejection of his suit produced on the mind of the Duke of Wharton was such as we might anticipate, from our knowledge of his character. On the 14th of the following month Horace Walpole writes to the Duke of Newcastle: "I am informed that the Duke of Wharton, from what has passed with relation to him in England, has renewed his commerce with the Jacobites, and publicly professed his attachment to the Pretender and the Catholic religion." He kept his word, however, by proceeding to Rouen, where he seems to have passed his time principally between the pleasures of the chase and the bottle, besides occasional visits paid to the château of the Duc d'Harcourt, on the Seine.

His finances were now reduced to so low an ebb that he had no choice but to appeal to the charitable feelings of the Pretender. His application was not made in vain. At one time we discover the Pretender presenting him with £2,000, while the widow of James the Second is said to have generously pawned her jewels in order that she might furnish him with a similar sum.

These remittances, however, were squandered almost as soon as they were received. At Rouen

he exceeded even his former extravagance, till in the end his credit grew to be almost as low as his reputation. Nevertheless, reduced as were his circumstances, he persisted in maintaining a large and motley assemblage of ragged menials, and, moreover, affected a state and consequence which, after all, was but a sad mockery of that once splendid establishment of which the Duke of Wharton, on his entrance into life, had been the envied proprietor. According to his biographer, and one who claims to have been his friend, "He was attended every morning with a considerable levee, made up of the tradesmen of the town, such as his butcher, poulterer, baker, wine and brandy merchant. The duchess had also her milliner, manteau-maker, tirewoman, etc. The duke received their compliments with an air suitable to his quality, till they grew too importunate. And then he set out for Paris, leaving his horses and equipage to be sold, and the money to be appropriated as there was found occasion." In the words of the same writer, "The poverty of his circumstances proved a fund of inexhaustible humour; an empty bottle was the subject of many a dry joke, and the want of a dinner seemed to whet more his wit than his stomach. The duke set out from Rouen for Paris in a voiture that has a near resemblance to a Gravesend tilt-boat, which, going all night, saved the expense of a supper and lodging; and

a dram of brandy in the morning satisfied his appetite by taking it away."

On his arrival at Paris the duke exhibited some signs of moral improvement, by adopting, for the first time in his life, a system of rigid economy in his household, and suiting his mode of living to his circumstances rather than to his rank. With the view of diminishing his expenditure, he domesticated himself in a private family, and placed his duchess with one of her relations at St. Germains. These creditable signs of reformation, however, proved of but short existence, and within a few months he relapsed into a course of excess and extravagance, in which he exceeded all his former unhappy misdoings.

Although the pranks and buffooneries practised by the duke at this period reflect but little credit on either his principles or his wit, we are inclined to introduce a single specimen of his peculiar humour, as an additional illustration of the character of this singular being.

According to his biographer, whose words we have just quoted: "A young Irish lord of his acquaintance (a youth of a sweet, good-natured disposition) being at St. Germains at the time the duke was visiting his duchess, the former came to him, with a face of business, about nine o'clock at night, and told him that an affair of importance called him to Paris, in which he had no time to lose, and therefore begged his lord-

ship to lend him his coach. He did it very willingly; but as his Grace was stepping into it, he told his friend he should take it as a favour if he would give him his company. As the duke was alone, the young lord could not refuse him, and they went together, and arrivcd at Paris about twelve at night. His companion supposed his business was a private matter, and therefore offered to leave him, and join him again when he had finished it; but his Grace acquainted him that it was not necessary, and then they went about the important affair in company. The first thing that was to be done was the hiring a coach and four horses, and afterward to find out the music belonging to the Opéra, six or eight of whom he engaged, at a price agreed upon. The lord did not perceive the end of all this till he returned to St. Germains, which was at five the next morning; and marching directly with his troop to the castle, he ordered them to strike up on the stairs. Then the duke's plot broke out into execution, which was no more than to serenade some young ladies, near whose apartments they were.

"This piece of gallantry done, the duke persuaded my lord to go about a league off to Poissy, where lived Mr. R——, an English gentleman, one of their acquaintance. My lord consenting, he took with him a couple of trumpets and a pair of kettle-drums, to give the music a more martial air; but to this, opera music at first objected, because,

as they should be wanted that night at their posts, they must forfeit half a louis d'or each for non-appearance. 'Half a louis d'or?' says his Grace; 'follow the Duke of Wharton, and all your forfeitures shall be paid.' They did so, and entered Poissy in such a musical manner that alarmed the whole town; and their friend Mr. R—— did not know whether he had best keep his house or fly; but the duke, making a speech *à propos*, put an end to all frights and fears; and there the troop was regaled in a very handsome manner.

"And now the important business being all over, there was but one thing further needful, namely, to discharge the score, — as to which the duke had occasion to be brief. 'My lord,' says he, 'I have not one livre in my pocket, therefore I must entreat you to pay the fellows, and I'll do as much for you when I am able.' The said lord, with a great deal of good-humour, answered all demands, amounting to twenty-five louis d'or, and so this affair ended."

About this period we find the duke engaged in an affair of honour with a Scotch nobleman, by whom he imagined himself to have been injured, and to whom he sent a challenge to meet him at Valenciennes. He himself proceeded to Brussels, in order to be prepared for the encounter; but, by the interposition of the Duke of Berwick, the meeting was fortunately prevented.

It was on his return to Paris, in 1729, that he afforded fresh evidence of versatility, by taking up his residence in a convent. "Here," we are told, "he was looked upon for a devotee; he talked so well upon all points of religion, that the poor fathers beheld him with admiration, and found in him such lively tokens of repentance, and so thorough a conversion of manners, that they imputed the change to an immediate act of Providence, and valued the blessing accordingly. But the jewel was too precious for them to retain; he tumbled again into the world, and ran headlong into a round of vice, folly, and extravagance as bad as ever; and he was so reduced that he had not one single crown at his command, and was forced to thrust in with an acquaintance for a lodging." His creditors, by this time, had become so inconveniently importunate that Paris was no longer a safe residence for the Duke of Wharton, and, accordingly, in May, 1729, we find him departing, suddenly and clandestinely, for Spain.

The miserable state of penury and moral degradation to which the gifted, the noble, and once envied Wharton had now become reduced was such as language would find it difficult to exaggerate. We have extant an interesting letter from one of his gay companions, one who, while he laments, too late, his acquaintance with the frolic duke, and speaks of being left by him "sick, in debt, and without a penny," nevertheless seems

to have been feelingly alive to his really splendid talents, and to the miserable degradation of his fall. "Notwithstanding what I have suffered," says the writer, "and what my brother madman has done to undo himself, and everybody who was so unlucky as to have the least concern with him, I could not but be movingly touched at so extraordinary a vicissitude of fortune, to see a great man fallen from that shining light, in which I beheld him in the House of Lords, to such a degree of obscurity that I have observed the meanest commoner here decline, and the few he would sometimes fasten on, refuse his company; for you know he is but a bad orator in his cups, and of late he has been but seldom sober. A week before he left Paris he was so reduced that he had not one single crown at command, and was forced to thrust in with any acquaintance for a lodging. Walsh and I have had him by turns, all to avoid a crowd of duns, which he had, of all sizes, from fourteen hundred livres to four, who hunted him so close that he was forced to retire to some of the neighbouring villages for safety. I, sick as I was, hurried about Paris to raise money, and to St. Germains to get him linen. I brought him one shirt and a cravat, with which, and five hundred livres, his whole stock, he and his duchess, attended by one servant, set out for Spain. All the news I have heard of them since is, that a day or two after he sent for Captain Brierly, and

two or three of his domestics, to follow him; but none but the captain obeyed the summons. Where they now are I can't tell, but fear they must be in great distress by this time, if he has had no other supplies."

From Paris, it appears, the unhappy duke proceeded to Orleans, and from thence, in consequence of his inability to defray the expenses of a land journey, fell down the river Loire to Nantes in Brittany. Here he was compelled to remain till he received a small remittance from Paris, when he took ship, with his duchess, for Bilboa. In this town his resources again failed him; and it was only owing to the small credit which he obtained, as being an officer in the Spanish service, that he himself was enabled to pursue his journey toward Madrid, while, at the same time, his duchess was compelled to remain behind at Bilboa. Her situation very shortly became most uncomfortable; and only through the kindness of the Duke of Ormond, who sent her a hundred pistoles, was she eventually enabled to join her mother and grandmother in the Spanish capital.

The duke had now no choice but to join his regiment, where he was compelled to support himself on his pay as a colonel, amounting only to fifteen pistoles a month. So entirely had he exhausted the resources or patience of his friends, that it was some time before he could procure an insignificant sum with which to purchase a respect-

able outfit. To so low and miserable an ebb were reduced the fortunes and character of this extraordinary man! It is difficult, indeed, to identify the beggared and degraded prodigal with the same individual who, but seven years before, had distinguished himself by his splendid oration in defence of Atterbury, and as the calm and argumentative reasoner in *The True Briton.* Who, indeed, could trace a likeness between the needy and dissolute soldier of fortune, and that gifted individual, whose high rank and princely possessions had been the envy of his contemporaries; whose learning and powers of reasoning confounded the wisdom of the oldest senator; and the torrent of whose eloquence sent the noble-minded Stanhope to the grave! There is, usually, from the tale of moral degradation, and in the abuse of great talents, a useful lesson to be derived; but for this moral we search in vain in recording the follies and debaucheries of the Duke of Wharton. His follies are too extravagant even to supply a moral; his vices too insane to need a comment. Let us, however, charitably presume that the acts of self-immolation and inane wickedness, which were committed by this unhappy man, resulted rather from the monomania of a diseased mind than from premeditated guilt; and consequently regard him rather as an object of pity than of disgust.

It was in the last year of his life that a slight

revolution took place in the conduct of the Duke of Wharton, and that he gave a promise of future amendment. While fixed in military quarters at Balaguer in Catalonia, we find him employing himself in a new translation of Telemachus, of which he is said to have completed the first book, and to have made some progress in the second. To a friend he writes, in the month of April, 1730: "I am conversing with Telemachus and Mentor, in order to persuade them to open a campaign against all enemies to common sense." This task, however, while yet incomplete, was neglected by the versatile duke for a different kind of literary composition; and immediately afterward we find him engaged in writing a tragedy on the story of Mary, Queen of Scots. At this period, according to his acquaintance and biographer, "he lived in the most regular way that, perhaps, he had ever done in his life; and, indeed, considering how near he was drawing to the verge of it, it was full time." Indisposition alone is said to have prevented the completion of his tragedy, of which he composed several scenes, and even engaged Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to write the epilogue. Of his dramatic production the four following lines are, unfortunately, all that have been preserved:

> "Sure, were I free, and Norfolk were a prisoner,
> I'd fly with more impatience to his arms
> Than the poor Israelite gazed on the serpent,
> While life was the reward of every look."

Lady Mary's epilogue will be found both in Dodsley's "Miscellany" and in the recent collection of her works.

We have now brought our notices of the Duke of Wharton very nearly to a close. He himself had prognosticated that his existence would be a short one, and the prediction was destined to be verified. He was in his quarters at Lerida, at the commencement of 1731, when he was attacked by the disorder of which he afterward died. For about two months he was deprived of the use of his limbs; he was unable to walk without assistance from his bed to the fireside; and his stomach became so weak that broth, with the yolks of eggs beat up in it, was the only sustenance he could take. Fortunately, however, he suffered no pain; and though apparently sensible of his imminent danger, his natural gaiety is said to have suffered but little diminution.

Although the hand of death was on the Duke of Wharton, he gained by degrees a slight accession of strength, which enabled him to repair to the mountains of Catalonia, where he derived a temporary relief from the chalybeate waters, which abound in that district. However, in the month of May following, he suffered a relapse at Tarragona, when he again repaired to the mineral springs of Catalonia, in the hope that they would once more afford him a reprieve. But his constitution was now too effectually shattered to admit of further repair.

In one of the fits to which he was subject, he fell from his horse, in which condition he was carried to a wretched village, where he lay for some time sick, helpless, and destitute. At length some charitable monks of the Order of St. Bernard removed him to their convent of Poblet, where, after lingering another week, without a friend or an acquaintance to close his eyes, this once envied and gifted being — the inheritor of almost princely wealth, and the last scion of an honoured and noble race — ended his eccentric and unprofitable career.

Thus, on the 31st of May, 1731, at the age of thirty-two, died Philip, Duke of Wharton. To the inquiries addressed by strangers to the charitable fathers of Poblet, as to the manner in which the duke demeaned himself in his last moments, the answer is said to have been in merely general terms, that he made a very penitent and Christian end. He died, it appears, in the habit of their order, and was buried in their cemetery in the same coarse and simple manner in which they interred their own fraternity. In the church of the monastery — in one of the aisles, and apart from the other monuments — may still be seen a plain slab, which once bore the name of the Duke of Wharton. Nearly half a century since, however, the traveller could with difficulty trace the letters, and probably the name is now altogether illegible.

It was said of the Duke of Wharton by Swift that he was so entirely indifferent as to the light in which his conduct would be viewed by future ages, that he would just as soon have been painted with the vices of a Catiline as with the virtues of an Atticus. This disregard for the opinion of posterity was, however, so far from being a characteristic of the Duke of Wharton that, singular as appears to be the anomaly, he seems to have been extremely sensitive on the subject of his posthumous reputation. In his conversations and correspondence with his friends he is said to have feelingly and frequently alluded to the subject. To one friend we find him quoting the words of Othello :

> "When you shall my unhappy deeds relate,
> Speak of me as I am. Nothing extenuate,
> But set down nought in malice."

And again, in one of the last letters which he probably ever wrote, he concludes with the beautiful appeal of Dryden to Congreve :

> "Be kind to my remains and, oh ! defend
> Against your judgment your departed friend !
> Let not th' insulting foe my fame pursue,
> But shade those laurels that descend to you."

The Duke of Wharton left no children to inherit his empty titles and ruined name. With him declined the ancient honours of an aspiring family,

a family which for centuries had been a knightly or a noble one, and which could claim descent in the legitimate line from the house of Lancaster. The first peer of the family was Sir Thomas Wharton, who, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, with only five hundred men under his command, defeated an army of fifteen thousand Scots, and slew or took prisoners some of the most powerful of their nobility.

The Duchess of Wharton survived her husband several years. She repaired to England after his death, and, continuing a widow, lived in great privacy in London, on a small pension allowed her by the Spanish court.

# CHAPTER XIV.

## ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF KINGSTON.

Born in 1730 — Her Beauty and Wit — Pulteney, Afterward Earl of Bath, Her Admirer — Procures Her the Appointment of Maid of Honour to the Princess of Wales — Duke of Hamilton Proposes for Her — Circumstances Prevent Their Union — She Privately Marries Mr. Hervey, Afterward Earl of Bristol — Separates from Him Immediately after Her Marriage — Stormy Interview with Him — Birth of a Child — Duke of Hamilton Again Makes Her an Offer — Duke of Ancaster and Others of the Nobility Propose for Her Hand — Her Refusals — Her Visit to Germany, and Flattering Reception by the King of Prussia and the Electress of Saxony — Her Taste for Dissipation — Scandalous Reports — Her Appearance at a Masquerade as Iphigenia — The Princess of Wales Shocked at Her Indecent Dress — George the Second's Admiration of Miss Chudleigh — Annoyed by Her Husband — Tears the Certificate of Her Marriage from the Parish Register of Lainston — Reinserts the Leaf on Mr. Hervey Succeeding to the Earl of Bristol — The Duke of Kingston Pays Her His Addresses — She Sounds Her Husband on the Subject of a Divorce — His Answer — Institutes a Cause against Him in Doctors' Commons — Its Successful Issue — Her Marriage to the Duke of Kingston — Splendour of the Nuptials — Duchess Received at Court — The Duke's Death and Will — Her Death in 1788.

THIS beautiful but eccentric woman was the daughter of Colonel Chudleigh, Lieutenant-Gov-

ernor of Chelsea Hospital, a younger son of Sir George Chudleigh, of Ashton, in Devonshire; she was born about the year 1730. Her family appears to have been a respectable one, one of her ancestors having distinguished himself in the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and another in the cause of Charles the First during the civil troubles. Her father died when she was a mere child, leaving her to the care of her mother, with little means of subsistence, beyond the pension which the latter received as the widow of an officer in the army, and afterward the addition of a small income as housekeeper of Windsor Castle.

Whether from a lingering attachment to the pleasures of the world, or from a natural desire to form a splendid alliance for her only child, Mrs. Chudleigh, some years after her husband's death, took a small house in a fashionable part of London, where the beauty and wit of her daughter, and probably her own agreeable qualities, attracted a considerable portion of the rank and talent of the day. Among these was the celebrated Pulteney, afterward Earl of Bath, who, although the senior of Miss Chudleigh by many years, appears to have yielded himself to the fascinations of beauty and wit, and professed himself her ardent admirer. Scandal was not silent when it associated their names. Pulteney, however, affected to regard her merely as his pupil. He took upon himself the charge of her education; he endeav-

oured to instil into her his own literary taste; he read with her his favourite books, and, when absent, induced her to correspond with him. Nor were these the only advantages which Miss Chudleigh received from her intercourse with the future minister. Pulteney was at this period a great favourite with Frederick, Prince of Wales, and it was owing to his exertions in her behalf that Miss Chudleigh, at the age of eighteen, obtained the appointment of maid of honour to the princess.

The well-known admiration of Pulteney, and the wit and beauty of the young lady herself, rendered her first appearance in the fashionable world not a little brilliant; indeed, she was scarcely presented at the court of the Princess of Wales, at Leicester House, when every unmarried man of any note was at her feet. Among the most distinguished of her admirers, and at the same time the most favoured, was the Duke of Hamilton; Miss Chudleigh appears to have returned his affection. The duke made his proposals and was accepted; but circumstances interfering to prevent their union at the time, the duke set out on a tour on the Continent, with the understanding that she would become his wife on his return.

During the absence of the Duke of Hamilton, Miss Chudleigh happened to pay a visit to a Mrs. Hanmer, her maternal aunt, at whose house she was unfortunate enough to meet with Mr. Hervey,

afterward Earl of Bristol. Hervey was at this period a lieutenant in the navy; and, with the susceptibility which frequently distinguishes persons of his profession, speedily fell in love with the niece of his hostess. From some motives, of which we have not been informed, Mrs. Hanmer was induced to favour his suit; indeed, she went so far as to intercept the letters of the Duke of Hamilton, with whom Miss Chudleigh had agreed to correspond. It is rarely that a woman pardons neglect. A girl of nineteen, especially one so high-spirited as Miss Chudleigh, could hardly be expected to forgive a man who would intentionally leave her letters unanswered, and, as there was no apparent motive for his silence, she appears, in a moment of pique, to have consented to become the wife of Mr. Hervey, to whom she was privately married at Lainston, in the county of Northampton. Their connubial happiness, however, was destined to be of brief duration, as, on the very morning after their nuptials, the lady expressed her determination never to see her husband again. For this strange conduct she gave two reasons, on the particulars of which delicacy prevents us from dwelling.

Mr. Hervey, aware that a forfeiture of his wife's appointment as maid of honour must of necessity follow a discovery of their marriage, was eventually induced to consent to a separation, shortly after which, having obtained an appoint-

ment to a ship, he took his departure from England, to the great satisfaction of his lady. She immediately returned to London; entered afresh into a course of gaiety and dissipation, and again figured as the most admired person at the court of the Princess of Wales.

It seems that Mr. Hervey, hearing of the admiration which his beautiful wife excited in his absence, either felt, or pretended to feel, jealous. On his return to England he insisted upon her granting him an interview, and as he threatened, in case of her refusal, to disclose their union to the Princess of Wales, she was at length induced to yield to his importunities. Their meeting took place at his own apartments; and, although it seems he locked the door to prevent her egress, and the interview was sufficiently stormy to be afterward styled by her "an assignation with a vengeance," yet the result of it was her bringing a child into the world. Her confinement took place in seclusion at Chelsea, to which place she made the state of her health a plea for retiring. Fortunately, the child survived its birth but a very short period.

Although the fact of her marriage remained undisclosed, yet the circumstance of her having borne a child, if it did not actually transpire, was at least strongly suspected. "Do you know, my lord," she said to Lord Chesterfield, "that the world says I have had twins?" "Does it?" said

his lordship, "for my own part, I make a point of believing only half of what it says." And yet, notwithstanding all the reports which were circulated to her discredit, she continued to maintain her empire over the most eligible of the unmarried men of the day. The Duke of Hamilton, on his return to England, again made her an offer of his hand. The mystery of the letters was explained away; but even this did not restore him to favour. She was either unwilling or unable to divulge to him the fact of her marriage; and in a short time afterward the duke united himself to one of the celebrated Misses Gunnings, whose beauty threw such lustre over the court of George the Second.

As soon as the rejection of the Duke of Hamilton became known, the Duke of Ancaster, and others of the nobility, — intimidated neither by the ill success of their rival, nor by the reports which were circulated to her prejudice, — made her offers of their fortunes and their hands. To the astonishment, however, of the whole court, and even of her own mother, they met with no better success than her early lover. About this period, it may be remarked, the young beauty paid a visit to Germany, and during her stay at Dresden and Berlin was treated with the most flattering distinction by the King of Prussia and the Electress of Saxony. By both of these potentates she was afterward admitted to a familiar correspondence.

On her return to England, her person had lost none of its attractions, nor, unfortunately, her mind any of its taste for dissipation. Regardless of consequences, and willing to purchase gratification at whatever sacrifice, she became the intimate companion of two persons, — celebrated at the period for their contempt of all decency, — Lady Harrington and Miss Ashe. Scandal, too, continued to make free with her name, and she was believed, among other persons, to have conferred her favours on both the Prince of Wales and Lord Howe.[1] One circumstance which gave force to the rumours to her discredit, was the splendour of her dress and equipage, which were far more sumptuous than were warranted, either by her income as a maid of honour, or by the small fortune of her mother. In addition to these circumstances, a child was said to have been found on the stairs leading to her apartments in Windsor Castle, of which she was strongly suspected to be the mother. She herself was imprudent enough to give strength to the report, not only by insisting on taking charge of the child, but by giving it her own name, and by retaining it with her till its death.

The favour of the Princess of Wales appears alone to have saved her character from entire bankruptcy. The story is well known of her

[1] He distinguished himself in America, in which country he was killed, in 1758, at the age of thirty-four.

presenting herself, in an almost primitive state, as Iphigenia, at a masked ball at Somerset House, at which the princess was present. The charming and beautiful Mrs. Montagu, who was one of the company, in a letter to her sister, dated 8th of May, 1749,[1] thus alludes to the circumstance:

"I am ashamed that I have been so remiss in writing to my dear sister, but business and amusements have poured in torrents upon me. I was some days preparing for the subscription masquerade, where I was to appear in the character of the Queen Mother, my dress white satin, with fine new point for tuckers, kerchief, and ruffles, pearl necklace, and earrings, and pearls and diamonds on the head, and my hair curled after the Vandyke picture. Mrs. Trevor and the Lady Stanhopes adjusted my dress, so that I was one day in my life well dressed. Miss Charlotte Fane was Rubens's wife, and looked extremely well; we went together. Miss Chudleigh's dress, or rather undress, was remarkable; she was Iphigenia for the sacrifice, but so naked the high priest might easily inspect the entrails of the victim. The maids of honour (not of maids the strictest) were so offended they would not speak to her. Pretty Mrs. Pitt[2] looked as if she came from heaven,

[1] The editor of Mrs. Montagu's letters has, by mistake, dated this letter in 1751.

[2] Penelope, sister of Sir Richard Atkyns, and wife of George Pitt, Esq., of Strathfieldsaye, Hants, created in 1776 Lord Rivers.

but was only on her road thither, in the habit of a *chanoinesse.* Many ladies looked handsome, and others rich; there was as great a quantity of diamonds as the town could produce. Mrs. Chandler was a starry night. The Duchess of Portland had no jewels. Lord Sandwich made a fine hussar. Mr. Montagu has made me lay by my dress to be painted in, when I see Mr. Horace again. His picture is thought like, but too full for my thin jaws. I stayed till five o'clock in the morning at the masquerade, and was not tired. I have never been quite well since; but I had better luck than Miss Conway, who was killed by a draught of lemonade she drank there.[1] I suppose you have heard of Bolingbroke's new work; as it is short, we idle ones in London can find time to peruse it.

"I am, etc., E. M."

As the ball described by Mrs. Montagu was rather a remarkable one, we have not only been induced to give this lively letter at length, but are

Horace Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann, on the 17th of May, 1749: "Mrs. Pitt, who besides being in love with her husband, whom you remember (Lady Mary Wortley's George Pitt), is going to Italy with him. I think you will find her one of the most glorious beauties you ever saw."

[1] Her death was celebrated in the following doggerel lines:

"Poor Jenny Conway,
She drank lemonade,
At a masquerade,
So now she's dead and gone away."

tempted to insert a further account of it from the pen of Horace Walpole, who also figured in the pageant. To Sir Horace Mann he writes, on the 3d of May, 1749: "On Monday there was a subscription masquerade, much fuller than that of last year, but not so agreeable or so various in dresses. The king was well disguised in an old-fashioned English habit; and much pleased with somebody who desired him to hold their cup, as they were drinking tea. The duke[1] had a dress of the same kind, but was so immensely corpulent that he looked like Cacofogo, the drunken captain in 'Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.' The Duchess of Richmond was a lady mayoress, in the time of James the First; and Lord Delawarr, Queen Elizabeth's porter, from a picture in the guard-chamber, at Kensington; they were admirable masks. Lady Rochfort, Miss Evelyn, Miss Bishop, Lady Stafford, and Mrs. Pitt were in vast beauty; particularly the last, who had a red veil, which made her look gloriously handsome. I forgot Lady Kildare. Mr. Conway was the duke in Don Quixote, and the finest figure I ever saw. Miss Chudleigh was Iphigenia, but so naked that you would have taken her for Andromeda; and Lady Betty Smithson had such a pyramid of baubles upon her head that she was exactly the Princess of Babylon in Grammont."

It was on this occasion that the Princess of

[1] The Duke of Cumberland.

Wales is said to have been so confounded at the indecent appearance of her maid of honour as publicly to have thrown a veil over her person. Perhaps also it was on the present occasion that Miss Chudleigh, alluding to the tender connection which was presumed to exist between the princess and Lord Bute, retorted on her royal mistress, "*Votre Altesse Royale sait que chacune a son But.*" It was about this period that George the Second, now in his sixty-seventh year, chose to fancy himself in love with the beautiful and eccentric maid of honour. Horace Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann, on the 17th of May, 1749: "I told you we were to have another jubilee masquerade; there was one, by the king's command, for Miss Chudleigh, the maid of honour, with whom our gracious monarch has a mind to believe himself in love; so much in love that, at one of the booths, he gave her a watch for her fairing, which cost him five and thirty guineas, actually disbursed out of his privy purse, and not charged on the civil list." Again Walpole writes to the same correspondent, on the 22d of December, 1750: "Two days ago, at the drawing-room, the gallant Orondates strode up to Miss Chudleigh, and told her he was glad to have an opportunity of obeying her commands, that he appointed her mother housekeeper at Windsor, and hoped she would not think a kiss too great a reward. Against all precedent, he kissed her in the circle; he has had a hankering

these two years." Probably, in the ridiculous gallantry of the old monarch, there was more of vanity than of any deeper feeling.

Miss Chudleigh, while still bearing her maiden name, was celebrated for the splendour of her entertainments, the expenses of which seem to have been borne by her then lover and future husband, the Duke of Kingston. Horace Walpole writes to the Earl of Strafford on the 7th of June, 1760: "You had heard before you left London of Miss Chudleigh's intended loyalty on the prince's birthday. Poor thing, I fear she has thrown away above a quarter's salary! It was magnificent and well understood. No crowd, and, though a sultry night, one was not a moment incommoded. The court was illuminated on the whole summit of the wall with a battlement of lamps; smaller ones on every step, and a figure of lanterns on the outside of the house. The virgin mistress began the ball with the Duke of York, who was dressed in a pale blue-watered tabby. Miss Chudleigh desired the gamblers would go into the garrets, 'Nay, they are not garrets, it is only the roof of the house hollowed for upper servants, — but I have no upper servants.' Everybody ran up. There is a low gallery with bookcases, and four chambers practised under the pent of the roof, each hung with the finest Indian pictures, on different colours, and with Chinese chairs of the same colours; vases

of flowers on each for nosegays; and in one retired nook a most critical couch! The lord of the festival[1] was there, and seemed neither ashamed nor vain of the expense of his pleasures. At supper she offered him Tokay, and told him she believed he would find it good. The supper was in two rooms, and very fine; and on all the sideboards, and even on the chairs, were pyramids and troughs of strawberries and cherries. You would have thought she was kept by Vertumnus."

Again, Walpole writes to Marshal Conway, on the 21st of May, 1763: "I do not insist that to have spirits a nation should be as frantic as poor Fanny Pelham, as absurd as the Duchess of Queensberry, or as dashing as the virgin Chudleigh. Oh, that you had been at her ball t'other night! History could never describe it and keep it countenance. The queen's real birthday, you know, is not kept; this maid of honour kept it! nay, while the court is in mourning, expected people to be out of mourning; the queen's family really is so, Lady Northumberland having desired leave for them. A scaffold was erected in Hyde Park for fireworks; to show the illuminations without to more advantage, the company were received in an apartment totally dark, where they remained for two hours. If they gave rise to any more birthdays, who could help it? The fireworks were fine and succeeded well. On each side of

[1] The Duke of Kingston.

the court were two large scaffolds for the virgin's tradespeople. When the fireworks ceased, a large scene was lighted in the court, representing their Majesties, on each side of which were six obelisks, painted with emblems and illuminated; mottoes beneath, in Latin and English. The lady of the house made many apologies for the poorness of the performance, which, she said, was only oil-paper, painted by one of her servants: but it really was fine and pretty. The Duke of Kingston was in a frock, *comme chez lui.* Behind the house was a cenotaph for the Princess Elizabeth,[1] a kind of illuminated cradle; the motto, 'All the honours the dead can receive.' This burying ground was a strange codicil to a festival; and, what was more strange, about one in the morning this sarcophagus burst out into crackers and guns. The Margrave of Anspach began the ball with the virgin. The supper was most sumptuous."

From the period of their union Mr. Hervey had persisted in persecuting his beautiful wife; and by frequently forcing himself into her presence, and threatening to disclose their union to the world, appears to have caused her the greatest uneasiness. It was only by his death, or by resorting to some extraordinary expedient, that she could hope to

[1] The Princess Elizabeth Caroline, sister of George the Third. She was born on the 30th of December, 1740, and, though deformed in person, is said to have been highly accomplished. She died on the 4th of September, 1759.

rid herself of his importunities; and as the latter alternative was consonant with the eccentric turn of her mind, we find her adopting the first feasible plan which presented itself. The clergyman, it seems, who had married her, was dead, and the parish register was easy of access. She hastened, therefore, with a friend to Lainston; demanded a sight of the book, and, while her companion engaged the clerk in conversation in another part of the vestry, she actually tore out the leaf which contained the proof of her marriage. It is frequently, however, the fate of crime to overreach itself; and before long she had sufficient reason to repent the step she had taken. In 1759 Mr. Hervey succeeded to the Earldom of Bristol, and as the lady, much as she disliked her husband, had no objection to become a countess, she once more paid a visit to Lainston; and, with the assistance of an attorney, aided by a bribe to the clerk of the parish, obtained the reinsertion of the leaf in the register. But here, a second time, the means defeated the ends; for, shortly afterward the Duke of Kingston paying her his addresses, she had the mortification to find that it was solely owing to her own folly and wickedness that she had raised a barrier to their union. In this dilemma she caused the Earl of Bristol to be sounded on the subject of a divorce; but he answered, with sufficient coarseness, that he would see her at the devil before he would assist in

making her a duchess. Fortunately, however, a change, some time afterward, took place in his views, and he sent her word that he no longer entertained any objection to a divorce; but added that she herself must supply the requisite evidence, by giving proofs of her own adultery.

As this measure was, of course, out of the question, the only remaining expedient was to institute a cause against Lord Bristol's connubial claims, and to call upon him in open court to produce evidence of their marriage. In this scheme the earl, who was believed to have received a sum of money for his complaisance, entered no less heartily than herself, and as the most important witnesses were carefully kept back, a sentence of jactitation was pronounced in Doctors' Commons in 1769, by which she considered herself at liberty to marry whom she chose. Accordingly, she forthwith accepted the hand of the Duke of Kingston, with whom it was believed she had some time carried on an illicit intercourse.

Nothing could exceed the splendour with which this strange marriage was solemnised. George the Third and his queen wore favours on the occasion, and the new duchess was unhesitatingly received at their court. The duke, who figures as an unassuming, warm-hearted man, survived their union only five years. The duchess, however, during this period, had obtained over him so unbounded an influence that, by his last will, he

bequeathed her, for her lifetime, the whole of his large estates; on the express condition, however, that she should remain single after his death. The duchess, to whom the contents of the will had by some means become known during her husband's lifetime, was far from satisfied with the clause which precluded her from again entering into the marriage state; and accordingly, while the duke was on the point of death, she actually sent for his solicitor from London, with the intention, if possible, to obtain the withdrawal of the restriction. When this person was admitted to the duke's presence, he found him in such a state of mental imbecility as to render the introduction of such a topic improper in the extreme. He mentioned his objections to the duchess, who was highly indignant at what she considered his presumption. However, the lawyer positively refused to take any step in the affair, and as the duke shortly afterward expired, the will remained as it was originally drawn up.

Shortly after the death of her husband the duchess paid a visit to Italy, and finally took up her residence at Rome. Here she was honourably received by Ganganelli, known as the "Protestant Pope," who lodged her in one of the cardinals' palaces, and conferred privileges upon her which had hitherto been granted only to sovereign princes. In return for these favours, she indulged the Romans with a sight of her beautiful yacht,

which with great difficulty was brought up the Tiber. But in the midst of all this gratified vanity she received a shock, probably little anticipated. A female servant, of the name of Craddock, who had been present at the first marriage of the duchess, had applied during her absence to her Grace's solicitor for pecuniary assistance; which, probably from being ignorant of the expediency of complying with her request, the lawyer unfortunately refused. The woman, thus disappointed, applied herself to Mr. Evelyn Meadows, eldest nephew of the late Duke of Kingston,[1] to whom the information which she possessed was necessarily of the highest importance. In consequence, it appears, of some misunderstanding between this gentleman and the duke, his Grace had passed him over in his will, and had bequeathed his estates, after the death of his duchess, to his younger nephew. By proving, therefore, that, at the time of her marriage with the duke, the duchess was to all intents the wife of another man, it was expected that the will would be proved invalid and that the estates would consequently devolve on Mr. Evelyn Meadows as the heir-at-law. On this presumption, a bill of indictment for bigamy was in all haste preferred against the duchess, intimation of which was forwarded to her by her lawyers, accompanied by a recommen-

[1] He was the son of Lady Frances Pierrepoint, sister of the duke.

dation that she should return immediately to England, in order to prevent the outlawry, to which she would otherwise have been subjected.

The duchess was not slow in taking the hint, and immediately repaired to her banker at Rome, in order to obtain a supply of money to defray the expenses of her journey. This person, however, whether he was in league with the opposite party, or unwilling to lose so good a customer, or whether it happened that he had not at his disposal so large a sum of money as was required by the duchess, invariably denied himself to her whenever she called. The duchess, rendered frantic by his behaviour, and tortured by suspense, eventually became so alarmed at her protracted detention in Rome, that one day she actually took her seat on the steps of the banker's door, determined to remain there till he should grant her an interview. The man of business was at length compelled to yield to her importunities; but, although he admitted her to a personal conference, he still endeavoured to evade a compliance with her demands. Enraged at these constant delays, the infuriated duchess is said to have actually drawn forth a pair of pistols, and to have presented them at the banker's head. This bold measure produced the desired effect, and the money having been unwillingly paid, the duchess commenced her journey toward England.

With the exception of an illness, produced by

anxiety and overexcitement, the duchess reached Calais in safety. Her near approach to her native land appears to have increased in a painful degree her dread of the consequences which awaited her arrival. She had no idea, it seems, that her offence was bailable, and therefore connected her fate with all the presumed horrors of a common gaol, and all the terrible paraphernalia with which incarceration usually presents itself to a woman. This unenviable state of mind was in some degree alleviated by a visit she received from the celebrated Lord Mansfield, who explained to her the precise position in which she was placed, and the measures it would be expedient for her to adopt. On her arrival in England she had the mortification to find that not only was her story the topic of general conversation, but that her adventures, her vices, and eccentricities were daily figuring in the public journals, exaggerated, moreover, by the most disagreeable details.

The trial of the duchess for bigamy took place in the House of Lords in the month of April, 1776. The result is well known. The whole of the peers present found her "guilty upon their honours," the Duke of Newcastle alone softening the verdict by saying, "Guilty erroneously, but not intentionally, upon my honour." The duchess claimed the privilege of the peerage; on which she was discharged from custody on payment of the usual fees.

Among other circumstances which prove the extent to which the private history of the notorious duchess was seized upon as public property, may be mentioned the fact of Foote sketching her under the name of Kitty Crocodile, in a comedy called a "Trip to Calais," a circumstance which subsequently led to a curious correspondence between the duchess and the dramatic caricaturist. When Foote commenced the piece in question, it seems to have been altogether a matter of indifference to him whether he remunerated himself by the success of his comedy on the stage, or by extorting a sum of money from the duchess for its suppression. His conduct, indeed (though there are circumstances which tend to raise our opinion of his wit), says but little for the goodness of his heart. Foote, it seems, had employed a mutual friend to mention the existence of the comedy to the duchess; and as an impression was left by this person that such passages in the piece as had any reference to her conduct were likely to influence the public in her favour, she naturally expressed a desire to peruse it. Accordingly, Foote waited upon her in person, and drawing the comedy from his pocket, actually commenced reading to her the gross character which he had drawn of herself. The indignation of the duchess knew no bounds, and she inveighed passionately against the scandalous picture: "You! madam," said Foote, "this is not designed for

your Grace." The duchess affected to laugh off the matter, and having obtained a loan of the play for a few hours, returned it the next morning to the author, with a request that she might be allowed to purchase the copyright. The sum which he had the conscience to demand was £2,000, and so much importance did the duchess attach to its suppression that she actually made him an offer of £1,600; Foote, however, imagining that, in the present emergency of her affairs, she would be compelled to accede to his original demand, positively refused to receive a less sum. In acting thus he overreached himself. The duchess appealed to the Earl of Hertford, then lord chamberlain, who immediately issued a mandate prohibiting the piece from being represented on the stage.

Foote's anger was now for a time averted from the Duchess of Kingston to Lord Hertford. Horace Walpole writes to Marshal Conway, on the 9th of August, 1775: "You have heard, to be sure, of the war between your brother and Foote; but probably not how far the latter has carried his impudence. Being asked why Lord Hertford had refused to license his piece, he replied, 'Why, he asked me to make his youngest son a box-keeper, and because I would not, he stopped my play!' The Duchess of Kingston offered to buy it off, but Foote would not take her money, and swears he will act her in Lady Brumpton, which, to be sure, is very applicable."

Precluded by the chamberlain's edict from bringing his piece on the stage, Foote subsequently threatened the duchess to publish it unless he received the sum for which he had originally stipulated. But he again found that he had defeated his own projects, for the lady, by the advice of her friends, threatened him with a prosecution for an attempt at extortion. Foote, becoming somewhat alarmed, addressed a conciliatory letter to the duchess. This letter she was ill-advised enough to answer, in language, moreover, sufficiently severe to whet the malice of her maligner, without being in any degree calculated to overawe him into silence. In order fully to understand the admirable wit and cutting sarcasm contained in Foote's reply, it is necessary to insert the letter which provoked it.

"SIR: — I was at dinner when I received your ill-judged letter. As there is little consideration required, I shall sacrifice a moment to answer it. I know too well what is due to my own dignity to enter into a compromise with an extortionable assassin of private reputation. If I have abhorred you for your slander, I now despise you for your concessions; it is a proof of the illiberality of your satire, when you can publish or suppress it as best suits the needy convenience of your purse. You first had the cowardly baseness to draw the sword, and, if I sheath it until I make you crouch

like the subservient vassal, as you are, then is there no spirit in an injured woman, nor meanness in a slanderous buffoon.

"To a man, my sex alone would have screened me from attack; but I am writing to the descendant of a merry-andrew, and prostitute the name of manhood by applying it to Mr. Foote.

"Cloathed in innocence, as in a coat of mail, I am proof against a host of foes; and, conscious of never having intentionally injured a single individual, I doubt not but a brave and generous public will protect me from the malevolence of a theatrical assassin. You shall have cause to remember that, though I would have given liberally for the relief of your necessities, I scorn to be bullied into a purchase of your silence.

"There is something, however, in your pity, at which my nature revolts. To make me an offer of pity at once betrays your insolence and your vanity. I will keep the pity you send until the morning before you are turned off, when I will return it by a Cupid, with a box of lip-salve, and a choir of choristers shall chaunt a stave to your requiem.

"E. KINGSTON.

"*Kingston House, Sunday, 13th August.*

"P. S. You would have received this sooner, but the servant has been a long time writing it."

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the flippancy, coarseness, and bad taste which characterise this ill-judged epistle. Had the duchess dropped the subject when it ceased to be of any real importance, or even had she rested the justice of her cause on Foote's infamous attempt at extortion, she would have acted a sensible part; but to enter into a contest of wit with such a man; to meet him with his own weapons, and on his own ground, affords evidence of the most ridiculous infatuation. The admirable severity of Foote's answer must be evident to every one. The attack upon his profession, the loss of his £2,000, and the interest taken by the public in his contentions with the duchess, served as excellent whetstones to his wit.

"MADAM:—Though I have neither time nor inclination to answer the illiberal attacks of your agents, yet a public correspondence with your Grace is too great an honour for me to decline. I can't help thinking but it would have been prudent in your Grace to have answered my letter before dinner, or at least postponed it to the cool hour of the morning; you would then have found that I had voluntarily granted that request which you had endeavoured, by so many different ways, to obtain.

"Lord Mountstuart, for whose amiable qualities I have the highest respect, and whose name your

agents first very unnecessarily produced to the public, must recollect, when I had the honour to meet him at Kingston House, by your Grace's appointment, that, instead of begging relief from your charity, I rejected your splendid offers to suppress 'The Trip to Calais,' with the contempt they deserved. Indeed, madam, the humanity of my royal and benevolent master, and the public protection, have placed me much above the reach of your bounty.

"But why, madam, put on your coat of mail against me? I have no hostile intentions. Folly, not vice, is the game I pursue. In those scenes which you so unaccountably apply to yourself, you must observe that there is not the slightest hint at the little incidents of your life, which have excited the curiosity of the grand inquest for the county of Middlesex. I am happy, madam, however, to hear that your robe of innocence is in such perfect repair; I was afraid it might have been a little the worse for the wearing; may it hold out to keep you warm the next winter.[1]

"The progenitors your Grace has done me the honour to give me are, I presume, merely metaphorical persons, and to be considered as the authors of my muse, and not of my manhood. A merry-andrew and a prostitute are no bad poetical parents, especially for a writer of plays; the first to give the humour and mirth,

[1] Alluding to the approaching trial of the duchess.

the last to furnish the graces and powers of attraction. Prostitutes and players must live by pleasing the public; not but your Grace may have heard of ladies who, by private practice, have accumulated amazing large fortunes. If you mean that I really owe my birth to that pleasing connection, your Grace is grossly deceived. My father was, in truth, a very useful magistrate and respectable country gentleman, as the whole county of Cornwall will tell you. My mother, the daughter of Sir Edward Goodere, Bart., who represented the county of Hereford; her fortune was large, and her morals irreproachable, till your Grace condescended to stain them; she was upwards of fourscore years old when she died, and, what will surprise your Grace, was never married but once in her life. I am obliged to your Grace for your intended present on the day, as you politely express it, when I am to be turned off. But where will your Grace get me the Cupid to bring me the lip-salve? That family, I am afraid, has long quitted your service.

"Pray, madam, is not Jackson[1] the name of your female confidential secretary? and is she not generally clothed in black petticoats made out of your weeds?

[1] The impolitic epistle of the duchess was believed to have been written by a clergyman named Jackson, who had some connection with the newspapers. The whole correspondence appeared in the public journals of the period.

"'So mourn'd the dame of Ephesus her love.'

"I fancy your Grace took the hint when you last resided at Rome; you heard there, I suppose, of a certain Joan who was once elected a Pope, and, in humble imitation, had converted a pious parson into a chambermaid. The scheme is new in the country, and has, doubtless, its particular pleasures. That you may never want the benefit of the clergy in every emergence, is the sincere wish of

"Your Grace's most devoted,
"And obliged humble servant,
"SAM. FOOTE."

It may be remarked that Foote subsequently changed the name of his play from the "Trip to Calais" to the "Capuchin," and brought it out at the Haymarket the following year. The character of "Viper" was universally supposed to be the duchess's coadjutor Jackson, who destroyed himself at Dublin when under trial for high treason, in 1795.

The duchess was no sooner discharged from custody, than an attempt was made, by applying for a writ of *ne exeat regno*, to detain her in England till such a time as the validity of the late duke's will should be decided by the legislature. The duchess, however, having obtained intimation of what was intended, adopted an ingenious and characteristic method of evading the machinations

of her enemies. Having issued cards of invitation for a large dinner-party at Kingston House,[1] and having ordered her equipage to be driven about the most crowded thoroughfares of the metropolis, she set out the same night for Dover, where she was received by one Harding, who commanded her yacht, and who carried her over in an open boat to Calais. The attempt made by Mr. Evelyn Meadows to invalidate the Duke of Kingston's will proved of no avail, the document being drawn up in such a manner as to render it impossible to evade the provisions which it contained.

One of those whose assistance at this period had been most valuable to the duchess was a Doctor Schomberg, a person of some note in his day. After her trial, the duchess expressed her thanks to this gentleman in the warmest manner, and at the same time presented him with a ring, apparently of considerable value. The doctor was highly gratified with the present, but, some time afterward, one of the stones falling out, and a jeweller having been sent for to repair it, "I beg your pardon, sir," said the man, "but really the ring is not worth having anything done to it; the middle stone is a composition, and the whole, at Paris, did not cost above thirty-six shillings."

At Calais the duchess had the honour of being cheated by M. Dessein (the individual whose

[1] Kingston House, Knightsbridge, the residence of the late Marquis Wellesley.

name has been immortalised by Sterne in his "Sentimental Journey") out of a hundred pounds, a circumstance the more mortifying, as she especially prided herself on her insight into human character.

From Calais she proceeded to Rome, where she had the misfortune to find that her house had been robbed in her absence by a profligate friar, who, it seems, had previously accomplished the ruin of her maid. After a short stay in the papal dominions, she returned to Calais, whence she embarked in her yacht to St. Petersburg, and subsequently contrived to secure the friendship of the celebrated Catherine. One of the entertainments which she gave to that princess is said to have been the most splendid that had ever been witnessed in Russia, as many as a hundred and forty servants being in attendance. At this period she purchased, for £12,000, an estate in the neighbourhood of St. Petersburg, which she called by her maiden name of Chudleigh. The prospect of realising a large sum by the manufacture of brandy, seems to have been her principal motive in purchasing the estate.

The duchess, however, appears to have soon wearied of St. Petersburg. The English ambassador[1] seems to have been wanting in his attentions to her, while the Russian nobility no less mortified her by their neglect. In consequence

[1] Sir James Harris, afterward ennobled.

of these disgusts, she returned to France, and purchased an estate in the neighbourhood of Paris, known by the name of Mount Marthe. A second visit was afterward paid by her to St. Petersburg, whence having again returned to France, she purchased a second estate known as St. Assise, the property of one of the princes of the blood. The magnificence of this purchase may be readily comprehended, when we are told that the mansion contained three hundred beds, and that, during the first week after she had taken possession, as many rabbits were killed on the estate as sold for three hundred guineas.[1]

In the purchase of the property of Mount Marthe, the duchess, notwithstanding her boasted powers of discrimination, was so grossly cheated as to be induced to institute a suit against its late possessor. The verdict was given against her; and so deeply did she take it to heart that the circumstance is said to have been the cause of her death. She was at dinner when the tidings were communicated to her, and when in the act of suddenly rising from the table her agitation was so violent as to cause the rupture of a blood-vessel. The consequences of this accident were not at first evident; indeed, after a few days, the duchess, though still complaining of indisposition, insisted

[1] The sum demanded for Mount Marthe was £9,000; that for St. Assise £55,000; and yet her income at this period was computed at no more than £16,000 a year.

upon rising from her bed, and taking some exercise in her apartment. Not content with this act of imprudence, she called for a glass of Madeira, and having drank it, "I knew," she said, "it would do me good, but my heart feels oddly; I will have another glass." Her servants in vain endeavoured to dissuade her from this second indulgence, telling her that it was an early hour in the morning, and that so much wine was not unlikely to produce intoxication. She insisted, however, upon gratifying the whim of the moment, and, having swallowed the second glass, exclaimed, energetically, "I feel myself charmingly indeed." She continued to pace the apartment for a few moments; but presently afterward, complaining of drowsiness, she lay down on her couch, and in a short time had all the appearance of being in a profound sleep. At length her attendants ventured to feel her hands, when by their coldness they perceived that life was extinct. The death of the Duchess of Kingston took place in the month of August, 1788, in the fifty-ninth year of her age.

# CHAPTER XV.

## SIR ROBERT WALPOLE, EARL OF ORFORD.

Third Son of Robert Walpole, Esq. — Born at Houghton in Norfolk, in 1676 — Educated at Eton, on the Foundation — Lord Bolingbroke His Contemporary at School — Mainwaring's Prediction of Walpole's Success as a Speaker — Enters King's College, Cambridge, in 1696 — Attacked with the Smallpox — Resigns His Scholarship, on the Death of His Elder Brother — Anecdote — Walpole's Love of Agricultural Pursuits — His Father's Convivial Habits — Walpole's Marriage in 1700 to Catherine Shorter — Their Mutual Indifference, and Supposed Infidelities — Walpole Elected Member for Castle-Rising in 1700, and in 1702 Member for Lynn-Regis — His Strong Sense and Industry — Nominated Secretary at War — His Resignation on the Removal of the Whigs in 1710 — Hatred of the Tories toward Him — Accused in the House of Commons of Corruption, and Other Misdemeanours, and Committed to the Tower — Campbell of Shawfield — Walpole's Levees in the Tower — Duke and Duchess of Marlborough His Constant Visitors — Ballad by Estcourt — Lines by Lord Lansdown — Walpole's Exertions in the Cause of the Whigs.

ROBERT, third son of Robert Walpole, Esq., was born at Houghton in Norfolk, on the 26th August, 1676. His family appear to have been resident in Norfolk as early as the reign of William the Conqueror, at which period his ancestor,

Reginald de Walpole, fixed himself in that county, and adopted the surname of Walpole from a small town of that name, situated on the borders of Lincolnshire. From this early period till the genius of their celebrated descendant excited the attention of his countrymen, the family of Walpole — though flowing in the direct male line through as many as eighteen generations — appear to have seldom emerged from obscurity and to have contented themselves with engaging in the pursuits and amusements of a country life.

The subject of the present memoir was sent at an early age to a private seminary, at Massingham in Norfolk, from whence he was afterward removed to the Foundation at Eton. At this celebrated school he is said, during the first years of his scholarship, to have been principally characterised by the indolence of his disposition, and to have given but faint hopes of future eminence. The admonitions, however, of his father; the conviction, repeatedly impressed upon him, that, being a younger son, he must trust to his own exertions for future means of support; and more especially his natural strong sense, appear to have eventually overcome his distaste for study and exertion, and when he quitted Eton, in 1696, it was with the character of an excellent scholar.

It was during his continuance at Eton that his acquaintance (and, it has been said, rivalship) with the celebrated Lord Bolingbroke commenced. St.

John, even at this early period, was distinguished among his young companions by his oratorical grace, his brilliant parts, and the extraordinary quickness of his apprehension. On the other hand, the industry, the solid judgment, and yearning after distinction and excellence, which characterised Walpole, appear no less to have attracted the attention of his preceptors. A few years after he had quitted school, — at the period when the eloquence of Bolingbroke was first listened to in the House of Commons, — Doctor Newborough, head master of Eton, happening to converse with a friend on the oratorical powers of some of his old pupils, observed, "As for me, I am impatient to hear that Robert Walpole has spoken, for I am convinced he will make a good orator." A similar prediction was made by Arthur Mainwaring shortly after Walpole had taken his seat in the House of Commons. The future minister having made a confused and not very intelligible speech, was succeeded by another young member, whose unembarrassed manner and happy command of language attracted the attention of the House. At the close of the debate, some one present extolling the powers of the last speaker, and dwelling disparagingly on those of Walpole, "You may applaud the one," said Mainwaring, "and ridicule the other, as much as you please, but depend upon it that the spruce gentleman who made the set speech will never improve, and

that Walpole will in time become an excellent speaker."

On the 22d of April, 1696, Walpole was admitted a scholar of King's College, Cambridge, where he seems to have chiefly distinguished himself by the violence of his Whig principles. Shortly after his matriculation he was seized by an attack of smallpox of so malignant a nature that very slight hopes were entertained of his recovery. He was attended professionally by the once celebrated historian and physician, Dr. Robert Brady, who is said to have remarked to a friend, during the course of Walpole's illness: "We must take care to save this young man, or we shall be accused of having purposely neglected him because he is so violent a Whig." The spirit and resignation displayed by Walpole during his severe illness succeeded in gaining for him the esteem and admiration of his medical adviser. To Brady, indeed, the subsequent recovery of his patient appeared almost miraculous. "His singular escape," he observed, "seems to me a sure prediction that he is reserved for important purposes." As this anecdote was frequently related by Sir Robert Walpole when in the height of his greatness, the doctor's observation may not improbably have stimulated him in his subsequent endeavours to attain to eminence and fame.

In the early part of the year 1698, Walpole, by the death of his elder brother, became heir to the

family estates, and in consequence of the prospects thus opened to him resigned his scholarship at King's College. Many years afterward, when he had become Prime Minister of England, a subscription being opened to erect a new building in connection with the college, the sum of five hundred pounds was subscribed by Sir Robert. The provost and fellows immediately sent to thank him for his munificence. "I deserve no thanks," observed the minister; "I have only paid for my board."

The father of Sir Robert (though he sat in Parliament for many years for the borough of Castle-Rising) figures as a mere country gentleman, who contented himself with filling the unimportant offices of a colonel of militia and a deputy lieutenant of the county. He seems, indeed, to have marked out the same unambitious career for his son; for on the latter quitting Cambridge he immediately summoned him to the country, where he endeavoured to initiate him in the arts of husbandry, and to instil into him those tastes and feelings which were more compatible with the calling of a cattle dealer, than likely to qualify his heir to be the future minister of England. The son appears, in some degree, to have fallen in with the views and wishes of his father. His books were neglected; he was in the habit of attending cattle-fairs in the neighbourhood; his mornings were passed in the occupations of farm-

ing and the sports of the field, and his evenings in joining his father over a social bottle. The hospitality of Houghton was at this period proverbial, and as the master of the mansion delighted in scenes of jollity and mirth, sobriety was not always the characteristic of his festive parties. The old gentleman, moreover, is said to have been rather too fond of replenishing his son's glass, and inciting him to excess. "Come, Robert," he used to say, "you shall drink twice to my once; I cannot permit the son, in his sober senses, to be a witness of the intoxication of his father."

On the 30th of July, 1700, the future minister was united, in Knightsbridge Chapel, to Catherine, daughter of John Shorter, Esq., of Bybrook in Kent, and granddaughter of Sir John Shorter, Lord Mayor of London. Lady Walpole is described as one of the most beautiful and accomplished women of her time. Walpole, too, at this period, is said to have been extremely handsome, so much so that he and his wife were usually designated by their acquaintance as the "handsome couple."

The married life of Walpole, however, was apparently neither a happy nor a reputable one. He was inordinately fond of women, and we have the admission of his own son that he displayed but "little delicacy" in the pursuit of his amours. Easy, profligate, and good-humoured, the feeling of jealousy formed no part of his composition, and as long as Lady Walpole refrained from interfer-

ing with his pleasures, he seems to have troubled himself little with hers. Lady Walpole, indeed, is said to have followed the example of infidelity set by her husband; and, if we are to place any faith in the scandal of the period, admitted Carr, Lord Hervey, to her favours. That nobleman, in fact, was thought to have been the father of the celebrated Horace Walpole. The latter not only bore no resemblance to the great minister, either in person or character, but, moreover, was distinguished by the unmasculine appearance and effeminate tastes which characterised the former generation of the Herveys. The marked neglect, also, with which Sir Robert treated him in his infancy gave additional weight to the scandal. "Sir Robert," we are told, "scarcely took any notice of him till his proficiency in Eton school, when a lad of some standing, drew his attention, and proved that, whether he had or had not a right to the name he went by, he was likely to do it honour." Horace Walpole himself admits, in one of his early letters, that his father had hitherto shown "no partiality" for him; but, on the other hand, the affection and unbounded admiration which he expresses on all occasions for Sir Robert, prove that the possibility of his being the son of another man could never have entered his head.[1]

[1] According to Horace Walpole, Carr, Lord Hervey, was "reckoned of superior parts" to his celebrated brother John, who on his death succeeded him as Lord Hervey. They were

About four months after his marriage, Walpole, by the death of his father, became possessed of the family estate, the rent-roll of which is said to have exceeded £2,000 a year. The same year he was elected member for Castle-Rising, for which borough he sat during the last two Parliaments which preceded the death of William the Third.

In 1702 Walpole was returned to the first Parliament of Queen Anne as member for Lynn-Regis, and continued to be elected for this borough during a succession of Parliaments, till he was finally created Earl of Orford in 1742. From the period when he entered Parliament his history is nearly that of his country. Persisting in a long and determined course of industry and study, and doggedly pursuing his main object, distinction, we find him by degrees attracting the attention of the public, insensibly obtaining credit with the Whig party, and, by his strong sense and prudent conduct, rising, one after another, to the highest offices of the state. The first post for which he was selected was as one of the council to the Lord High Admiral of England, Prince George of Denmark, in 1705. Some time afterward he was nominated secretary at war; which office, however, on the removal of the Whig administration, in 1710, he resigned. To his friend, General Stan-

both the sons of John Hervey, first Earl of Bristol. Carr, Lord Hervey, died at Bath, 15th November, 1723, in his thirty-third year.

hope, he writes, a few days previous to the removal of his party: "I believe, in all probability, this will be the last letter I shall write from this office. We are in such a way here as I cannot describe; but you can imagine nothing worse than you will hear. The Parliament is not yet dissolved, but this week will certainly determine it. Dear Stanhope, God prosper you, and pray make haste to us, that you may see what you will not believe if it were told."

The mere loss of office was not the only inconvenience that Walpole was destined to encounter. His attachment to the interests of the Duke of Marlborough; his able conduct in opposition, and his determined rejection of office under Harley, very shortly drew down upon him the violent hatred of the Tories. By that party, indeed, he seems to have been early marked out for destruction. Accordingly, in December, 1712, the ministry openly charged him, in the House of Commons, with having been guilty of corruption, and other misdemeanours, during the time he held the appointment of secretary at war. These charges were formally discussed in January following, when, the House having come to the resolution that he had been guilty of a "high-breach of trust and notorious corruption," it was ordered that he should be deprived of his seat in Parliament, and committed a prisoner to the Tower of London. The following morning he surrendered himself to

the sergeant at arms, and as he obstinately refused to make a confession of his guilt, and to submit to the censure of the House, he remained a prisoner in the Tower till the prorogation of Parliament, in the month of July, 1713.

It may be remarked that when Sir Robert was ordered to withdraw from the House, while his sentence was under discussion, only one friend, Campbell of Shawfield, a Scotch member, withdrew with him. This person subsequently accompanied him to the Tower. Sir Robert, to his credit, never forgot this instance of friendship, and when in after years he became prime minister, Campbell is said on no occasion to have preferred a request for a friend or acquaintance that it was not gratefully complied with by Walpole.

That Walpole was innocent of the charges brought against him there can be but little doubt. The consciousness, therefore, of this fact, as well as the esteem with which his own party continued to regard him, must undoubtedly have softened the rigour of imprisonment. Moreover, immediately after his dismissal from the House, he was rechosen member for Lynn; his friends were loud in expressing their admiration of his conduct; and so crowded was his apartment in the Tower, by persons of the first rank and distinction, that it is said to have more resembled a splendid levee than the prison of a proscribed man. Among his

constant visitors were the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough; Lords Godolphin, Somers, and Sunderland; and the celebrated Pulteney, — then his most intimate friend, but afterward his bitterest enemy.

The encomiums heaped on Walpole at this period (as they not only exhibit how highly his conduct and talents were appreciated by his own party, but contain some remarkable predictions of his future greatness) are not without interest.

The following ballad, composed by Estcourt the actor, is said to have been extremely popular at the time:

ON THE JEWEL IN THE TOWER.

I.

"If what the Tower of London holds
Is valued for more than its power;
Then counting what it now enfolds,
How wondrous rich is this same Tower!

II.

"I think not of the armoury,
Nor of the guns, and lions' roar,
Nor yet the valued library,
I mean the Jewel in the Tower.

III.

"This Jewel late adorned the Court,
With excellence unknown before;
But now being blown upon in sport,
This Jewel's case is now the Tower.

IV.

"State lapidaries there have been,
To weigh and prove and look it o'er;
The very fashion's worth being seen,
The intrinsic, more than is the Tower.

V.

"'Tis not St. George's diamond,
Nor any of his partner's store;
It never yet to such belonged,
Which sent this Jewel to the Tower.

VI.

"With thousand methods they did try it,
Whose firmness strengthened every hour;
They were not able all to buy it,
And so they sent it to the Tower.

VII.

"They would have proved it counterfeit,—
That it was right 'twas truly swore;
But oaths, nor words, could nothing get,
And so they sent it to the Tower.

VIII.

"Its brilliant brightness who can doubt?
By Marlborough it was sometimes wore;
They turned the mighty master out
Who turned this Jewel into the Tower.

IX.

"These are the marks upon it found:
King William's crest it bears before;

And 'liberty' 's engraven round,
Though now confined within the Tower.

X.

"Nor France in it an interest has,
Nor Spain, with all its golden ore;
For to the Queen and high allies
Belongs this Jewel in the Tower.

XI.

"The owners modestly reserved
It in a decent Norfolk bower;
And scarce yet think it has deserved
The Cæsar's honour of the Tower.

XII.

"The day shall come to make amends,
This Jewel shall with pride be wore;
And o'er his foes, and with his friends,
Shine glorious bright out of the Tower."

We are assured that Lady Walpole used frequently to sing this ballad, laying particular stress on the last two lines of the concluding stanza:

"O'er his foes, and with his friends,
Shine glorious bright out of the Tower."

The apartment occupied by Walpole in the Tower was afterward inhabited by the once celebrated poet, Lord Lansdown, when, in 1715, that nobleman suffered imprisonment for his supposed intrigues on behalf of the house of Stuart. Walpole had written his name on the window;

and the circumstance being pointed out to Lansdown, he inscribed beneath it the following lines:

> "Good unexpected, evil unforeseen,
> Appear by turns, as fortune shifts the scene;
> Some, raised aloft, come tumbling down amain,
> And fall so hard, they bound and rise again."

Walpole, being incapacitated at this period from sitting in the House of Commons, employed himself in advocating the cause of his party with his pen. In other respects, too, by his strenuous exertions, his judicious advice, and his animating counsels, he dissipated the jealousies of his party, and preserved that necessary unanimity among the Whig leaders, which on more than one occasion was threatened with destruction. His services, indeed, in favour of his party were of the highest order, and the debt was cheerfully acknowledged by his political associates. "His zeal and exertions," says Archdeacon Coxe, "were so conspicuous, that he received a flattering testimony of esteem in a visit which he paid to Godolphin, while confined with his last illness at St. Albans, in the house of the Duchess of Marlborough. The dying statesman, turning to the duchess, who stood by his bedside, said to her, 'If you ever forsake that young man, and if souls are permitted to return to the earth from the grave, I will appear to you and reproach you for your conduct.'"

# CHAPTER XVI.

## ROBERT WALPOLE, EARL OF ORFORD.

Returned Again to Parliament for Lynn — Appointed First Lord Commissioner of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, in 1715 — His Resignation in 1717 — Extract from a Letter of His Son Horace — Walpole Recalled to the Treasury and Exchequer in 1720 — His Vigilance against the Jacobites — Anecdotes of Walpole's Escape from Assassination — Made a Knight of the Garter in 1726 — Young's Complimentary Lines — Amusing Lampoon — Sir Spencer Compton — Queen Caroline's Patronage of Walpole — Characteristic Anecdotes — Queen Caroline's Death — Pulteney's Celebrated Motion in 1742 — Anecdotes of the Debate — Walpole's Resignation — Created Earl of Orford — Affecting Interview between the King and Walpole — Anecdote of an Old Clergyman — Walpole's Retirement to Houghton — His Occupations — His Letter to General Churchill — His Conviviality at Houghton — His Grossness of Conversation — His Personal Quarrel with Lord Townshend — His Contempt for Poets — Obtains a Pension for Young — His Patronage of the Fine Arts — His Personal Appearance — Manners — Easy Temper — His Love of Field Sports — Extract from Archdeacon Coxe — Gradual Decline of Walpole's Health — His Torments from the Stone — His Exemplary Fortitude — His Death in 1745 — His Family by His First and Second Wives — Sketch of His Character by Burke — Poetical Portrait by Sir C. H. Williams.

In the Parliament which was called in September, 1713, Walpole was again returned for Lynn.

Swift commemorates him in some verses written in this year:

> "You'll then defy the strongest Whig
> With both his hands to bend a twig;
> Though with united strength they all pull,
> From Somers down to Craggs and Walpole."

At the accession of George the First, the following year, his attachment to the house of Hanover was rewarded by the appointment of paymaster of the forces; shortly after which event, on the 11th of October, 1715, he was appointed first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer. He remained in office, however, only a short time; and on the disunion that took place in the Whig party in 1717, he requested an audience of his Majesty, and formally tendered his resignation of the seals.

To the king, Walpole's resignation of office appears to have been equally unwelcome and unexpected; indeed, so highly did he appreciate the services of this celebrated man, that he not only endeavoured to retain him in office by repeated personal entreaties, but when Walpole respectfully, though firmly, refused to take back the seals, the king actually placed them in his hat with his own hand. In a letter, addressed by the elder Horace Walpole to the Reverend H. Etough, there is an interesting account of this remarkable scene. "When my brother," he writes,

"waited upon the king to give up the seal as chancellor of the exchequer, his Majesty seemed extremely surprised, and absolutely refused to accept it, expressing himself, in the kindest and strongest terms, that he had no thoughts of parting with him; and in a manner begging him not to leave his service, returned the seal, which my brother had laid upon the table in the closet, into his hat, as well as I remember, ten times. His Majesty took it at last, not without expressing great concern, as well as resentment, at my brother's perseverance. To conclude this remarkable event, I was in the room next to the closet waiting for my brother, and when he came out, the heat, flame, and agitation, with the water standing in his eyes, appeared so strongly in his face, and indeed all over him, that he affected everybody in the room; and 'tis said that they that went into the closet immediately found the king no less disordered." From this period till 1720, Walpole, though actively engaged in his parliamentary duties, and indefatigable in his exertions to promote the interests of his party, remained without employment in the state. In June, 1720, however, he was again appointed paymaster-general of the forces; and in April, 1721, was installed in his former offices of first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer. During the absence of the king in Hanover in the course of this year we find him

conducting the affairs of the government as sole secretary of state, his colleague, Lord Carteret, to advance his own interests, accompanying his royal master on his foreign progress.

Sir Robert Walpole used to observe that during the time he was first minister to George the First he governed the kingdom with bad Latin. As the king was ignorant of the English language and Walpole of the French, Latin was their only channel of communication.

The steadiness and vigilance with which Walpole opposed and counteracted the designs of the Jacobites in this country (as well during the rebellion of 1715 as during the ferment caused by the proceedings against Atterbury in 1722) not only rendered the minister an object of the bitterest hatred to the adherents of the Stuarts, but on more than one occasion exposed him to the risk of assassination. One night, during the progress of the rebellion, he was sitting alone with a renegade Jacobite, who occasionally supplied him with secret intelligence, when the man suddenly started up, and, thrusting his hand into his bosom, exclaimed, "Why do I not kill you now?" "Because," said Sir Robert, also rising from his chair, "I am a younger and a stronger man." It appears that they then sat down again, and quietly resumed the thread of their discourse. Sir Robert, indeed, had afterward reason to believe that the man had no real intention of

seeking his life, but merely sought to extort money by intimidation.

So great, it may be remarked, was the importance which Walpole's enemies attached to his removal from office, and such the malignity of party feeling, that at one period the opposition journals actually pointed out to the public the circumstance of his frequently passing Putney Bridge at night, attended by only two servants, and hinted that it offered an excellent opportunity of despatching him. Sir Robert, we may observe, was as intrepid as he was unsuspicious; and during Atterbury's plot — the period when rumours of his intended assassination were most prevalent — not only positively refused to adopt any kind of precaution against the dangers which threatened him, but used good-humouredly to banter his friends on their fears. On one occasion only could he be induced to believe himself in real danger. "That once," says his son Horace, "occurred thus: A day or two before the Bill of Pains and Penalties was to pass the House of Commons against the Bishop of Rochester, Mr. Johnstone advertised Sir Robert to be circumspect, for three or four persons meditated to assassinate him as he should leave the House at night. Sir Robert laughed and forgot the notice. The morning after the debate Johnstone came to Sir Robert with a kind of good-natured insult, telling him that, though he had scoffed his advice, he had for

once followed it, and by so doing preserved his life. Sir Robert understood not what he meant, and protested he had not given more credit than usual to his warning. 'Yes,' said Johnstone, 'but you did; for you did not come from the House last night in your own chariot.' Walpole affirmed that he did; but his friend persisting in his asseveration, Sir Robert called one of his footmen, who replied, 'I did call up your honour's carriage; but Colonel Churchill being with you, and his chariot driving up first, your honour stepped into that, and your own came home empty.' Johnstone, triumphing in his own veracity, and pushing the examination further, Sir Robert's coachman recollected that, as he left Palace Yard, three men, much muffled, had looked into the empty chariot. The mystery was never further cleared up; and my father frequently said it was the only instance of the kind in which he had ever seen any appearance of a real design."

At a later period Sir Robert appears to have been in much more danger from the violence of a mob than from the attacks of an assassin. "The Earl of Egmont told me," says Horace Walpole, "that he was once at a consultation of the opposition, in which it was proposed to have Sir Robert murdered by a mob, of which the earl had declared his abhorrence. Such an attempt was actually made in 1733, at the time of the famous Excise Bill. As the minister descended the stairs

of the House of Commons on the night he carried the bill, he was guarded on one side by his second son, Edward, and on the other by General Charles Churchill; but the crowd behind endeavoured to throw him down, as he was a bulky man, and trample him to death; and that not succeeding, they tried to strangle him by pulling his red cloak tight, but, fortunately, the strings broke by the violence of the tug."[1] This same year Sir Robert appears to have been in some danger from a lunatic, professing the Roman Catholic religion, who, having resolved to take away his own life, expressed his determination previously to deprive Sir Robert Walpole of his. It seems by the Orford papers that the announcement of his danger was made to Sir Robert by another Roman Catholic, who subsequently performed the good office of getting the lunatic quietly removed out of the kingdom.

On the revival of the Order of the Bath in 1725, Walpole was created a Knight of the Order, and in May, 1726, was honoured with the Garter. The latter distinction was the more flattering, as, with the exception of Admiral Montagu, afterward Earl of Sandwich, he was the only commoner who for centuries had been similarly distinguished. Young,

[1] Nearly the same story is related by Coxe, who affirms, however, that it was to the courage and promptitude of the celebrated Henry Pelham, who drew his sword on the assailants, that Sir Robert was, in all probability, indebted for his life.

the author of the "Night Thoughts," in his poem of "The Instalment," pays a fine compliment to Walpole on this occasion. The poet thus invokes the knights of the olden time to descend and assist at the inauguration of their illustrious successor:

"Ye mighty dead, ye garter'd sons of praise!
Our morning stars! our boast in former days!
Which hovering o'er, your purple wings display,
Lured by the pomp of this distinguish'd day,
Stoop and attend; by one the knee be bound,
One, throw the mantle's crimson folds around;
By that, the sword on his proud thigh be placed;
This, clasp the diamond girdle round his waist;
His breast with rays let just Godolphin spread,
Wise Burleigh plant the plumage on his head;
And Edward own, since first he fix'd the race,
None press'd fair glory with a swifter pace."

To these highly eulogistical verses, the following lively contemporary lampoon forms an amusing contrast:

"*On Sir Robert Walpole's being translated from the Order of the Bath to that of the Garter.*

"Sir Robert, his merit and int'rest to shew,
Pulls off the red ribbon, and puts on the blue;
To two strings already the knight's been preferr'd;
Odd numbers are lucky, — I wish him a third."

At this period the person of Walpole had not acquired that inconvenient corpulency which was afterward its principal characteristic; and when, at his installation, he walked in the procession of

the Knights of the Garter, we are told that, after the Duke of Grafton and Lord Townshend, his appearance was the most distinguished of any present.

The death of George the First, in 1727, appeared, to all human foresight, to be a certain prelude to the downfall of Sir Robert Walpole. He was the first to announce the event to the new monarch; and when, as is usual on such occasions, he inquired whom his Majesty would wish to draw up the declaration to the Privy Council, the king, to Walpole's mortification, mentioned Sir Spencer Compton. This person, though he had been selected to fill more than one office of importance under the state, and was at this period Speaker of the House of Commons,[1] yet was far from being distinguished for the emi-

[1] Spencer, third son of James, third Earl of Northampton. He filled the Speaker's chair in the Parliaments of 1714 and 1722, and subsequently held the appointments of paymaster-general of the forces, and treasurer of Chelsea Hospital. On the 11th of January, 1728, George the Second created him Baron Wilmington, and two years afterward he was constituted lord privy seal. On the 14th of May, 1730, he was advanced to be Viscount Pevensey and Earl of Wilmington; in December following he was appointed president of the council; on the 22d of August, 1733, he was honoured with the Order of the Garter, and some time afterward was appointed first commissioner of the treasury. Sir Charles H. Williams, on more than one occasion, diverts himself with the pomposity of this solemn peer. In his "New Ode to a Great Number of Great Men," he writes:

> "See yon old, dull, important lord,
> Who at the longed-for money-board
> Sits first, but does not lead:

nence of his abilities, and, indeed, appears to have solely recommended himself by the gravity of his manners and his punctuality in conducting business, — qualities for which George the Second was himself principally remarkable, and which he looked upon as virtues in another.

Walpole, during the two days which succeeded the appointment of the new minister, is described as in a state of agitation and despondency which it was painful to witness, and would be difficult to describe. There was, however, one individual, Queen Caroline, whose strong sense and clear perception rendered her fully capable of appreciating the conduct and character of the discarded minister, and who consequently hastened to extend to him that patronage and friendship which she never afterward withdrew. "She used to converse," says Archdeacon Coxe, "with George the First at chapel, on political subjects; and once in particular, having observed that a want of proper funds would oblige him to disband his

> His younger brethren all things make;
> So that the Treasury's like a snake,
> And the tail moves the head."

And again, in the "Dialogue between Samuel Sandys and Edmund Waller, Esqrs.:"

> "Now on Lord Wilmington I often wait,
> Versed in affairs methodically great;
> Business he loves, nor e'er the board does fail,
> True as the clock, though slower than a snail."

The Earl of Wilmington died unmarried in July, 1743, when all his honours became extinct.

Hanover troops, he replied, 'No, for Walpole can convert stones into gold.' This anecdote recurred to her recollection; she communicated it to the king, and exerted herself to abate his predilection for Compton, and influence him in favour of Walpole." Another motive, which impelled the queen to take the part of Sir Robert, is said to have been a want of deference and respect which she had formerly experienced from Compton. But probably her principal inducement was a promise made to her by Walpole, that, in the event of his continuing in office, he would increase her jointure £40,000; the sum proposed by Sir Spencer Compton was £60,000 per annum, that promised by Walpole £100,000.

Of the total unfitness of Sir Spencer Compton to conduct the affairs of the state, George the Second was perhaps the only individual in his dominions who entertained the shadow of a doubt. Compton himself appears to have been fully satisfied of the fact, and repeatedly lamented his incapacity to his friends. When the queen, however, in the presence of Walpole, declared it to be the king's intention to continue Compton in the high office to which he had advanced him, Walpole, with a generosity which was much to his credit, unequivocally promised him his influence and support. At this flattering instance of unlooked-for kindness, Compton is said to have been so much affected as to shed tears.

The world hastened to salute the rising sun; and during the two days that Compton remained in office, his house in St. James's Square was besieged by persons of all ranks eager to pay their respects to the new minister. On one of the days in question Walpole happened to be passing through the square in his carriage. "Do you observe," he said to a friend, "how my house is deserted, and how that door is crowded with carriages? To-morrow the scene will be changed, that house will be deserted, and mine will be more frequented than ever."

As the queen had been unremitting in her exertions to procure Walpole's recall, and, indeed, as it was solely through her means that it was subsequently effected, so had she the satisfaction to be the first to announce it to the world. The manner in which she made it public is related in an anecdote communicated by the late Earl of Orford to Archdeacon Coxe: "On the first drawing-room, which the queen held at Leicester House, Lady Walpole, among others, was present; but, as there was a great crowd, and her husband was supposed to have received his dismission, no one retired, till the queen, perceiving her at some distance, beckoned to her and said, 'There, I am sure I see a friend.' Instantly the whole company made way. She approached the queen, and kissed her hand. Her Majesty spoke to her in a most gracious manner, and Lady Walpole, in relat-

ing the anecdote to her son, from whom I received it, added, 'And in returning I might have walked upon their heads, so eager were they to pay their court to me.'" From this period Queen Caroline ever remained Walpole's firmest friend, and till the death of that princess, in 1737, his influence over his sovereign continued unshaken.

It may be remarked that when the queen was on her death-bed, the king happening one day to be standing with Sir Robert by her bedside, the dying princess, after introducing the subject of her approaching dissolution, pathetically recommended, "not the minister to the sovereign, but the master to the servant." Some time after the queen's death, the king happened to be engaged with Sir Robert in perusing some intercepted letters from Germany, in which it was stated that, now the queen was no more, the power of Walpole must shortly be at an end. "On the contrary," said the king, "you know she recommended me to you."

The demise of the queen, however, tended indirectly to undermine the political influence of Sir Robert Walpole; and though for some time longer he continued first minister, still it was evident that the increasing power of the opposition, and some unfortunate altercations which took place in the Cabinet, must eventually have the effect of driving him from office. At length, on the 21st of January, 1742, Pulteney brought

forward his celebrated motion; ostensibly, to refer to a secret committee the papers connected with the war, but in reality impugning the conduct of the minister, and reducing the differences between the two parties to a trial of strength. Walpole, on this occasion, by his extraordinary exertions, his powerful eloquence, and his intimate knowledge of the various features of the complicated question in debate, is said to have exceeded every previous effort of his vigorous mind. On the other hand, Pulteney, at the head of the opposition, gave vent to a violent tirade of argument and invective against the devoted minister; while, such was the spirit with which each party was animated, that, on both sides, members were almost dragged from the bed of sickness for the purpose of securing their votes.

The Prince of Wales happened to be present on the occasion, for the purpose of listening to the debates, when a member was brought in who had entirely lost the use of his limbs. Turning to General Churchill, who was next him, "I see," said the prince, "that you bring in the lame, the halt, and the blind." "Yes, sir," replied the general, "the lame on your side, and the blind on ours."[1] During one of the debates at this re-

[1] Horace Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann, 22d January, 1742: "It was a most shocking sight to see the sick and dead brought in on both sides. Men on crutches, and Sir William Gordon from his bed, with a blister on his head, and flannel hanging out from under his wig. I could scarce pity him, for

markable period, Walpole happening to apply to himself the line from the Epistles of Horace,

"Nil conscire sibi, nullâ pallescere culpâ,"

pronounced the word *nulli* instead of *nullâ*. The classical ear of Pulteney was offended, and, in replying to Walpole's speech, he told him that his logic was as bad as his Latin.[1] The minister warmly defended the correctness of his quotation, and, with his usual want of political decorum, offered to bet Pulteney a guinea that he was right. Nicholas Hardinge, a clerk of the House of Commons, and a man eminent for his classical attainments, was called upon to decide the wager. Hardinge gave his opinion against the minister, on which Walpole threw Pulteney his guinea. Pulteney, having caught it in his hand, exclaimed, as he held up the coin, "This is the only money I have received from the treasury for many years, and it shall be the last."

To such lengths, it may be remarked, did party

his ingratitude. The day before the Westminster petition, Sir Charles Wager gave his son a ship, and the next day the father came down and voted against him. The son has since been cast away, but they concealed it from the father that he might not absent himself."

[1] A somewhat similar story is related of Edmund Burke in the House of Commons. In the course of a debate he made use of the words, *Magnum vectĭgal est parsimonia.* The bad prosody caught the ears of Lord North, then prime minister, and he exclaimed, "*Magnum vectīgal est parsimonia.*" "I thank the noble lord," said Burke, no way abashed, "for he has given me opportunity of again repeating, *Magnum vectīgal est parsimonia.*"

feeling extend, that, several friends of the administration being assembled in an apartment of Lord Walpole that adjoined the House of Commons, dirt and sand were thrust into the keyhole by the opposite party in order to prevent them from being present at the division. The motion was eventually negatived by a majority of only three, in the fullest House of Commons which had assembled for years.

So insignificant a victory was, in fact, little better than a defeat; the friends of the ministry gradually became lukewarm in their support, and finally, on the 28th of January, — on a question regarding the Chippenham election, — Walpole found himself actually defeated by a majority of sixteen. While the tellers were reckoning the votes, Walpole, who could not but foresee the result, beckoned to Sir Edward Baynton to sit beside him. He spoke of the favours which he had conferred on many of the members present, and who were now the foremost to oppose him; dwelt complacently on his own impending disgrace, and finally declared that he would never again sit in that house. On the 3d of February the House adjourned, on the 9th Sir Robert Walpole was created Earl of Orford, and on the 11th he resigned his office of prime minister.

Notwithstanding that, since the death of Queen Caroline, the king had on more than one occasion displayed considerable peevishness and ill-humour

in his communications with Walpole, he nevertheless appears to have accepted with sincere regret his minister's resignation of office; and, although the Duke of Dorset and the Earl of Wilmington had for some time been using their utmost endeavours to induce his Majesty to dismiss him, he positively refused to acquiesce in his removal except at the express desire of Walpole himself. The final interview between the king and his old servant is said to have been deeply affecting. Lord Hartington, in a letter to the Duke of Devonshire, informs us that when Sir Robert, in the act of tendering his resignation, knelt down to kiss the hand of his sovereign, George the Second not only shed tears, but for some time was so overwhelmed with grief as to be unable to raise Walpole from the ground. Before they parted the king expressed the warmest gratitude for the long and faithful services of the fallen minister, and requested that he would hereafter give him the advantage of his experience, should he ever happen to require his counsel and advice.

Personally beloved by his friends, and having made fewer enemies than generally falls to the lot of a first minister, no man ever quitted office accompanied by more flattering proofs of attachment and respect. Horace Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann, on the 4th of February, 1742: "There were a few bonfires last night, but they

are very unfashionable, for never was fallen minister so followed. When he kissed the king's hand to take his first leave, the king fell on his neck, wept, and kissed him, and begged to see him frequently. He will continue in town, and assist the ministry in the Lords. Mr. Pelham has declared that he will accept nothing that was Sir Robert's ; and this moment the Duke of Richmond has been here from court to tell Sir R. that he had resigned the mastership of the horse, having received it from him unasked, and that he would not keep it beyond his ministry. This is the greater honour, as it was so unexpected, and as he had no personal friendship with the duke."

Expressions of regard and condolence flowed in from all quarters ; the house of the ex-minister was besieged by persons of all ranks, and his last levee is said to have been more crowded than his first. It was shortly after his quitting office that an old clergyman, who had been his schoolmaster before he went to Eton, paid him a visit at Houghton, and in the course of conversation observed that he had early predicted he would be a great man. "But why," said Walpole, "did you not call upon me when I was in power?" "I knew," said the other, "that you were surrounded by so many petitioners craving preferment, and that you had done so much for Norfolk people, that I did not wish to intrude. But," he added, in the language of old times, "I always inquired

how Robin went on, and was satisfied with your proceedings."

Shortly after his resignation Walpole retired to his family seat at Houghton, where he continued principally to reside during the few remaining years of his eventful life. His time was occupied, for the most part, either in observing the progress of his new plantations, or in arranging the magnificent gallery of pictures which he had been long collecting. Such, after the loss of power, were the resources of this extraordinary man, who, for more than a quarter of a century, had been the dispenser of wealth and power, who, during that period, had guided the helm of a great empire, and who, having at length escaped from the vortex of human passions, and the clashing interests of opposing factions, could speak of retirement as the best boon of Heaven, and of human grandeur as a bubble beneath the regard of a philosopher. That Walpole was sincere in these professions, his tardy and unwilling resignation of office, as well as some other circumstances, give us reason to doubt. He one day remarked to a friend in the library at Houghton: "I wish I took as much delight in reading as you do; it would be the means of alleviating many tedious hours, but, to my misfortune, I derive no pleasure from such pursuits." His son Horace also informs us that his father "loved neither reading nor writing."

It is scarcely possible, indeed, to peruse the following letter, addressed by him to General Churchill, curious and interesting as it is, without in some degree questioning the reality of that stoical indifference to past greatness, on which the writer so complacently dwells.

"HOUGHTON, 24th June, 1743.

"DEAR CHARLES: — This place affords no news, no subject of entertainment or amusement, for fine men of wit and pleasure about town understand not the language, and taste not the pleasures of the inanimate world. My flatterers here are all mutes. The oaks, the beeches, the chestnuts, seem to contend which best shall please the lord of the manor. They cannot deceive, they will not lie. I in sincerity admire them, and have as many beauties about me as fill up all my hours of dangling, and no disgrace attends me from sixty-seven years of age. Within doors we come a little nearer to real life, and admire, upon the almost speaking canvas, all the airs and graces which the proudest ladies can boast. With these I am satisfied, as they gratify me with all I wish and all I want, and expect nothing in return which I cannot give.

"If these, dear Charles, are my temptations, I heartily invite you to come and partake of them. Shifting the scene has sometimes its recommendation; and from country fare you may possibly

return with a better appetite to the more delicate entertainments of a court life.

"Since I wrote the above we have been surprised with the good news from abroad.[1] Too much cannot be said of it. It is truly matter of infinite joy, because of infinite consequence. I am, dear Charles,

"Yours most affectionately,

"ORFORD."[2]

Walpole's style of living at Houghton had long

[1] The battle of Dettingen.

[2] The following copy of verses, occasioned by the above letter, was written by Nicholas Hardinge, clerk of the House of Commons, son of George Hardinge, Esq., attorney-general to the queen of George the Third.

"Roberto Walpole
"Nicolaus Walpole.
"1743.

"Urbis ingratæ strepitus, Iceno
Rure permutans, minus invidendæ
Semitam vitæ petit, et senectæ
Castra secutus.
Imperi numen columen, paternos
Lætior fundos regit, artiumque
Dives exultat, proprioque vincit
Seria risu.
Sint salutantum procul ora ; vulgus
Sit procul mendax: abeant amici
Transfugæ; fidam tibi adhuc ministrat
Sylva catervam.
Te cliens ambit, pia te fatorem
Protegit fagus, memorem juventæ
Corticem præbet, dominumque jactat
Laude colendum
Posterâ. Crescit pia sylva, crescit
Fama Walpoli : tibi, quercus ultrò
Civicam gratâ properare gestit
Fronde coronam.

been distinguished by a magnificence which at times almost amounted to prodigality. In the course of every spring, it was his custom to entertain, for about three weeks, the leading members of the Cabinet, as well as a large party of his personal friends. But toward the close of the year the splendid apartments at Houghton presented scenes of jovial revelry and wild excess, which, however much they were distinguished by the true spirit of hospitality, occasionally reflected but little credit on either the master of the house or his boisterous guests. These meetings usually took place in the shooting season, and were continued without any cessation for about six weeks.

During this period not only was a public table kept at Houghton, which was frequented by the country gentlemen in the neighbourhood, but the house was always completely filled with members of Parliament, belonging to both houses, as well

Sume jam longi meritum laboris;
Sume lenimen, vicibusque gaude
Debitis; rerum, sine,[1] plebis ultor
Poscat hebenas;
Irritâ poscat prece. Tu, peracto
Gloriæ cursu, miserum lucelli
Sperne certamen, patriâque felix
Sospite, curas
Pone; nec ventis libeat retrorsùm
Vela mutatis dare, nec tenentem
Littus, à portu popularis olim
Te ferat aura."

[1] This is in allusion to an application made by Pulteney for the post of first lord of the treasury.

as with the minister's personal friends. These annual assemblies are said to have usually cost Walpole as much as £3,000. "The noise and uproar," says Archdeacon Coxe, "the waste and confusion, were prodigious. The best friends of Sir Robert Walpole in vain remonstrated against this scene of riot and misrule. As the minister himself was fond of mirth and jollity, the conviviality of their meetings was too frequently carried to excess; and Lord Townshend, whose dignity of deportment and decorum of character revolted against these scenes, which he called the bacchanalian orgies of Houghton, not unfrequently quitted Rainham during their continuance."

The conversation of Walpole in these mixed societies was not of the most delicate kind. Savage, the poet, who frequently met him at the table of Lord Tyrconnel, used to say of him that the whole range of his mind was from obscenity to politics, and from politics to obscenity. Walpole has himself admitted that he purposely turned the conversation to indelicate topics, as on such subjects there were few chances of quarrelling, and everybody could converse with equal facility. Pope says of him, speaking of his social qualities:

> "Seen him, I have, but in his happier hour,
> Of social pleasure, ill-exchanged for power;
> Seen him, uncumber'd with the venal tribe,
> Smile without art, and win without a bribe."

And Sir Charles Hanbury Williams exclaims:

> "Thus was he form'd to govern, and to please,
> Familiar greatness, dignity with ease:
> Composed his frame, admired in every state,
> In private amiable, in public great."

Only on one occasion does Sir Robert's constitutional good-humour appear to have been seriously ruffled. During an altercation with his colleague, Lord Townshend, shortly before the latter resigned his post of secretary of state, Walpole exclaimed, with much warmth: "My lord, for once there is no man's sincerity whom I so much doubt as your lordship's." Townshend, who to many fine qualities united a fiery and uncertain temperament, immediately seized the first minister by the collar. Sir Robert laid hold of his antagonist in return, but after a short struggle both parties mutually resigned their grasp and laid their hands on their swords. This extraordinary fracas took place in the house of Colonel Selwyn in Cleveland Row, opposite St. James's Palace. Mrs. Selwyn, who was present, ran affrighted to summon the guard, but was prevented, however, by Henry Pelham, by whose interposition, and the entreaties of the mutual friends of the two ministers, a duel was fortunately prevented. According to Wraxall, "The first minister and the secretary of state seized each other by the throat; a scene which Gay is supposed to have portrayed in

the 'Beggar's Opera' under the characters of Peachum and Lockit." Unfortunately, however, for the truth of this literary anecdote, the fracas in question took place in 1729, at which period the "Beggar's Opera" had had the run of the stage about a year. It may be mentioned that the house in Cleveland Row which witnessed this memorable quarrel was afterward the residence of the celebrated George Selwyn, the most entertaining of companions and the wittiest of men.

It may be imagined, from Walpole's general habits, as well as from the character of the persons whom he admitted to his table, that he was little disposed to be the patron of literature or the friend of literary men. Swift styles him, pointedly, "Bob, the poet's foe." To Pope, indeed, he seems to have offered a pension, but that great poet was too proud to owe to Walpole, as a patron, what he had refused from Craggs, as a friend. Pope, moreover, had less reason to court the favour of Walpole, than Walpole had to dread the genius of Pope.

For poets in general Walpole seems to have conceived almost an aversion, regarding them as idle speculatists, totally unfit to engage in the duties of active life, and denouncing them as the idlers of society and the drones of the state. In forming this opinion Walpole was probably biassed by the example of more than one literary man,

who, in his own time, had been called upon to perform the duties of practical politicians, and had signally failed. The negotiations of Prior had not been brilliant; Steele had proved himself unfit for application; and Addison, as secretary of state, had afforded the most miserable proofs of incapacity. These facts could not have escaped the observation of Walpole; and accordingly, when he appointed Congreve a commissioner of customs, "You will find," he said, "that he has no head for business." Probably (with the exception of his offering Pope a pension), the only instance of his befriending a literary man was the pension of £200 a year which he procured for Young, the author of the "Night Thoughts." The latter, in his poem of "The Instalment," thus gratefully acknowledges the boon which had been conferred upon him:

> "At this the Muse shall kindle and aspire;
> My breast, Oh! Walpole, glows with grateful fire;
> The streams of royal bounty, turned by thee,
> Refresh the dry remains of poetry.
> My fortune shews, when arts are Walpole's care,
> What slender worth forbids us to despair:
> Be this thy partial smile from censure free;
> 'Twas meant for merit, though it fell on me."

As his kindness to the author of the "Night Thoughts" appears to be the only occasion on which Walpole befriended a literary man, so does his peculiar fondness for Horace present a

solitary instance of his being imbued with any poetical taste.[1] His son Horace used to mention that, when he was a boy, his father frequently gave him the subjects for his Latin compositions, on which occasions he invariably chose his theme from Horace. The following couplet, which he once gave him, was probably selected by the minister as being singularly applicable to his own extraordinary rise and exalted position :

> " Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est :
> Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum."

Sir Robert, dull as may have been his perception in regard to literary merit, has, nevertheless, the credit of having loved and fostered the fine arts. His gallery of pictures at Houghton (if we except, perhaps, the glorious collection made by the first Villiers, Duke of Buckingham) was the

[1] Since the above was written the author has discovered the name of Walpole, on more than one occasion, indirectly connected with the literary history of the period. Pope, with something of vaunting vulgarity, mentions that, on the 12th of March, 1729, the "Dunciad" was presented to the king and queen at St. James's by "the Right Honourable Sir Robert Walpole," and on another occasion, when he applied to Sir Robert to solicit from the French ambassador an abbey for one of his friends, Walpole exerted himself so strenuously as to obtain a compliance with the poet's request. To Savage, we find Walpole sending twenty pounds, when the poet was in great distress; and it seems that he would have readily conferred upon him a post of slight emolument, had not the imprudent conduct of Savage rendered the benevolent intentions of the minister of no avail.

finest which had ever been collected in England by a subject, and is described by his son as the "noblest school of painting this country has beheld." Some years after his death, the collection, to the great grief of the lovers of art in England, was disposed of to the Empress Catherine of Russia.

Walpole, early in life, is described as having been eminently handsome; but it has already been mentioned that he grew corpulent and unwieldy as he increased in years His eye, however, retained its fire, and to the last his countenance wore a peculiar and irresistible expression of good-humour and benevolence. His laugh was celebrated for its heartiness. Sir Charles Hanbury Williams describes his "laughing the heart's laugh;" and his son, Horace Walpole, observed to Archdeacon Coxe, "It would have done you good to hear him laugh."

His address was frank and easy; the tone of his voice was melodious; his manners were remarkable for their fascinating familiarity; and his conversation, if not brilliant, was at least of the most agreeable order. Such was the character of Walpole in social life; and the truth of the picture has never been disputed by even his enemies. "Never," says one of his political opponents, "was a man in private life more beloved; and his enemies allow no man did ever in private life deserve it more. He was humane and grateful,

and a generous friend to all who he did not think would abuse that friendship. This character naturally procured that attachment to his person which has been falsely attributed solely to a corrupt influence, and to private interest; but this showed itself at a time when those principles were very faint in their operation, and when his ruin seemed inevitable."

The equanimity of Walpole's temper was seldom disturbed, and in the midst of the most important business he never appeared hurried or confused. Lord Hervey said of him, "He does everything with the same ease and tranquillity as if he was doing nothing;" and Lord Chesterfield, another close observer, remarks: "The hurry and confusion of the Duke of Newcastle do not proceed from his business, but from his want of method in it: Sir Robert Walpole, who had ten times the business to do, was never seen in a hurry, because he always did it with method." Notwithstanding his extensive correspondence, he is said seldom, if ever, to have employed a secretary.

The dress of Sir Robert Walpole was remarkable only for its simplicity, and when he sat for his picture it was usually in his sporting dress. He was a sound sleeper, and used to observe that he put off his cares with his clothes. He retained his taste for the pleasures of the field to the close of his life, and during the time he was prime minister kept a pack of hounds at Houghton, and a

pack of beagles in Richmond Park. On the 15th of November, 1738, Henry Pelham writes from Houghton to his brother, the Duke of Newcastle: "As a sportsman, we have had as fine chases yesterday and Monday, both fox and hare, as ever I saw in this country, or almost any other. Our landlord keeps out the whole time, and though he cannot ride hard, enters into the whole, and pleases himself with getting in by his knowledge of the country." Sir Robert was at this period in his sixty-third year. According to Lord Hardwicke, when his despatches were brought him, a letter from his gamekeeper was always the first which he selected for perusal; although there might be despatches from his colleagues, or even from the king himself.

So exalted was the opinion formed by George the Second of the judgment and abilities of Sir Robert Walpole, that after the fall of the latter his Majesty more than once sent to consult his discarded minister in affairs of difficulty and doubt. The individual who was selected to be their go-between was the king's confidential page of the back stairs; who usually waited on the ex-minister at the house of a Mr. Fowle in Golden Square, who had married Sir Robert's niece, and on whom he had conferred the appointment of a commissioner of excise. "These meetings," says Archdeacon Coxe, "took place in the evening, sometimes as late as midnight. The Earl of Orford used to

come first ; the daughters were previously ordered to retire, and the servants were sent from home under various pretences. The young ladies were instigated by curiosity to watch at the top of the stairs. The house door was opened by Mr. Fowle himself ; a chair was admitted into the hall, and a little man came out and went up-stairs into the drawing-room, where he remained some time with the Earl of Orford, and went away in the same mysterious manner. The man was probably Livry, the king's confidential page, the same who more than once paid confidential visits to the Earl of Bath." The last occasion on which George the Second appears to have sought the advice and assistance of Sir Robert, was during the dissensions in the Cabinet between the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Carteret. Walpole was at this period at Houghton, labouring under the severe illness which afterward caused his death. Notwithstanding his sufferings, however, he repaired to London, where, on his arrival, he fortunately found the affair settled, and all necessity for his interference at an end.

For some years previous to his death the health of Sir Robert had been in a declining state, and even before his quitting office, in 1742, the natural vigour of both his mind and body had become sensibly impaired. His memory on many occasions was perceived to have failed him ; he frequently displayed fretfulness at interruption, and

irritability at abuse, and was no longer distinguished by that imperturbable good-nature which had formerly been his principal characteristic. His son Horace writes, 19th October, 1741: "Sir Robert, who used to be asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow (for I have frequently known him snore ere they had drawn his curtains), now never sleeps above an hour without waking; and he who at dinner always forgot he was minister, and was more gay and thoughtless than all his company, now sits without speaking, and with his eyes fixed for an hour together; judge if this is the Sir Robert you knew." Again Horace Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann, 29th May, 1744: "My father has been extremely ill from a cold he caught last week at New Park. Princess Emily came thither to fish, and he, who is grown quite indolent, and has not been out of a hot room this twelvemonth, sat an hour and a half by the water side. He was in great danger one day, and more low-spirited than ever I knew him, though I think that grows upon him with his infirmities. My sister was at his bedside; I came into the room; he burst into tears, and could not speak to me, but he is quite well now; though I cannot say I think he will preserve his life long, as he has laid aside all exercise, which has been of such vast service to him. He talked the other day of shutting himself up in the farthest wing at Houghton. I said, 'Dear my lord, you will be at a

distance from all the family there.' He replied, 'So much the better.'" It may be remarked that Sir Robert survived the date of this letter less than ten months.

The disorder which terminated the life of Walpole was one of the most excruciating description. He had for some time been afflicted with the stone, and such were the agonies which he endured at the close of life, and more especially during his journey to London, that the description of his sufferings filled even Ranby, his surgeon, with horror.[1] For some time previous to his dissolution the only relief he obtained was from opium, which he was compelled to take in such large quantities that, for six weeks together, he was almost in a constant state of stupefaction. In the afternoon he is said to have usually recovered from his lethargy, and to have conversed with his wonted cheerfulness and ease.

It would be impossible to conceive a more beautiful picture of firmness and resignation than was displayed by Walpole during his most severe suf-

[1] There is extant a very interesting account of Sir Robert's illness in a letter addressed by Mr. Fowle to Henry Etough. "He was given over," says the writer, "and with the greatest magnanimity and patience resigned himself, and submitted, and took leave of Lord Walpole and his other children." The letter in question is well worth referring to, but the minuteness with which the writer enters into medical details renders any further extracts inexpedient. It will be found in Coxe's "Life of Walpole," vol. iii., p. 606.

ferings. Ranby,[1] in a narrative which he published after Sir Robert's death, draws the following striking picture of his exemplary fortitude. "When I recollect," he says, "his resigned behaviour under the most excruciating pains, the magnanimous sentiments which filled his soul when on the eve, seemingly, of dissolution, and call to mind the exalted expressions that were continually flowing from him at this severe time of trial; however extraordinary his natural talents or acquired abilities were, however he had distinguished himself by his eloquence in the senate or by his singular judgment and depth of penetration in counsels, this incomparable constancy and astonishing presence of mind must raise, in my opinion, as sublime ideas of him as any act of his life besides, however popular, and reflect a renown on his name equal to that which consecrates the memory of the remarkable sages of antiquity." Walpole died on the 18th of March, 1745, in the sixty-ninth year

[1] Sir Charles H. Williams, in his "Grateful Ode," pays a pleasing compliment to this eminent practitioner:

Health at your call extends her wing.
Each healing plant, each friendly spring,
Its various power discloses!
O'er death's approaches you prevail;
See, Chloe's cheek, of late so pale,
Blooms with returning roses.

"These gifts, my friends, which shine in you,
Are rare, yet to some chosen few,
Heaven has the same assign'd;
Health waits on Mead's prescription still,
And Hawkin's hand, and Ranby's skill,
Are blessings to mankind."

of his age. He was buried in the parish church of Houghton, but without either monument or inscription.

By his first wife, Catherine Shorter, Sir Robert Walpole was the father of five children: Robert, created Lord Walpole in the lifetime of his father, and who eventually succeeded him as second Earl of Orford; Sir Edward, a Knight of the Bath and member for Lostwithiel in Cornwall; Horace, the well-known author and virtuoso; Catherine, who died unmarried at the age of nineteen; and Mary, married to George, Viscount Malpas, afterward third Earl of Cholmondeley. After the death of his first wife, in 1737, Sir Robert married his mistress, Maria Skerrett, or, as she is styled by the peerages, Maria, daughter and sole heir of Thomas Skerrett, Esq. Of this lady we know little but that she was possessed of a kind heart and many graceful accomplishments. It appears also that she was the early and intimate friend of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and that she had been maid of honour to Queen Caroline when Princess of Wales. Coxe, unfortunately, omits all mention of Sir Robert's second marriage, and, at this distance of time, we are left in ignorance of the various facts connected with her intercourse with the minister. It appears certain, however, that Walpole was not the first love of Miss Skerrett. A contemporary poem, by the Duke of Wharton, commences:

"Dear Lloyd, they say you're Walpole's ferret,
To hunt him out poor Molly Skerrett;
And thus are grown, by views sinister,
A pimp to such a scrub minister."

And again, in a MS. lampoon on Sir Robert making Miss Skerrett his wife:

"I can't conceive why, in decline of life,
Sir Blue-string should betroth another wife.
Is it because he feels an amorous rage,
Thus swell'd with fat, and thus excised with age?
He surely don't: in this, believe me, friends,
He but pursues his ever constant ends.
He, long inured to plunder and to fraud,
Unmoved by virtue, and by shame unawed,
Diverts to private use a public w——;
And thus he robs the public one way more,
The only way he had not robb'd before." [1]

By Miss Skerrett, who died in June, 1783, Sir Robert had a natural daughter, Maria, for whom, on his quitting office, he obtained precedence as an earl's daughter. She bore the name and title of Lady Mary Walpole, and married Colonel Charles Churchill, the natural son of General Churchill; himself a natural son of an elder brother of the great Duke of Marlborough.

The character of Walpole, both as a man and a statesman, is drawn by Burke with so much ability and apparent fairness, that we are tempted to

[1] "This is writ in Mr. Hen. Read's hand, Fellow of Queen's Coll. Camb."

insert it at length. "He was an honourable man and a sound Whig. He was not, as the Jacobites and discontented Whigs of his own time have represented him, and as ill-informed people still represented him, a prodigal and corrupt minister. They charged him, in their libels and seditious conversations, as having first reduced corruption to a system. Such was their cant. But he was far from governing by corruption. He governed by party attachments. The charge of systematic corruption is less applicable to him, perhaps, than to any minister who ever served the Crown for so great a length of time. He gained over very few from the opposition. Without being a genius of the first class, he was an intelligent, prudent, and safe minister. He loved peace, and he helped to communicate the same disposition to nations at least as warlike and restless as that in which he had the chief direction of affairs. Though he served a master who was fond of martial fame, he kept all the establishments very low. The land tax continued at two shillings in the pound for the greater part of his administration. The other impositions were moderate. The profound repose, the equal liberty, the firm protection of just laws, during the whole period of his power, were the principal causes of that prosperity which took such rapid strides toward perfection; and which furnished to this nation ability to acquire the military glory which it has since obtained, as

well as to bear the burthens, the cause and consequence of that warlike reputation. With many virtues, public and private, he had his faults; but his faults were superficial. A careless, coarse, and overfamiliar style of discourse, without sufficient regard to persons or occasions, and an almost total want of political decorum, were the errors by which he was most hurt in the public opinion, and those through which his enemies obtained the greatest advantage over him. But justice must be done. The prudence, steadiness, and vigilance of that man, joined to the greatest possible lenity in his character and his politics, preserved the crown to the royal family, and with it, their laws and liberties to this country."

We will conclude our memoir of this celebrated man with the following poetical portrait, which Sir Charles Hanbury Williams drew of his deceased friend:

"But Orford's self, I've seen, whilst I have read,
Laugh the heart's laugh, and nod the approving head.
Pardon, great shade, if duteous on thy hearse,
I hang my grateful tributary verse.
If I, who follow'd through thy various day,
Thy glorious zenith and thy bright decay,
Now strew thy tomb with flowers, and o'er thy urn,
With England, Liberty, and Envy mourn.
His soul was great, and dared not but do well;
His noble pride still urged him to excel.
Above the thirst of gold — if in his heart
Ambition govern'd, avarice had no part.

A genius to explore untrodden ways,
Where prudence sees no track, nor ever strays;
Which books and schools in vain attempt to teach,
And which laborious art can never reach.
Falsehood and flatt'ry, and the tricks of court,
He left to statesmen of a meaner sort:
Their cloaks and smiles were offer'd him in vain;
His acts were justice, which he dared maintain,
His words were truth, that held them in disdain.
Open to friends, but even to foes sincere,
Alike remote from jealousy and fear;
Tho' Envy's howl, tho' Faction's hiss he heard,
Tho' senates frown'd; tho' death itself appear'd;
Calmly he view'd them; conscious that his ends
Were right, and truth and innocence his friends.
Thus was he form'd to govern, and to please;
Familiar greatness, dignity with ease,
Composed his frame, admired in every state,
In private amiable, in public great;
Gentle in power, but daring in disgrace;
His love was liberty, his wish was peace.
Such was the man that smiled upon my lays;
And what can heighten thought, or genius raise,
Like praise from him whom all mankind must praise?
Whose knowledge, courage, temper, all surprised,
Whom many loved, few hated, none despised."

# CHAPTER XVII.

## HENRIETTA HOBART, COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

Eldest Daughter of Sir Henry Hobart — Born in 1688 — Married, in 1708, to Charles Howard, Third Son of the Earl of Suffolk — Their Limited Fortune — Mrs. Howard Appointed Bedchamber Woman to the Princess of Wales — Her Early Deafness — Her Gentleness and Propriety of Conduct — Horace Walpole's Sketch of Her Character — Her Personal Appearance — Her Society Courted by the Celebrated Wits of the Day — Pope's Complimentary Lines — Anecdotes of Her and Queen Caroline — The Former's Slight Influence over the King as His Mistress — Extract from H. Walpole, and from the Introductory Notice to the "Suffolk Correspondence" — Mr. Howard Succeeds to the Earldom of Suffolk — The Countess Appointed Mistress of the Robes — Death of Her Husband in 1733 — Her Retirement from Court in the Following Year — Extract from Archdeacon Coxe, and from a Letter of the Duke of Newcastle to Sir R. Walpole — The Countess's Second Marriage, in 1735, to the Fourth Son of the Earl of Berkeley — Her Death at Marble-Hill in 1767 — Horace Walpole's Account of Her Last Moments.

THIS lady — the celebrated mistress of George the Second, and one of the most decent of courtesans — was the eldest daughter of Sir Henry Hobart of Blickling, in the county of Norfolk, and sister of Sir John Hobart, Knight of the Bath, created, by her interest, a baron, and afterward

advanced to the Earldom of Buckinghamshire. She was born in 1688.

About the year 1708 Miss Hobart became the wife of Charles Howard, third son of Henry, fifth Earl of Suffolk. As their fortune was far from ample, they proceeded, shortly after their marriage, to Hanover, partly, it seems, with the view of economising their means by residing in a less expensive country than England, but principally, it is said, for the sake of ingratiating themselves with the future sovereigns of England. "So narrow was their fortune," says Horace Walpole, "that Mr. Howard, finding it expedient to give a dinner to the Hanoverian ministers, Mrs. Howard is said to have sacrificed her beautiful head of hair to pay for the expense; it must be recollected that at that period were in fashion those enormous full-bottomed wigs, which often cost twenty and thirty guineas." This anecdote has certainly the air of being apocryphal. As Walpole, however, lived on the most intimate terms with Lady Suffolk during the last years of her long life; as he seems also to have neglected no opportunity of sifting and gleaning from her the gossip of former days; and as it was unlikely he should not have questioned her on the truth of a story which he has thought of sufficient importance to be recorded, we must presume he either heard it related or corroborated from her own mouth. But, on the other hand, when we con-

sider that her husband must have been possessed of some fortune as the younger son of an earl, and that the marriage portion of Mrs. Howard (though, according to Walpole, she had merely the "slender fortune of an ancient baronet's daughter") was as much as £6,000, we cannot easily account for the extreme penury in which they are said to have lived.

During her residence in Hanover, Mrs. Howard seems to have been more fortunate in acquiring the esteem and good will of the amiable and gifted Electress Sophia, than in making any impression on the heart of the future sovereign of England. On the accession, indeed, of George the First to the throne, she obtained the appointment of bedchamber woman to the Princess of Wales; but there is no reason to attribute her elevation to any tenderness on the part of the prince. At this period he had become deeply enamoured with the beautiful and lively Mary Bellenden, the friend of Mrs. Howard. According to Archdeacon Coxe, he made the latter the confidante of his passion, and on being rejected by Miss Bellenden, transferred his affections to her less beautiful friend.

Mrs. Howard at no period of her life appears to have been eminently handsome. She had the misfortune to be early affected with deafness;[1]

[1] Lady Suffolk was early affected with deafness. Cheselden, the surgeon then in favour at court, persuaded her that he had hopes of being able to cure deafness by some operation on the

she was possessed of no very striking accomplishments; and, from her gentle and engaging manners, the quiet gravity of her demeanour, and the apparent decency and propriety of all her actions, seemed formed rather to be the centre of affection in a domestic circle, than an object of envy as the brilliant mistress of a king. "Her mental qualifications," says Walpole, "were by no means shining; her eyes and countenance showed her character, which was grave and mild. Her strict love of truth, and her accurate memory, were always in unison, and made her too circumstantial in trifles. She was discreet without being reserved; and having no bad qualities, and being constant to her connections, she preserved uncommon respect to the end of her life; and from the propriety and decency of her behaviour, was always treated as if her virtue had never been questioned; her friends even affecting to suppose that her connection with the king had been confined to pure friendship, but unfortunately his Majesty's passions were too indelicate to have been confined to Platonic love." Such appears to be a very fair estimate of

drum of the ear, and offered to try the experiment on a condemned convict then in Newgate, who was deaf. If the convict could be pardoned, he would try it; and if he succeeded, would practise the same cure on her ladyship. She obtained the man's pardon, who was cousin to Cheselden, who had feigned that pretended discovery to save his relation, and no more was heard of the experiment. The man saved his ear too, but Cheselden was disgraced at court.

Mrs. Howard's character. If further proofs were required of her many good qualities, they are afforded by the letters to and from her correspondents, which have recently seen the light; documents which clearly prove how much she was respected and beloved by every person who moved within the sphere of her acquaintance.

Regularity of features and a sweetness of expression were the principal charms of Mrs. Howard's countenance. She was of a middling stature, well formed, her complexion fair, with a profusion of beautiful light brown hair. She dressed with great taste and simplicity, and her manners were distinguished by the quiet ease of perfect breeding. This sensible and sweet-tempered woman was admired and courted by most of those celebrated persons who constituted the Augustan age of England. Pope, Swift, Gay, Bolingbroke, Bathurst, and Arbuthnot were among the number of her friends. Swift paid her the compliment of writing her character at considerable length, and Lord Peterborough eulogised her in his lively song beginning —

"I said to my heart betwixt sleeping and waking."

Pope also celebrated Lady Suffolk in the following verses, of which, however, the merit is indifferent and the compliment obscure:

"I know a thing that's most uncommon;
(Envy, be silent, and attend!)

I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

"Not warp'd by passion, awed by rumour;
Not grave through pride, or gay through folly;
An equal mixture of good-humour,
And sensible, soft melancholy.

"'Has she no faults, then' (Envy says), 'sir?'
Yes, she has one, I must aver;
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear."

We have already mentioned in our memoir of Queen Caroline that, notwithstanding the infidelities of George the Second, the queen contrived to maintain her legitimate influence over her husband, and in fact that she more than once induced him to retain an old mistress to prevent the accession of a younger and more dangerous rival. To this anomalous kind of policy may be traced the circumstance of Mrs. Howard maintaining her empire at court long after the king had become tired of her charms. He is said on one occasion to have observed to the queen, "I don't know why you will not let me part with an old deaf woman, of whom I am weary." That the king preferred the person of his consort, not only to that of Mrs. Howard, but to any of his other mistresses, is a notorious fact. He is said on more than one occasion to have entered the queen's closet when she was dressing, and, snatching off her neck-handkerchief, to have exclaimed rudely to Mrs. Howard,

"Because you have an ugly neck yourself, you hide the queen's." These, and similar mortifications, to which the mistress was subjected, could not fail to gratify the jealous feelings of the queen; indeed she herself is said to have delighted in subjecting her rival to the most vexatious annoyances. Though she was always apologising to "her good Howard" for the trouble which she gave her, the queen, till Mrs. Howard became Countess of Suffolk, exacted from her the daily duty of dressing her head, besides other servile offices.

The fact that Mrs. Howard exercised but very slight influence over her royal lover, is sufficiently proved. It is no less certain that the queen never failed to oppose the rise of those who paid their court to the mistress; and when we find that such opposition was never exerted in vain, we cannot doubt in whom the power was vested. All that Mrs. Howard obtained as the price of her complaisance was a place and a peerage for her brother, and a very moderate income for herself. The king, indeed, presented her with about £12,000 to defray the expenses of building her well-known residence, Marble Hill; but, at the same time, seems to have neglected to supply her with the means of residing there in comfort. Though far from being of expensive habits, her circumstances, after she quitted the court, are said to have been straitened, and at her death, it was

found that at most she had left £20,000 to her family.

Horace Walpole, speaking of Mrs. Howard's peculiar position at court, observes: "From her steady decorum, I should conclude that she would have preferred the advantages of her situation to the ostentatious *éclat* of it; but many obstacles stood in the way of total concealment; nor do I suppose that love had any share in the sacrifice she made of her virtue. She had felt poverty, and was far from disliking power. Mr. Howard was probably as little agreeable to her as he proved worthless. The king, though very amorous, was certainly more attracted by a silly idea he entertained of gallantry being becoming than by a love of variety; and he added the more egregious folly of fancying that inconstancy proved he was not governed; but so awkwardly did he manage that artifice, that it but demonstrated more clearly the influence of the queen. With such a disposition, secrecy would by no means have answered his Majesty's views; yet the publicity of the intrigue was especially owing to Mr. Howard, who, far from ceding his wife quietly, went one night into the quadrangle of St. James's and vociferously demanded her to be restored to him before the guards and other audience. Being thrust out, he sent a letter [1] to her by the Arch-

[1] The letter which Walpole alludes to is in existence. It is not a letter from Mr. Howard to his lady, but from the arch-

bishop of Canterbury, reclaiming her, and the archbishop by his instructions consigned the summons to the queen, who had the malicious pleasure of delivering the letter to her rival." The noisy husband, finding his arguments, though backed by the authority of the Archbishop of Canterbury, of no avail, determined to have recourse to violent means for obtaining possession of his wife. An occasion of the prince's court removing to Richmond afforded a favourable opportunity for putting his plans into execution. As etiquette prevented Mrs. Howard from travelling in the same carriage with her royal mistress, it seemed easy to seize her on her egress, with the other attendants, from the palace. Fortunately the plot transpired, and some hours before the departure of the rest of the court, Mrs. Howard was privately conducted by the Duke of Argyle and his brother, the Earl of Islay, to their residence at Richmond. Some time after this event, Mr. Howard was pacified by a pension of £1,200 a year, and shortly after the death of George the First he consented to a formal separation from his wife.

bishop to the princess [Queen Caroline]; and, although his Grace urges a compliance with Mr. Howard's demand of restoration of his wife, he treats it not as a matter between them, but as an attack on the princess herself, whom the archbishop considers as the direct protectress of Mrs. Howard, and the immediate cause of her resistance. So that, in this letter at least, there is no ground for imputing to Mrs. Howard any rivalry with the princess, or to the princess any malicious jealousy of Mrs. Howard.

In the introductory notice to the "Letters to and from Henrietta, Countess of Suffolk," the editor of that amusing epistolary collection advances the somewhat striking and ingenious proposition that Mrs. Howard, notwithstanding the opinion hitherto universally conceived on the subject, was, in fact, not the mistress of George the Second. In the words of the editor, "He has not, in Mrs. Howard's correspondence with the king, nor the notes of her conversations with the queen, nor in any of her most confidential papers, found a single trace of the feeling which Walpole so implicitly imputes." [1] The conduct of Mr. Howard he attributes to the well-known differences between George the First and his heir, which at this period were at their height. "The old king's resentment," says the editor, "open as it was against his son, was still more rooted against the princess, whom to his familiars he used, with a singular mixture of respect and rage, to designate as *Cette diablesse, Madame la Princesse.* In this dispute Mr. and Mrs. Howard were soon involved.

[1] Sir Walter Scott, in a review of the "Suffolk Correspondence," thus alludes to this passage: "We regret that the editor's researches have not enabled him to state, whether it is true that the restive husband sold his own noisy honour, and the possession of his lady, for a pension of £1,200 a year. For our own parts, without believing all Walpole's details, we substantially agree in his opinion, that the king's affection was by no means Platonic or refined; but that the queen and Mrs. Howard, by mutual forbearance, good sense, and decency, contrived to diminish the scandal."

He was groom of the bedchamber to the king; she was favourite to *Cette diablesse, Madame la Princesse.* It is therefore not surprising that they should have estranged them from one another, when the quarrel ran so high that even the casual visitors at one court were, by notice in the *London Gazette*, forbidden to appear at the other. Walpole imputes Mr. Howard's proceedings to jealousy, and it is now impossible to prove a negative; but the editor can assert that in no part of his correspondence does Mr. Howard allege any such feeling."

To this view of the probable immaculacy of Mrs. Howard we are certainly not disposed to subscribe. For many years that lady was the accredited mistress of George the Second; she consented to reap the advantages, with the scandal and obloquy, of that situation; the most knowing and best informed persons of the day paid their court to her as the reigning favourite; and, moreover, she seems to have made not the slightest attempt to efface the general, and hitherto undisturbed impression, that she had conferred her favours on the king. Sir Robert Walpole, with his great acumen and intimate acquaintance with the intrigues of the court, never for a moment seems to have doubted the nature of their intercourse; his son Horace, who sat morning after morning with her in her old age, never heard it contradicted by her; and, moreover, the certainty that the queen herself

was fully convinced of the nature of her husband's feelings toward Mrs. Howard, is proved by an anecdote, which, though not a little curious, is of too indelicate a nature to be inserted. If Mrs. Howard, in fact, were not the mistress of George the Second, under what circumstances did she obtain a place and a peerage for her brother, and a tolerable fortune for herself? What possible reason was there for the queen perpetually treating, and attempting to mortify her, as a rival? What was the object of the king's nightly visits to her apartments? And notoriously fond as he was of money, why should he have presented her at one time with as much as £10,000 or £12,000, or settled an annuity on her husband of £1,200 a year? To conclude, we have only to call to mind the grossness of the king's character, and his amatory temperament, and we shall freely admit how very unlikely he was to content himself with a mere Platonic attachment, or to relieve that woman — who consented to fill the ostensible post of being his mistress — from the usual consequences of acting so hazardous a part.

Of the personal history of Mrs. Howard but little remains to be said. Her husband succeeding to the Earldom of Suffolk on the death of his brother in June, 1731, she of course became Countess of Suffolk; and as etiquette prevented her retaining her old situation of bedchamber woman, she was advanced, on the resignation of

Elizabeth, Duchess of Dorset, to be mistress of the robes. In September, 1733, she was left a widow by the death of her husband, and in November the following year she quitted the court.

The retirement of Lady Suffolk, after basking so many years in the sunshine of royalty, naturally excited a sensation among, and provoked the curiosity of, her contemporaries. According to Horace Walpole, the discovery of a political connection which she had formed with the celebrated Lord Bolingbroke was the cause of her disgrace; the following, however, is the more circumstantial account given by Archdeacon Coxe: "Lord Chesterfield," he says, "had requested the queen to speak to the king for some trifling favour: the queen promised, but forgot it. A few days afterward, recollecting her promise, she expressed regret at her forgetfulness, and added, she would certainly mention it that very day. Chesterfield replied, that her Majesty need not give herself that trouble, for Lady Suffolk had spoken to the king. The queen made no reply, but on seeing the king, told him she had long promised to mention a trifling request to his Majesty, but it was now needless, because Lord Chesterfield had just informed her that she had been anticipated by Lady Suffolk. The king, who always preserved great decorum with the queen, and was very unwilling to have it supposed that the favourite interfered, was extremely displeased, both with

Lord Chesterfield and his mistress. The consequence was, that in a short time Lady Suffolk went to Bath for her health, and returned no more to court. Chesterfield was dismissed from his office, and never heard the reason until two years before his death, when he was informed by the late Earl of Orford, that his disgrace was owing to his having offended the queen by paying court to Lady Suffolk."

This story is so confidently told, and the archdeacon is so particular in his details, that it seems difficult to question the truth of the relation. On a comparison, however, of dates, it appears that Lady Suffolk resigned her employments as late as November, 1734, while Lord Chesterfield had been dismissed from his appointment (lord steward of the household) as early as the 13th of April in the preceding year; and then, apparently, not from any slight offered to the queen, but because he had opposed Sir Robert Walpole during the progress of the famous Excise Bill, and had influenced his three brothers to vote against the government on the same question in the House of Commons.

After all, but little authentic is known of the cause of Lady Suffolk's retirement, beyond what is contained in the following extract of a letter addressed by the Duke of Newcastle to Sir Robert Walpole. His Grace writes from Newcastle House, on the 13th of November, 1734: "You will see

by the newspapers that Lady Suffolk has left the court. The particulars that I had from the queen are, that last week she acquainted the queen with her design, putting it upon the king's unkind usage of her. The queen ordered her to stay a week, which she did; but last Monday had another audience, complained again of her unkind treatment from the king, was very civil to the queen, and went that night to her brother's house in St. James's Square. Everybody is silent upon the subject; the only consequence it has yet had is that there are few or no opportunities of seeing the queen; but I beg you would mention these particulars only to Harry." [1] Adopting but a portion of Archdeacon Coxe's version of the story, it may not be improbable that Lord Chesterfield (who seems to have personally disliked Queen Caroline) induced Lady Suffolk to prefer some suit for him to the king, and that the queen highly resented the interference of the mistress. It is further not improbable that George the Second, angry at the political conduct of Lord Chesterfield, and weary of his old mistress, sided warmly with the queen, and that the consequence of his displeasure should have been that "unkind treatment" to which the Duke of Newcastle refers as the cause of Lady Suffolk quitting the court.

As Lady Suffolk within a few months after her retirement became a second time a wife, and as

[1] Henry Pelham, the duke's brother.

she could scarcely have taken that step while ostensibly living as the mistress of another man, we may presume that this was a principal inducement to her to resign her employments. In July, 1735, she gave her hand to George, fourth son of Charles, second Earl of Berkeley.[1] Though now in her forty-eighth year, she is said to have retained (and indeed to have preserved almost to the close of her long life) the peculiar charms for which she had been distinguished in her youth. With her second husband, by whom she had no children, and whom she survived more than twenty years, she is said to have lived uninterruptedly on the most affectionate terms.

From the period of their separation the king and Lady Suffolk appear to have encountered each other but once; and it is singular that their meeting should have occurred only forty-eight hours before the king's death. "Two days before he died," writes Horace Walpole, "she went to make a visit at Kensington, not knowing of the review; she found herself hemmed in by coaches, and was close to him, whom she had not seen for so many years, and to my Lady Yarmouth, but they did not know her; it struck her, and has made her very sensible to his death."

The close of Lady Suffolk's life was passed at

[1] He held the appointment of Master of St. Catherine's in the Tower, and was twice returned to Parliament as member for Dover. He died in 1746.

her favourite residence, Marble Hill, near Richmond, which had been built for her by her royal lover in the days of her splendour, and which must have been endeared to her by many flattering, as well as classical, associations. Lords Burlington and Pembroke had designed the house; Bathurst and Pope laid out the gardens; and Swift, Gay, and Arbuthnot are said to have constituted themselves superintendents of the household.

The death of Lady Suffolk took place at Marble Hill on the 24th of July, 1767, in her eightieth year. Horace Walpole, who, in consequence of his neighbouring residence at Strawberry Hill, had been thrown much into her society in the autumn of her life, announces the event in an interesting letter to the Earl of Strafford, dated a few days after her loss. "I am very sorry," he writes, "that I must speak of a loss that will give you and Lady Strafford concern; an essential loss to me, who am deprived of a most agreeable friend, with whom I passed here many hours. I need not say I mean poor Lady Suffolk. I was with her two hours on Saturday night, and, indeed, found her much changed, though I did not apprehend her in danger. I was going to say she complained — but you know she never did complain — of the gout and rheumatism all over her, particularly in her face. It was a cold night, and she sat below stairs when she should have been in bed; and I doubt this want of care was prejudicial. I sent next

morning. She had a bad night, but grew much better in the evening. Lady Dalkeith came to her; and when she was gone Lady Suffolk said to Lord Chetwynd, 'She would eat her supper in her bedchamber.' He went up with her, and thought the appearances promised a good night; but she was scarce sat down in her chair before she pressed her hand to her side, and died in half an hour. I believe your lordship and Lady Strafford will be surprised to hear that she was by no means in the situation that most people thought. Lord Chetwynd and myself were the only persons at all acquainted with her affairs, and they were far from being even easy to her. It is due to her memory to say, that I never saw more strict honour and justice. She bore, knowingly, the imputation of being covetous at a time that the strictest economy could by no means prevent her exceeding her income considerably. The anguish of the last years of her life, though concealed, flowed from the apprehension of not satisfying her few wishes, which were not to be in debt, and to make a provision for Miss Hotham.[1] In truth," concludes Walpole, "I never knew a woman more respectable for her honour and principles, and have lost few persons in my life whom I shall miss so much." By her first husband Lady Suffolk had one son, who succeeded to his father's title, and who died in 1745, without issue, at the age of thirty-five.

[1] Her great-niece, who constantly resided with her.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### AMELIA SOPHIA, COUNTESS OF YARMOUTH.

Wife of the Hanoverian Baron de Walmoden — Becomes George the Second's Mistress — Created Countess of Yarmouth in 1740 — Her Good Sense and Retired Habits — Extract from Archdeacon Coxe — The Countess Receives a Bribe of £12,000 from Sir Jacob Bouverie for Procuring Him a Peerage — And Attends the King in His Campaign of 1743 — Lines on the Occasion by Sir C. H. Williams — The Countess's Death in 1765 — Her Illegitimate Son by the King, Known at Court as Master Louis.

Amelia Sophia de Walmoden, the wife of the Baron de Walmoden, a Hanoverian nobleman, became the mistress of George the Second during one of his journeys to his German dominions. It was of this lady that he wrote to Queen Caroline from Hanover, "I know you will love the Walmoden, for she loves me." The king sent for her to England as soon as a decent period had elapsed from the death of his queen, and shortly afterward, by letters patent, dated 4th of April, 1740, created her Baroness and Countess of Yarmouth.

The English, who remembered the voracity of the German favourites of their late sovereign, George the First, appear to have viewed with little satisfaction the instalment of another for-

eign mistress at St. James's. Either the good sense, however, of Madame de Walmoden, or her retired habits, induced her to shrink from observation and parade, and consequently the attention and curiosity of the public seem to have been speedily diverted into some other channel. A few months after her arrival, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu writes to Lady Pomfret: "The new northern actress has very good sense; she hardly appears at all, and by that conduct almost wears out the disapprobation of the public." The character of Madame de Walmoden was quiet and inoffensive; and though she did not hesitate to advance her own interests at court, her name is seldom mentioned by her contemporaries without some tribute to her good-nature and obliging disposition.

The credit which Queen Caroline had maintained with her husband, devolved, as a matter of course, on the new mistress. Her apartments were attempted to be made the centre of political intrigue, and men of all parties became eager aspirants for her favour; but she wisely confined her influence over her royal lover to assisting the plans of his ministers; to advancing her own individual interests; anticipating his constitutional irritability, and relieving him from disagreeable importunities. "She naturally," says Archdeacon Coxe, "became the principal channel of communication between the king and his ministers; and

from her acquaintance with his Majesty's temper, she knew how to introduce memorials, petitions, letters, and recommendations at the proper season; and thus not only relieved the king from personal importunities, but the ministers from the necessity of frequently irritating their royal master, by making applications which they knew would be disagreeable, but which the affairs of state rendered necessary." Lady Yarmouth is stated to have derived considerable sums from the sale of peerages, the only political offence which has been laid to her charge. From Sir Jacob Bouverie she is said to have received the magnificent bribe of £12,000, the price of a coronet which she obtained for him.[1]

Lady Yarmouth closely attended her royal lover during the campaign of 1743, and while he was personally engaged in the battle of Dettingen was anxiously expecting the result in the immediate neighbourhood. It would seem, by the following verses, written by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, that the old king gratified his mistress by exhibiting some particular proof of his affection for her during the course of the engagement; probably by giving orders for ensuring her safety in the event of defeat.

[1] Sir Jacob Bouverie, Bart., was created Viscount Folkestone by letters patent, dated 29th June, 1747. He died on the 17th of February, 1761, and was succeeded in the title by his eldest son, William, who, on the 29th of October, 1765, was advanced to the Earldom of Radnor.

ON THE COUNTESS OF YARMOUTH

MAKING THE CAMPAIGN.

"With George what hero can compare,
Or who like him the sword can wield?
That dares protect his favourite fair
Amidst the thunder of the field?

"The god of war outdone we see!
In action Venus he dismiss'd;
Till he had made his foe to flee,
Then slyly after battle kiss'd.

"But George, to Love and War allied,
Both deities at once admires;
And swelling big with martial pride,
By love allays his glowing fires."

After the death of her royal lover but little is known of the history of Lady Yarmouth. The king, by his will, bequeathed her a certain strong box, with particular injunctions that it should be opened by no other hand but that of his mistress; it contained, according to rumour, about £12,000. The new sovereign, George the Third, paid her the compliment of consulting her personal wishes; but the only favour which she asked was an appointment for her favourite, Edward Finch,[1]

[1] The Hon. Edward Finch, fifth son of Daniel, second Earl of Nottingham, and sixth Earl of Winchelsea. He was, on different occasions, employed as an envoy to the courts of Sweden, Poland, Muscovy, and to the States General. In 1742, probably by the favour of Lady Yarmouth, he was appointed a groom of

who was immediately provided for as surveyor of the king's roads, Sir Henry Erskine, who held the appointment, receiving the command of a regiment.

Lady Yarmouth died in 1765, when her honours became extinct. By the king she had one son, who was not owned, and who was usually known at court as Master Louis.

the bedchamber, and in June, 1757, master of the robes. In November, 1760, he was made surveyor of the king's private roads. He died on the 16th of May, 1771.

# CHAPTER XIX.

## GEORGE BUBB DODDINGTON, LORD MELCOMBE.

Son of an Apothecary at Carlisle, Named Bubb — His Mother, the Sister of a Wealthy Commoner, George Doddington, of Dorset — His Birth in 1691 — Elected M. P. for Winchelsea in 1715 — Acts as Envoy Extraordinary at the Court of Madrid — Changes His Name from Bubb to Doddington — Attaches Himself to Sir Robert Walpole — Is Refused a Peerage, and Joins the Party of the Prince of Wales — Anecdotes of Doddington — He Renews His Connection with Sir Robert Walpole, and Is Appointed a Lord of the Treasury and Clerk of the Pells in Ireland — Deserts Walpole on His Decline — Lampoon by Sir C. H. Williams — Doddington's Frequent Tergiversations — Commences His Diary in 1749 — Extract from It — He Is Appointed Treasurer of the Chambers to the Prince of Wales in 1749 — His Disappointments on the Prince's Death — Character of His Diary — His Private Worth — His Wit and Accomplishments — His Oratory and Conversational Powers — Anecdote — His Vanity and Ostentation — Extract from Cumberland's Memoirs — Doddington's Mansions at Eastbury and Hammersmith — Characteristic Anecdotes — Doddington Created Baron Melcombe in 1761 — Extracts from Cumberland's Memoirs — Doddington's Secret Marriage — His Death in 1762.

THIS singular man, whose social wit, imperturbable good-humour, and harmless vanity present so curious a contrast to his gross political profligacy,

was the son of an apothecary at Carlisle, of the name of Bubb, by a sister of one of the wealthiest commoners in England, George Doddington, Esq., of Eastbury in Dorsetshire. The future statesman was born in 1691, and is said to have been educated at Oxford. In 1715 he was elected member of Parliament for Winchelsea, and on his admission to the House of Commons gave such early proof of his capacity as a man of business that he was selected to accompany Sir Paul Methuen to the court of Spain, where he subsequently acted as envoy extraordinary, and in that capacity signed the Treaty of Madrid.

In 1720, on the death of his uncle, George Doddington, of Eastbury, he came into possession of a large estate, and at the same time exchanged the name of Bubb for the somewhat more euphonious one of Doddington. In the House of Commons, he attached himself to Sir Robert Walpole and the ministerial party, but being refused a peerage, which was the principal object of his ambition, he seceded from his colleagues, and joined his fortunes with those of Frederick, Prince of Wales, then in violent opposition to his father.

Doddington, as well from his talents as a man of business as from his social qualities and cheerful wit, was a valuable acquisition to the prince's court. His purse and his advice were alike at the

command of his young master; and, moreover, he had no objection to be the butt of the prince's jests, and even good-humouredly bore his practical jocularities. "He submitted," says Walpole, "to the prince's childish horse-play, being once rolled up in a blanket and trundled down-stairs; nor was he negligent in paying more solid court, by lending his Royal Highness money." Frederick once observed to some of his companions: "This is a strange country, this England. I am told Doddington is reckoned a clever man; yet I got £5,000 out of him this morning, and he has no chance of ever seeing it again."

Although it would be tedious to trace the public history of Bubb Doddington with any minuteness, it is, nevertheless, expedient to follow him, however cursorily, through the windings of his political apostasy. Either tired of the prince's "horse-play," or, as it would seem, supplanted by Lord Lyttelton in the affections of a master as fickle as himself, he again joined Sir Robert Walpole, and was rewarded, in 1724, with the appointments of a lord of the treasury and clerk of the pells in Ireland, the latter a very lucrative office.

Walpole's power, however, no sooner began to decline than Doddington again deserted his patron, and by his personal influence and exertions is said to have had a principal share, in 1741, in carrying the elections in the west of

England against the court.[1] It was on this occasion that Sir Charles Hanbury Williams attacked him in the following admirable lampoon :

## A GRUB UPON BUBB.

(*Written for the Use of the Votesmen of Bridgewater, March, 1740–41.*)

TO THE TUNE OF "PACKINGTON'S POUND."

"Good people draw near, and attend to my song,
And despise not my ballad for being a Grub ;
For if 'tis not a good one, at least 'tis not long,
And I'll tell you, in short, the fall of poor Bubb:
How he lost his good place,
And is in disgrace,
And does not know where to show his flat face;
For the Tories will never receive such a scrub,
And no Whig at court will be civil to Bubb.

"When the Knights of the Bath by King George were created ;
He greatly desired he that order might wear;
But he had not one star, for poor Bubb was ill-fated,
And ne'er a red ribbon fell to his share :
For the king would not dub
So low-born a scrub,
Nor the order disgrace with a fellow like Bubb;

[1] Pope, three years before, had inveighed against his ingratitude to Walpole :

"Or grant the bard, whose distich all commend,
*In power a servant, out of power a friend,*
To Walpole, guilty of some venial sin ;
What's that to you, who ne'er was out nor in?"

The line marked in italics is quoted by Pope from a poem, formerly addressed to Sir Robert Walpole by Doddington.

But he calmly and quietly put up the thing,
And followed the court, though not led in a string.

"When for some time he'd sat at the Treasury board,
And the clerks there with titles had tickled his ear,
From every day hearing himself called a lord,
He begged of Sir Robert to make him a peer.
But in an ill hour —
For Walpole look'd sour,
And said, it was not in his will or his power;
'Do you think, sir, the king would advance such a scrub,
Or the peerage debase with the name of a Bubb!'

"He's on this grown a patriot, and soon will harangue,
And of virtue will prate like a saint on a tub;
But I shall leave him for Sir William [1] to bang,
If he's but a clear stage, how he'll mumble poor Bubb!
Who has never a friend,
That assistance will lend,
Or his cause, though his life were at stake, will defend;
Nay, if 'twas not in hopes to give Walpole a rub,
The patriots themselves would — upon Bubb."

During the Granville administration, which followed the dismissal of Walpole from power, Doddington continued in opposition to the court, but, on the coalition, again came into office, and

[1] Sir William Yonge, of Ercote in Devonshire, Bart., Secretary at War and K. B. Sir Robert Walpole observed of him, that nothing but his talents could have supported his character, and nothing but his character could have kept down his talents. He married first, a Miss Mary Heathcote, from whom he was divorced in 1724, and secondly Anne, daughter of Thomas, sixth Earl Howard of Effingham, to whom he was united on the 14th of September, 1729.

was appointed treasurer of the navy. As if, however, his frequent tergiversations had not rendered him sufficiently contemptible, he again deserted the court and entered into fresh engagements with the Prince of Wales. It is from this period (1749) that his celebrated diary commences. According to Horace Walpole, he actually kissed the prince's hand for the reversion of a dukedom; though Doddington merely mentions, in general terms, in his diary, that a "peerage" was to have been his reward. Speaking of his first interview with the prince after their reconciliation, he says: "He (the prince) added, that we must settle what was to happen in reversion, and said that he thought a peerage, with the management of the House of Lords, and the seals of secretary for the southern province, would be a proper station for me, if I approved of it. Perceiving me to be under much confusion at this unexpected offer, and at a loss how to express myself, he stopped me, and then said, 'I now promise you, on the word and honour of a prince, that as soon as I come to the crown I will give you a peerage and the seals of the southern province.' Upon my endeavouring to thank him, he repeated the same words, and added (putting back his chair), 'And I give you leave to kiss my hand upon it, now, by way of acceptance,' which I did accordingly."

As a present reward to Doddington for his

desertion of the court, a new place, that of treasurer of the chambers, was created for him in the prince's household, for which he kissed hands on the 1st of October, 1749. In consequence of his thus openly renewing his engagements with the prince (who, it is needless to repeat, lived on the worst terms with his father), Doddington had every reason to expect that the king would be highly exasperated at his conduct. However, when he appeared at Kensington the next day, for the purpose of kissing the king's hand, the latter, so far from wasting on him an expression of reproach or anger, is said to have burst out laughing in his face. If the story be true, Doddington himself must have mistaken the cause of the king's merriment, as he informs us in his "diary" that he was "civilly received."

In less than eighteen months after the prince had admitted Doddington into his council, — at a period when the former was agreeably engaged in planning the line of policy which he was to adopt, and the ministry with which he was to surround himself on his accession to the throne, — death suddenly scattered every illusory vision, and at the same time destroyed the hopes of his hungry followers, the realisation of whose dreams of future wealth or aggrandisement depended on the life of their master being prolonged. No one bewailed the prince's loss more loudly or more bitterly than Doddington. "He was so ridiculous," writes Wal-

pole to Sir Horace Mann, "as to tell your brother that himself was the most disappointed of all men; he and the prince having settled his first ministry in such manner that nothing could have defeated the plan; an admirable scheme for power in England, founded on two persons!" "Father of mercy!" writes Doddington, in recording his disappointment, "thy hand that wounds can alone save!"

Doddington's celebrated diary is unquestionably one of the most remarkable books in our language. Not only is it curious as throwing a light on the political intrigues of the period; as displaying human nature in a peculiar point of view, and as exposing the unaccountable folly and the utter selfishness and servility of a finessing and venal politician; but we are startled at the extraordinary spectacle of a man so entirely mistaking right for wrong as to publish his own shameless prostitution of talent and reason, and, in a word, recording the contempt in which he was held by others, at the same time that he fondly imagined he was writing his own panegyric. Horace Walpole writes to Marshal Conway, on the 21st of May, 1784: "I desired Lady Ailesbury to carry you Lord Melcombe's diary. It is curious indeed; not so much from the secrets it blabs, which are rather characteristic than novel, but from the wonderful folly of the author, who was so fond of talking of himself that he tells all he knew of himself, though scarce

an event that does not betray his profligacy; and (which is still more surprising that he should disclose) almost every one exposes the contempt in which he was held, and his consequent disappointments and disgraces! Was ever any man the better for another's experience! What a lesson is here against versatility! I, who have lived through all the scenes unfolded, am entertained; but I should think that to younger readers half the book must be unintelligible. He explains nothing but the circumstances of his own situation; and though he touches on many important periods, he leaves them undeveloped, and often undetermined. It is diverting to hear him rail at Lord Halifax and others, for the very kind of double-dealing which he relates coolly of himself in the next page. Had he gone backwards, he might have given half-a-dozen volumes of his own life, with similar anecdotes and variations."

Fortunately, the private life cf Bubb Doddington presents matter of more amusement than the tale of his unblushing profligacy in public life. It was true, indeed, that he was an unprincipled time-server, a servile admirer of great men, and an idolater of high titles; but, on the other hand, he was a kind friend, and a generous, hospitable, and good-humoured man. If there was no steadiness in his political friendships, there was at least no acrimony in his political hatreds; no venom in his social wit. Many men, who both scorned and

ridiculed him for his public conduct, yet willingly forgot the delinquencies of the statesman in the private qualities of the man, and unhesitatingly availing themselves of his proverbial hospitality, enjoyed without scruple the delicacies of his table and the fascination of his wit. Among his guests he frequently numbered Chesterfield, Fielding, Voltaire, Glover, Young, Thomson, and Doctor Bentley. Young dedicated to him his satire on the "Love of Fame;" Thomson inscribed to him his "Summer," and Lord Lyttelton one of his love poems.

Doddington, though possessed of many of the qualifications of a man of business, was distinguished rather by brilliant parts than by a solid understanding. He was a poet, though not an eminent one; his wit was sparkling and spontaneous; and there was a peculiar charm in his manner of relating an anecdote. He is said to have been an elegant Latin scholar, and well-versed in ancient as well as modern literature. His favourite author was Tacitus; and one who knew him well informs us that he never disturbed him in his hours of study but he found the work of that profound and graphic historian upon his table.

As an orator, Doddington has some merit. Though there was something of affectation in his delivery, he was both an able and a frequent speaker. His language, like that of his favour-

ite author, was terse and compressed. His first thoughts, whether uttered at table or in Parliament, were distinguished by the clearness and perspicuity with which he delivered them; he easily caught the general merits of a case, and could give his opinion upon it with a grace and conciseness peculiarly his own. But, on the other hand, his more studied efforts were usually failures, and he no sooner began to define and ramify, than his thoughts became bewildered and his language confused. Walpole happily describes his best speeches as "dainty and pointed," and the same epithets may with justice be applied to his social conversation.

As regards his conversational powers, and as a retailer of anecdote and good sayings, there was, perhaps, no one of his contemporaries who could compete with Doddington. It was whispered, indeed, that he retained a written collection of witty trifles, with which it was his custom to refresh his memory whenever it was his object to shine particularly in conversation. This story, as Doddington was a vain man, and as he was eager to shine in all circles, may not improbably be founded on fact; but still it would be unfair to deny him the merit of original wit because he occasionally availed himself of the facetiousness of another.

Later in life, it was Doddington's custom to doze after dinner in an easy chair, and to allow

others to keep up the ball of conversation. Often, when in this lethargic state, and while his guests believed him to be unconscious of what was passing around him, he would suddenly break in upon their discussions, and give vent to one of those flashes of playful wit and irony which were always remembered with delight by his listeners. He one evening fell asleep after dinner, when Sir Richard Temple and Lord Cobham were his guests. The latter reproached him with the bad compliment he was paying them, when Doddington not only denied that he had slept, but, in proof of the accuracy of his assertion, repeated a story which Lord Cobham had just been relating to Sir Richard Temple. "And yet," he afterward added, "I did not hear a word of it, but I went to sleep because, about this time of day, I knew you would be telling that particular story."

Vanity, and a yearning after effect, were the principal characteristics of Doddington. Had he contented himself with sustaining his natural character as a politician he would have rendered himself eminent by his talents, respected for his wealth and position in society, and courted for his good-humour and conversational talent. But the same overweening vanity — which had led him to shift from party to party, and in the end had made him infamous as a public character — had no less the effect of rendering him eminently ridiculous, from the fantastical ostentation with which he disposed

of his wealth. Vanity led him to affect a character for magnificence, and, without taste, magnificence can scarcely fail to be ridiculous.

The once famous seat of Doddington, Eastbury in Dorsetshire, his suburban villa at Hammersmith, and his London residence in Pall Mall, were one and all distinguished by a false magnificence and an unaccountable vulgarity of taste. Richard Cumberland, who was frequently his guest, both at Eastbury and Hammersmith, has bequeathed us a graphic and amusing account of the interior of both mansions. "In his villa you were conducted through two rows of antique marble statues, ranged in a gallery floored with the rarest marbles, and enriched with columns of granite and lapis lazuli; his saloon was hung with the finest gobelin tapestry, and he slept in a bed encanopied with peacocks' feathers, in the style of Mrs. Montagu. When he passed from Pall Mall to La Trappe it was always in a coach, which I could suspect had been his ambassadorial equipage at Madrid, drawn by six fat unwieldy black horses, short-docked, and of colossal dignity. Neither was he less characteristic in apparel than in equipage; he had a wardrobe loaded with rich and flaring suits, each in itself a load to the wearer; and of these I have no doubt that many were coeval with his embassy above mentioned, and every birthday had added to the stock. In doing this, he so contrived as never to put his old

dresses out of countenance by any variations in the fashion of the new; in the meantime his bulk and corpulency gave full display to a vast expanse and profusion of brocade and embroidery; and this, when set off with an enormous tye-periwig and deep-laced ruffles, gave the picture of an ancient courtier in his gala habit, or Quin in his stage dress." "Nothing," says Walpole, "was more glaring in Doddington than his want of taste and the tawdry ostentation in his dress and furniture of his houses. At Eastbury, in the great bedchamber, hung with the richest red velvet, was pasted on every panel of the velvet his crest (a hunting-horn, supported by an eagle), cut out of gilt leather. The foot-cloth around the bed was a mosaic of the pocket-flaps and cuffs of all his embroidered clothes. At Hammersmith, his crest, in pebbles, was stuck into the centre of the turf before his door. The chimneypiece was hung with spars, representing icicles around the fire, and a bed of purple, lined with orange, was crowned by a dome of peacocks' feathers. The great gallery, to which was a beautiful door of white marble, supported by two columns of lapis lazuli, was not only filled with busts and statues, but had, I think, an inlaid floor of marble; and all this weight was above stairs." Doddington one day exhibiting this apartment to the Duke of York, brother to George the Third, observed, "Some persons tell me, sir, that this room ought

to be on the ground." "Be easy, Mr. Doddington," replied the duke, "it will soon be there."

In each of his tawdry mansions Doddington was only to be approached through a long suite of apartments, bedecked with gilding, and a profusion of finery; and when the visitor reached the fat deity of the place, he was found enthroned under painted ceilings and gilt entablatures. "Of pictures," says Cumberland, "he seemed to take his estimate only by their cost; in fact, he was not possessed of any. But I recollect his saying to me one day in his great saloon at Eastbury, that if he had half a score of pictures of £1,000 apiece, he would gladly decorate his walls with them; in place of which, I am sorry to say, he had stuck up immense patches of gilt leather, shaped into bugle-horns, upon hangings of rich crimson velvet, and around his state bed he displayed a carpeting of gold and silver embroidery, which too glaringly betrayed its derivation from coat, waistcoat, and breeches, by the testimony of pockets, buttonholes, and loops, with other equally incontrovertible witnesses subpœnaed from the tailor's shop-board." The approach to his villa at Hammersmith was conspicuous for a large and handsome obelisk, surmounted by an urn of bronze, containing the heart of his wife. The obelisk was sold by his heir; but his villa — a large building on the banks of the Thames, to the east of Hammersmith bridge — is still an

existing memorial of the folly and ostentation of this singular man.

It was said of Doddington, that he kept "a tame booby or two" in his establishment, for the purpose of playing off on them his raillery and wit. The persons here alluded to were a Mr. Wyndham, his relation and heir; Sir William Breton, keeper of the privy purse to the king; and a Doctor Thompson, a medical practitioner. They seem to have been a singular trio, composed, as Richard Cumberland informs us, of "a misanthrope, a courtier, and a quack." Doddington was in the habit of calling his villa at Hammersmith "La Trappe," and these persons, who were regularly domesticated with him, he styled his "monks." The doctor, who is described as having been very poor, very dirty, and very eccentric, was maintained by Doddington ostensibly as his physician; however, he is said to have cared as little for his patron's health as Doddington troubled himself about his prescriptions. On one occasion, indeed, observing Doddington about to help himself to some muffin, which he considered very unwholesome food, he called out to the servant, "Take away those muffins!" "No," said Doddington, pointing to the doctor, "take away that ragamuffin!"

Of Doddington's colloquial wit one more instance has been recorded. His colleagues in the commissionership of the treasury were Lord

Sundon and Winnington, the former a very dull man. They were once sauntering home together from the Treasury, when Lord Sundon happened to laugh heartily at some remark made by Doddington during their walk. When Sundon subsequently wished his colleagues good-bye, Winnington said, "Doddington, you are very ungrateful: you call Sundon stupid and slow; and yet you see how quickly he took what you said." "Oh, no," replied Doddington, "he was only laughing at what I said last treasury day."

In 1755, five years after the death of his old master, Frederick, Prince of Wales, Doddington contrived to regain his former appointment of treasurer of the navy, under the Duke of Newcastle, which post, however, he again lost the following year. By this time his contemptible versatility had rendered him an object of derision in all circles, and even the Princess of Wales, with whom, till recently, he had been an especial favourite, was compelled to turn her back upon her husband's friend. "On the birthday of the Prince of Wales, in 1759," says Walpole, "Doddington standing in the circle, the princess passed him without speaking; the prince[1] just spoke to him, but affected to cough, and walked on; the little princess, less apprised of his history, and accustomed to see him there, talked a good deal

[1] Afterward King George the Third; he succeeded to the throne the following year.

to him. Charles Townshend, who stood behind and observed this scene, leaned forward, and in a half whisper cried, 'Doddington, you're damned well with the youngest.'"

On the accession of George the Third to the throne, Doddington, by means of paying his court to Lord Bute, obtained the honour which he had so anxiously coveted through a long life, — a peerage. In April, 1761, he was created, by letters patent, Baron Melcombe, of Melcombe Regis in the county of Dorset. It was about this period that he performed a strange act of foolish flattery, by dedicating to Lord Bute the same poetical epistle which, with only a change of name, he had inscribed in MS. a quarter of a century before to Sir Robert Walpole.

The childish delight with which Doddington enjoyed his new honours is described by Cumberland with considerable humour. "I had taken leave of Lord Melcombe," he says, "the day preceding the coronation, and found him before a looking-glass in his new robes, practising attitudes and debating within himself upon the most graceful mode of carrying his coronet in the procession. He was in high glee with his fresh and blooming honours, and I left him in the act of dictating a billet to Lady Hervey,[1] apprising her that a young lord was coming to throw himself at her feet." Cumberland elsewhere mentions an instance of

[1] The celebrated Mary Lepel, Lady Hervey.

Doddington's foppery, which was productive of a very ludicrous result. It seems that when he attended the first drawing-room which Queen Charlotte held at St. James's after her marriage, he was conspicuously dressed in an embroidered suit of silk, with lilac-coloured waistcoat and breeches. "When he approached to kiss the queen's hand," says Cumberland, "the latter, while he was in the act of kneeling down, forgot their duty, and broke loose from their moorings in a very indecorous and uncourtly manner." His wig — which had the peculiar honour of being ridiculed by the pen of Churchill and the pencil of Hogarth — is said to have been of a very curious fashion, and to have contrasted strangely with the usual gaudiness of his attire. Doddington, it may be remarked, had the further honour of being satirised on more than one occasion by Pope, who couples him with Sir William Yonge, another versifier of the period:

> "The honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
> The flowers of Bubo, and the flow of Yonge."

Doddington married a lady of the name of Behan, who was supposed to have been his mistress. Their union was long preserved a secret, in consequence of his having given a promise of marriage, under a penalty of £10,000, to a Mrs. Strawbridge, till whose death he was unwilling to acknowledge his union with another. As Dod-

dington left no children by his wife, his estate descended to Richard Grenville, first Earl Temple, by whom the mansion of Eastbury — one of the vast piles designed by Vanbrugh — was demolished.

Lord Melcombe died at his villa at Hammersmith on the 28th of July, 1762, in his seventy-first year. His personal property he bequeathed to his cousin, Thomas Wyndham, Esq., to whose nearest relation, Henry Penruddocke Wyndham, we are indebted for the publication of the celebrated "diary."

THE END.

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